The Saturday Evening
POST
October 15, 1955 — 15¢

OCT 1 1 '55

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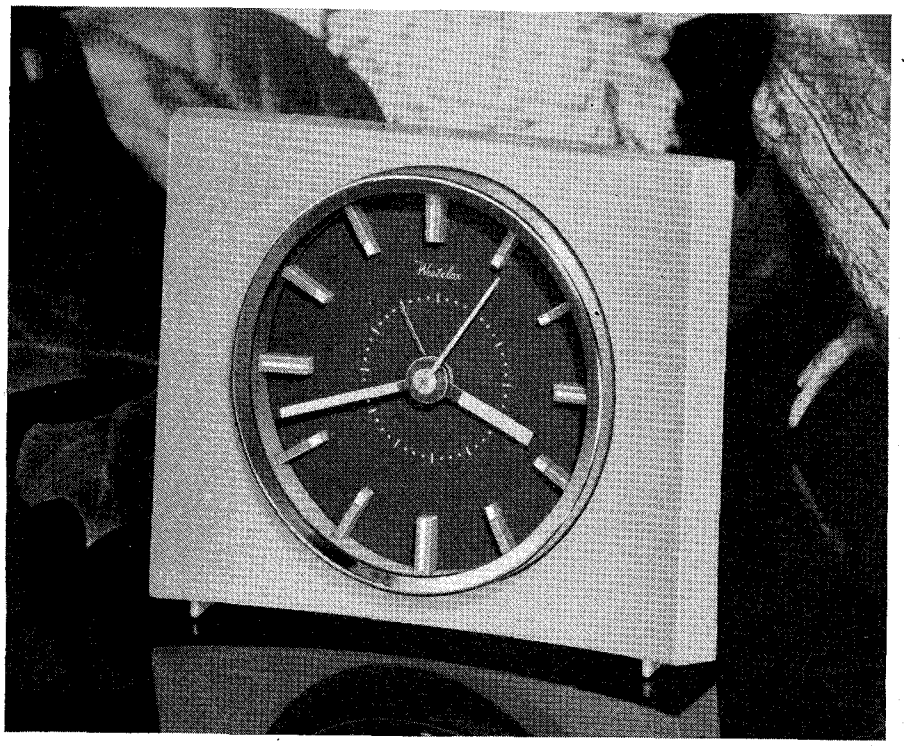

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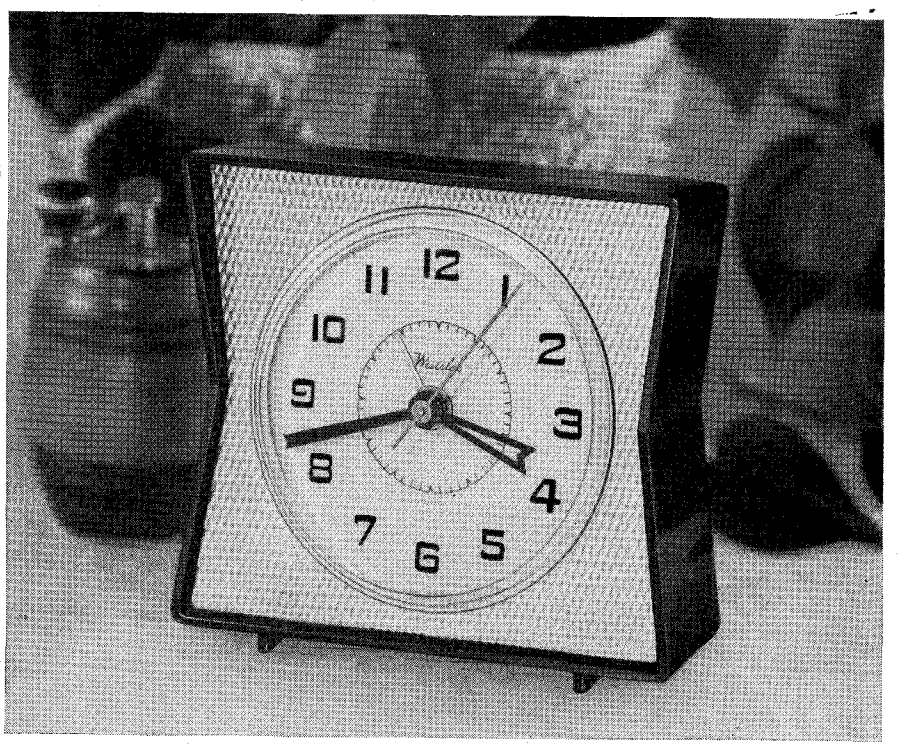

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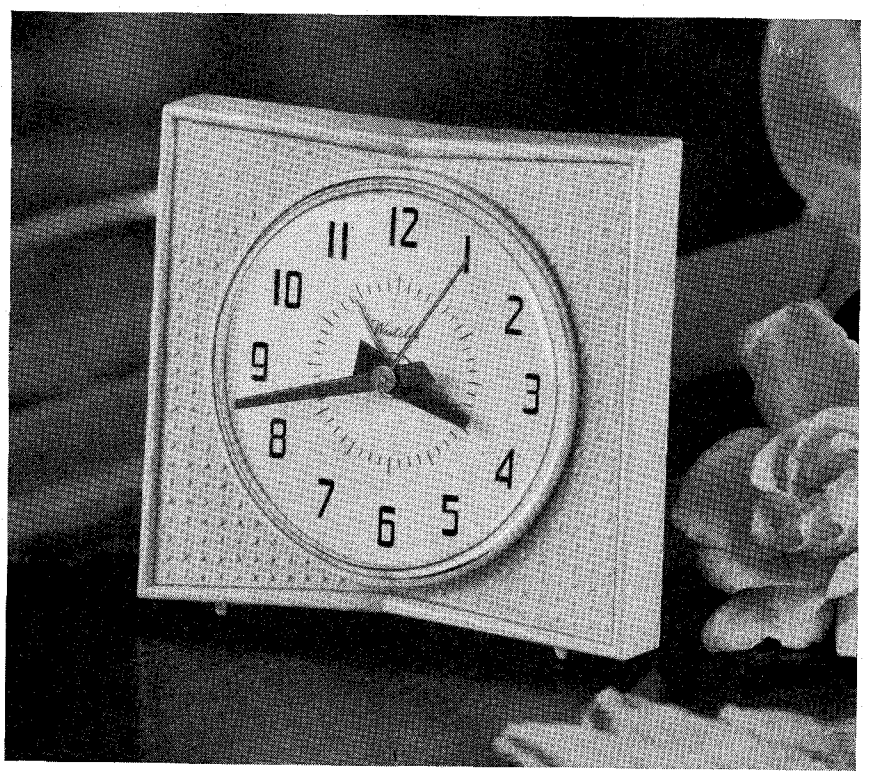

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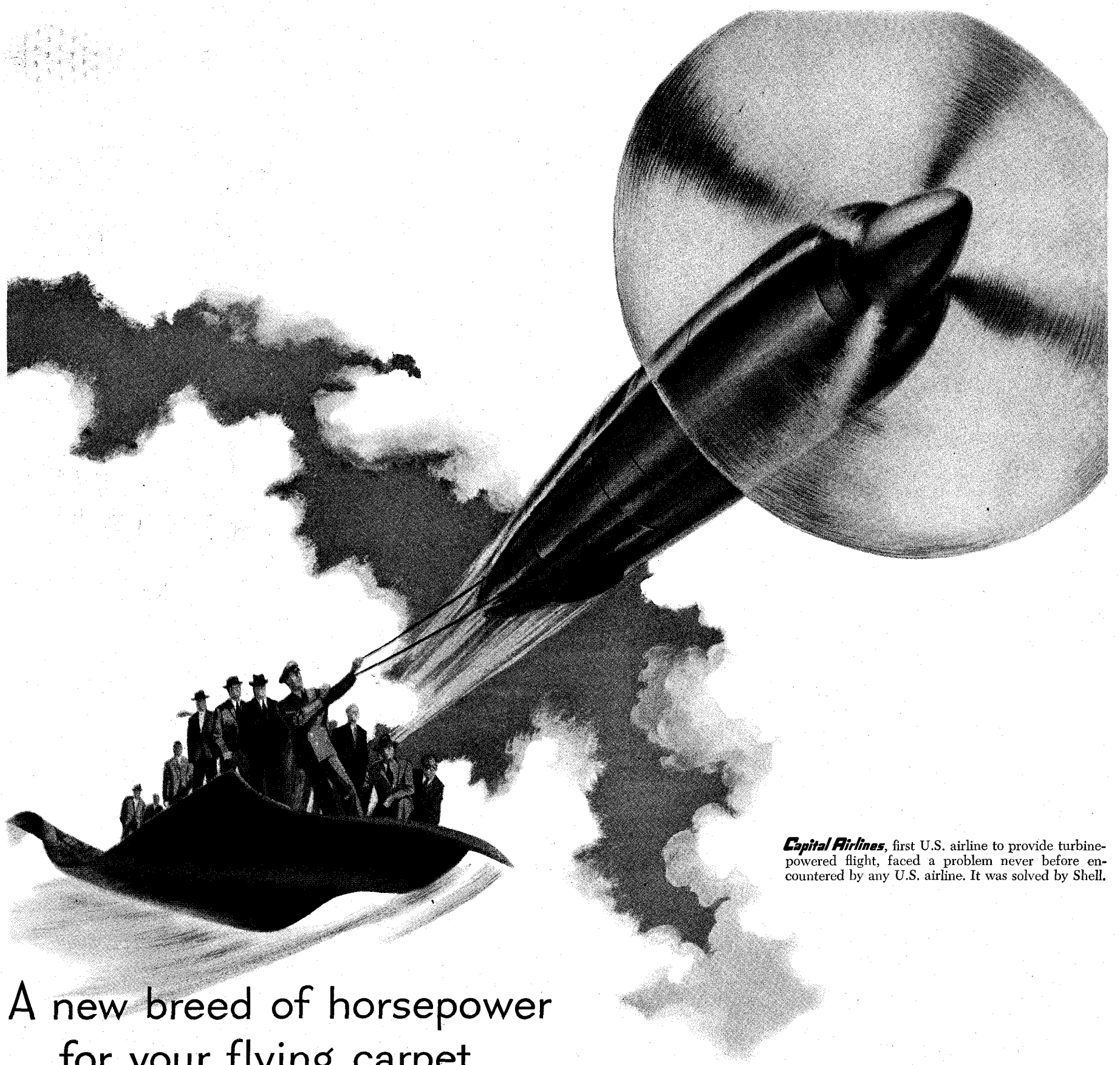

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THE COVER

As Mr. Stringer renders an amorous valse, the fair one goes to sleep with ecstasy and the one who pays the fare has insomnia without ecstasy. It is distressing to see a gentleman unable to appreciate one of the finer things of life, unable to float away on melody-born entrancement; furthermore, what this man sees in his paddy is probably still more distressing. Well, there is a remedy for such pain, a wonder drug invented by Eve; indeed, it is sitting right beside him. When the lass reopens her optics and focuses the influential things back on him, again the world will seem like heaven, that tab for forty-three-fifty will resemble three-fifty, and what a jolly good fellow is painter Alajálov! There may be somewhat of a relapse when he figures in his bequest to the waiter.

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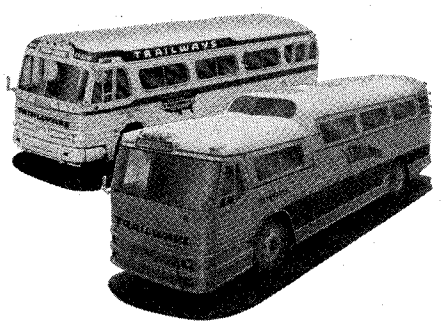

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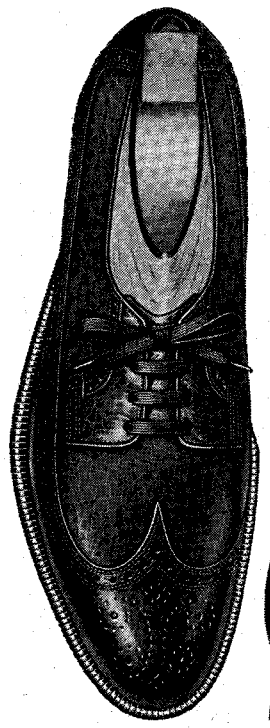

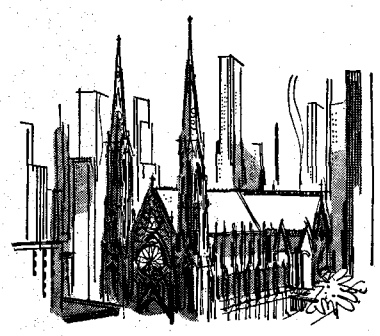

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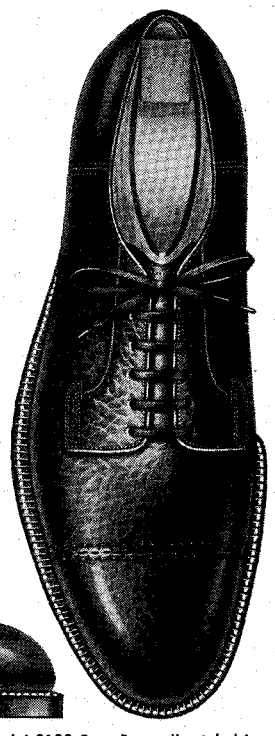

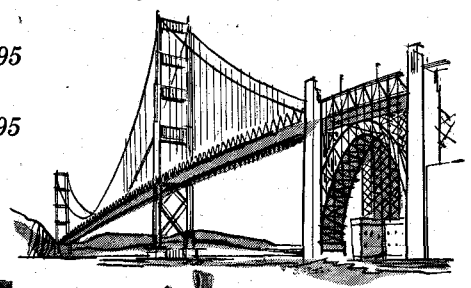

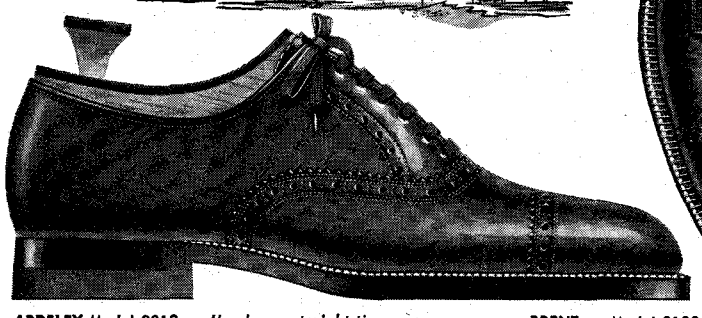

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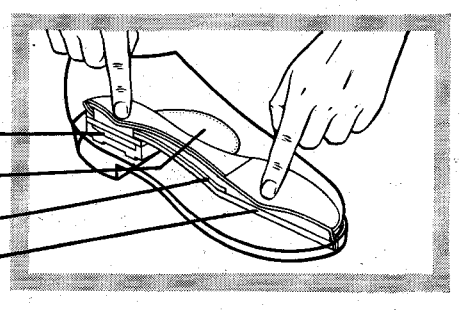

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Letters

Was Dublin Slurred or Sweetly Saluted

Dear Sirs:

. . . In your September 10 . . . issue you have portrayed a supposed sketch of Dublin [Cities of the World: (No. 11) DUBLIN, by Harold H. Martin]. The story is not only cynical, biased and sarcastic, it is a deliberate slander.

I seemed to find many more references to the saloons and bars of Dublin than to its churches, charitable institutions, schools. The average Irishman was pictured as a garishly dressed, drunken ignoramus. The fact that the bright clothes cover an industrious, God-fearing, intelligent individual is overlooked. . . .

CAROL ANN O'CONNELL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Mr. Martin's knowledge of Gaelic is a laugh. Who said there are no Gaelic words for "yes" and "no"? What does "*Seas*" (seadh, pronounced sha) "*Niséas*" mean, I wonder.

ONA MC MAHON
Mishawaka, Ind.

● Seadh translates to "that's it"; Niseas to "that's not it." Each reader must determine for himself whether these terms qualify as "yes" and "no."—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Knowing Dublin quite well and having been brought up there, I thoroughly disapprove of your recent story on that charming old city.

The article stresses boozing above all else. . . .

With such a fine old city and its people for a subject, your story is just a story and little else. . . .

ALPHONSUS J. MURPHY
Portland, Me.

Dear Sirs:

Ah, 'tis a darlin' story y'tell of the Oirish and may Harold Martin's shadow never grow less! . . .

SEUMAS MC CORMACK
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Please toss a posy to Harold H. Martin for his story. . . . It was as smooth and bracing as a swig of Powers Liniment itself. . . .

It is no wonder that the Irish are not well understood, a people to whom the commonplace is wonderful and the wonderful commonplace. Romantic they are as the flowers themselves and the white sailing clouds, yet they marry late, and few of us there are who can tell why. . . .

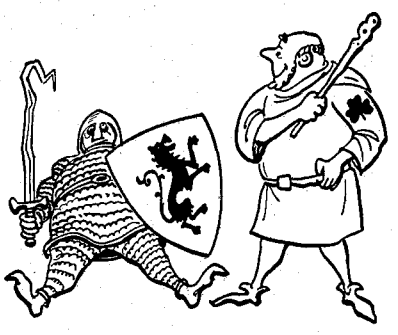
HIRAM WILSON SHERIDAN
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Your article . . . states: "The brave but foolhardy Irish considered it cowardly to wear armor. . . ."

The facts are that Ireland did not have much iron ore anywhere in her ground, and neither did she have a great number of skilled armorers to make suits of mail in sufficient amount. But a small contingent in armor, as foot soldiers, usually formed part of the Irish kings' armies. These were called "galloglasses." Their suits of armor bore a strikingly close similarity to those of the Normans of that era, (C. 1100 A.D.), except that their helmets did not have the nosepiece of the Norman helmet. About half of them were armed with a heavy, two-handed, double-edged sword, and the other half were armed with a heavy single-bladed ax, with a handle of medium length, which latter weapon the "galloglasses" handled with such fearful and deadly dexterity in battle that a monk, in his Latin chronicle, describes them as: "Saevissimi Secures,"—"most savage axes."

It is true that most of the Irish kings' armies consisted of "kerns,"—light-armed infantry who wore saffron-colored shirts, small steel or iron caps, and were armed with a long dagger, or a javelin, or



a short ax—some also carrying small round shields.

Sculptured figures of these ancient Irish soldiers can be seen on the tomb of King Phelim O'Conor, in Roscommon Abbey.

THOMAS L. SULLIVAN
West Roxbury, Mass.

Texas Star, Do-Si-Do, Can't be Danced Solo

Dear Sirs:

Heavens to Betsy, whatever possessed you to print DANCE WITH ME [by Jean Bell Mosley, Sept. 3] without showing it to a square dancer first? I see in KEEPING POSTED that Miss Mosley tried square dancing—once. Yes, Lord. Only a person who'd tried it—once—could butch one up like that.

That boy doing a do-si-do all by himself. That I'd like to see. I know six do-si-do breaks, all different. You need help to do any of them. . . .

Among the simplest of the beginners' dances are Birdie-in-a-Cage and Texas Star, but the minimum number of dancers is still eight. I say Cavin was real good if he could do them all alone. . . .

MRS. EVELYN RICE
Redding, Cal.

● Reader Rice is right. Even as good a square dancer as Jean Bell Mosley's hero couldn't have done those dances alone. A do-si-do requires a partner; a full "set"—four couples—is needed for a Birdie-in-a-Cage or a Texas Star.—ED.

Shakespeare Festival, New and Old, All Welcome

Dear Sirs:

Because I had the good fortune to participate in the inaugural season of the American Shakespeare Festival, although only as a spectator . . . I feel a compulsion to echo your good wishes and those of Variety for the future of the enterprise (SHAKESPEARE GETS NEW WORKOUT AT "STRATFORD-ON-HOUSATONIC," September 3).

Granted that the two productions were less than spectacular in the opening season, it was, nevertheless, a real thrill to walk about for (Continued on Page 6)

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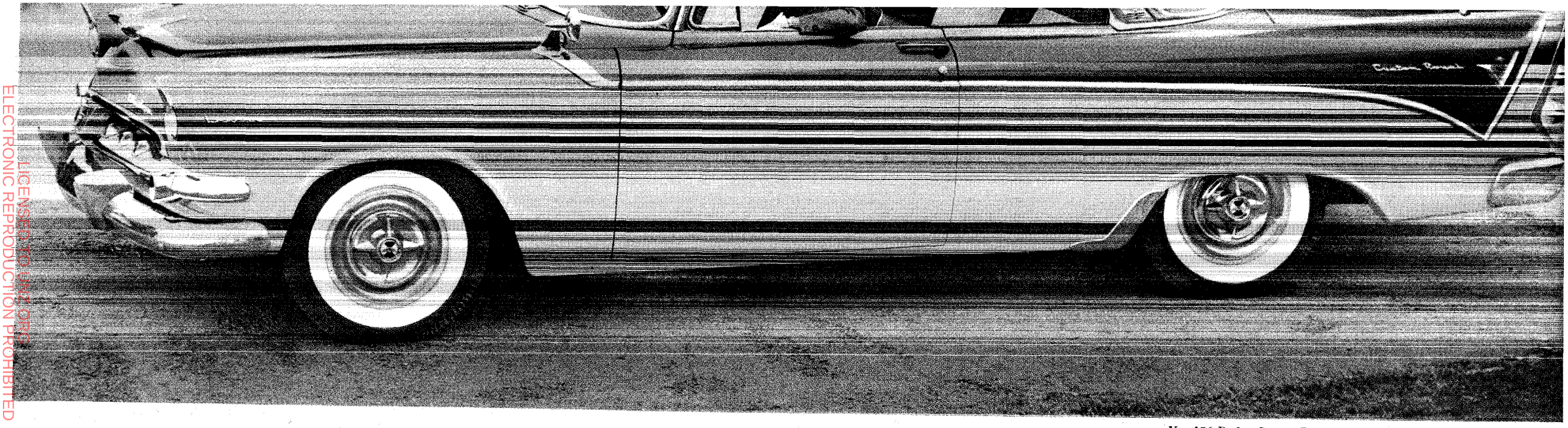

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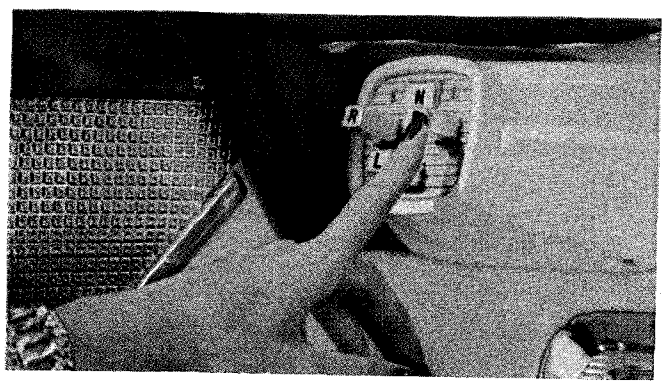

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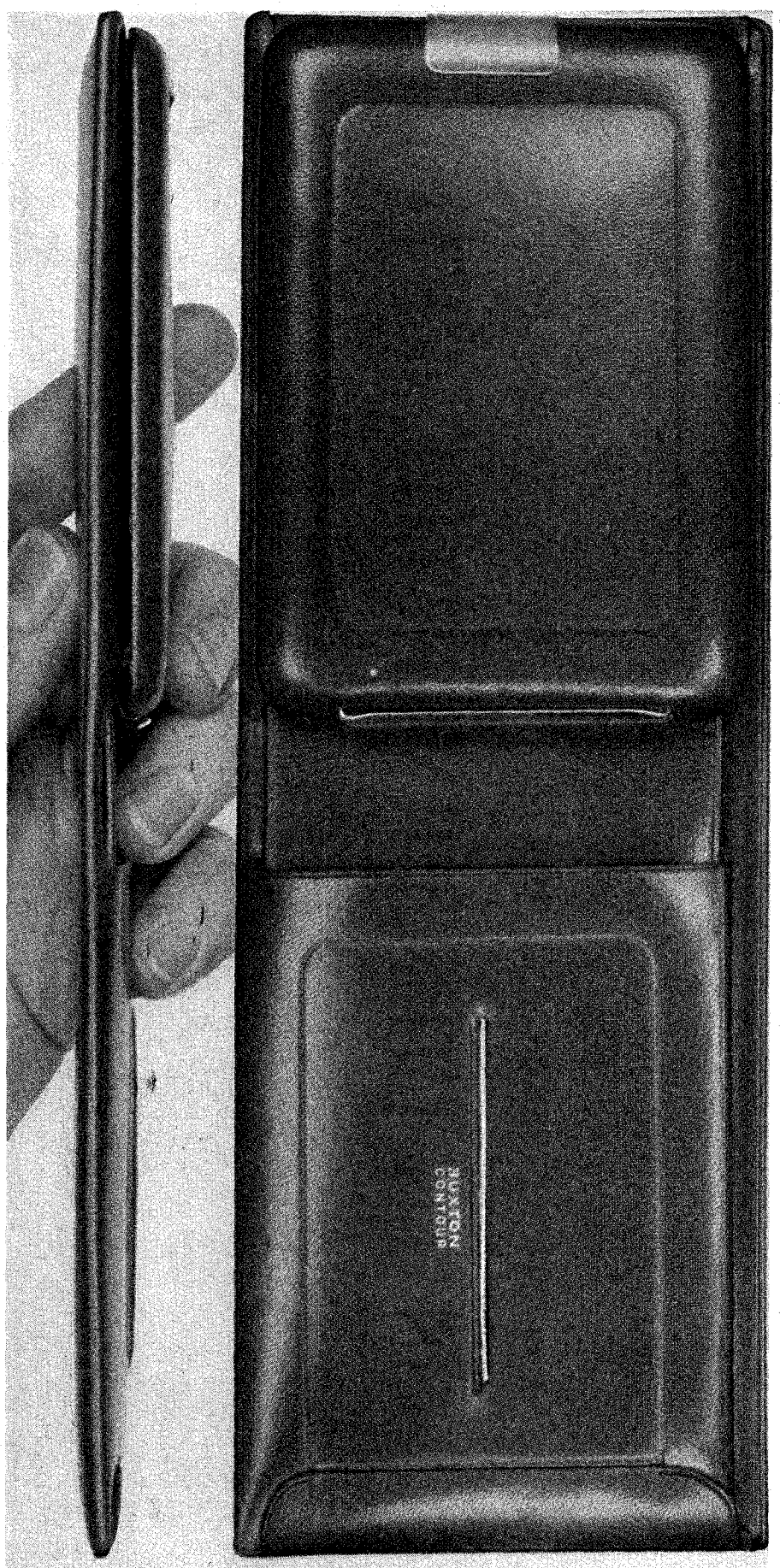

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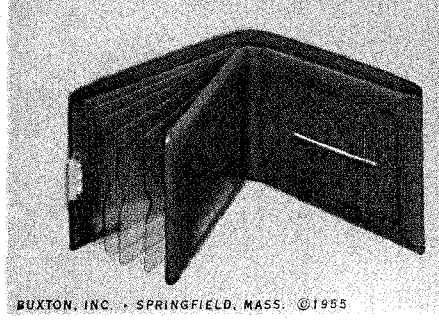

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

a few days in a Shakespeare-conscious town. . . .

If the Festival has its problems, that is entirely in the pioneer tradition. I, too, hope that it may become a "walloping success."

MRS. IRA PRICE DENNING
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . emphasizes the widely publicized, misleading implication that the Stratford, Connecticut, Shakespeare Festival is creating the first worthwhile permanent home for Shakespeare's plays in the United States.

The Oregon Shakespearean Festival at Ashland has proved for twenty years that Shakespeare . . . is good box office. . . .

It is the oldest Shakespearean Festival in the Western Hemisphere. The theatre seats 1100 and is a replica of the famed Fortune Theatre of Elizabethan era in London. . . .

WILLIAM W. PATTON
General Manager
Oregon Shakespearean Festival Ass'n
Ashland, Oregon

Bedlington Terriers Apparently Irresistible

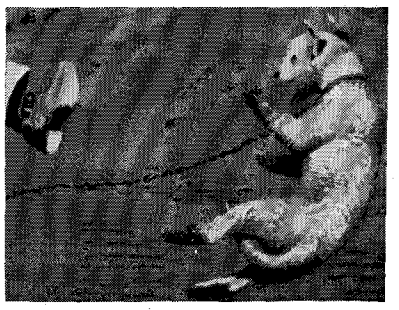
Dear Sirs:

Don Tracy's story [You Asked for It, Sept. 10] is a monument and a tribute to the memory of every human that has loved a dog.

WILLIAM H. WATKINS
Albany, Ga.

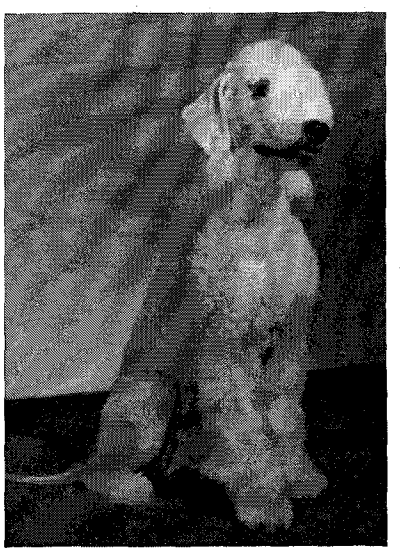
Dear Sirs:

Readers of "You Asked for It" . . . who find themselves intrigued by the Bedlington qualities mentioned therein should not be misled by Stan Galli's illustration. . . . No doubt the rigors of a construction job under the conditions described precluded proper grooming of the dog. It was regrettable that the artist was unable



to portray the near-classic profile and delightful ear tassel of the Bedlington. . . .

The rare and unusual Bedlington terrier will in all probability never attain the popularity of other terrier breeds. Less than 500 were registered with the American Kennel Club last year. . . . Ch. Rock Ridge Night Rocket won Best in Show at Morris and Essex Show in 1947, and followed with a repeat performance in 1948, after which he went Best in Show at Westminster Kennel Club the same year. This is a feat roughly comparable to winning the Kentucky Derby, Belmont and Preakness, followed by the Santa Anita Handicap in a single racing season.



I am the proud owner of one of Night Rocket's descendants—(Lightning of Valgo) fourth generation [see photo].

MRS. VIRDEN W. WILSON
Houston, Texas

Setting the Record Straight on the NFFE

Dear Sirs:

Our attention has been called to the editorial Uncle Sam Seeks Exit From Private Business [Aug. 20]. . . .

The editorial deals with fundamental questions of national policy with respect to Federal activities, and charges that "The bureaucrats affected, the Government Workers Union and members of Congress in whose districts are the sheltered enterprises will do their best to throw a block into the proceedings."

It is not clear whether the editorial is meant to refer to a specific Union of Federal employees or . . . is designed as a charge against all organizations of Federal employees.

To clarify the matter, it should be noted that the National Federation of Federal Employees as an organization of career public employees never has taken a position on such policy matters. . . .

The NFFE is concerned wholly with problems of personnel administration. . . .

MICHAEL E. MARKWOOD, *President*
National Federation of Federal Employees
Washington, D.C.

● The editorial should have named a specific union, the Government Employees Council, AFL.—ED.

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New Instant Automatic Car Heating system gives HOT HEAT IN 5 SECONDS!

EXACTLY THE WARMTH YOU WANT... AUTOMATICALLY

from the moment you turn your key!

New aircraft-type SOUTH WIND car heating system brings *floods* of dependable warmth, *instantly*... maintains selected temperature at all speeds, in any weather!

Now at last, you and your family can enjoy the benefits of a revolutionary new advance in automotive heating, achieved after sixteen years of development, involving expenditures of over five million dollars. It's the new South Wind *Instant* Automatic Car Heating System . . . a superb new civilian version of the famed heaters proved in America's high-altitude aircraft and in military vehicles of all kinds, in every part of the world.

Now real *instant automatic heating* is yours! No more waiting in bitter cold while you race your engine to warm up the radiator. No more chilly discomfort in slow winter traffic or stop-and-go driving. No more cold-car shivers on long winter trips, even when speeding into a freezing wind!

The new South Wind brings you winter motoring luxury never before possible! Generous floods of cheering warmth, *instantly* . . . and maintained automatically at exactly the degree you want it, through every mile of your wintertime driving. You set it in the fall and forget it till spring!

Here's what this new instant automatic heating system will mean to you in your family car:

1. Instant Warmth, from a cold start, even at 30 below. *Hot heat* in less than 5 seconds!

2. Automatic Control! Exactly the warmth you want, in every kind of weather, all winter long!

3. No "Cold-Car Shivers." No wait for engine warm-up. No wait for water to get hot.

4. Fresh Warmed Air, renewed every 60 seconds! Thermostat adjusts for outside temperature.

5. Defrosts in Seconds! Instant action! Keeps windshield free of fog, frost, ice, in coldest weather.

Now this instant automatic heating system is available for civilian use. Millions who remember using the famous South Wind heaters of the past will be even more enthusiastic over this greatest of all car heating advances. Already it is being offered as optional equipment on some 1956 cars.

South Wind
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
INSTANT AUTOMATIC CAR HEATING SYSTEM

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

PROVED AT 60,000 FEET! Originally developed for high-altitude aircraft, this unique type of heating has proved itself in military vehicles of every kind. Now it is available for use in civilian motor cars! Mail coupon below for full information, plus an illustrated folder.

FREE! CLIP COUPON NOW!

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AT THE SET OR BY REMOTE CONTROL, I

Just a touch - there's your sta

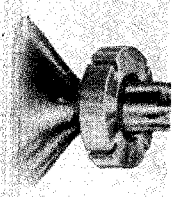
HERE'S THE SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY that brings you America's first automatic TV . . . the exclusive Philco Top Touch Tuning System. It's all *up forward* and *up top*, where it's convenient and easy to reach. A touch of your finger turns the set on. A touch changes stations. A touch turns the set off. No bending or fumbling for awkward, out-of-reach knobs. With Philco—and only Philco . . . it's all automatic.

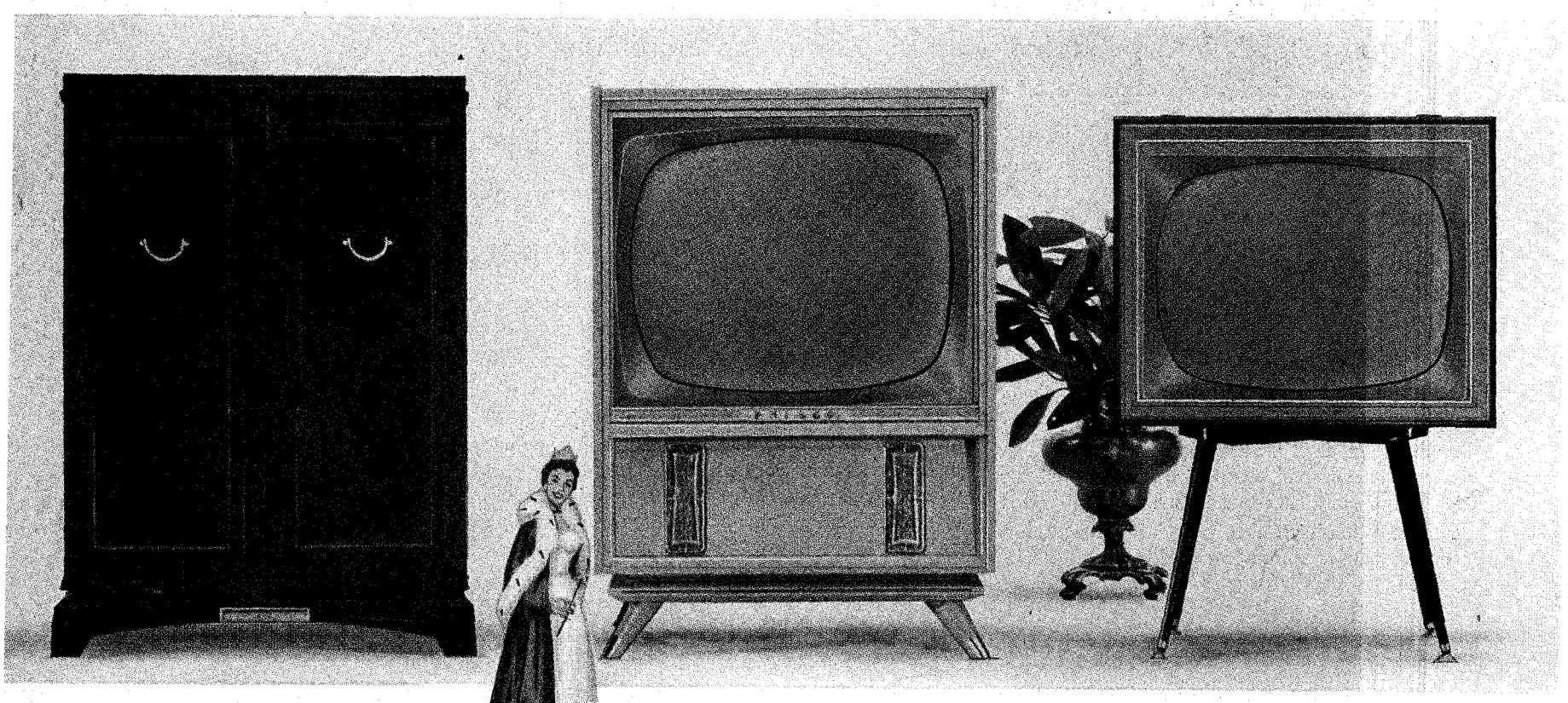
And you can enjoy this amazing Philco automatic Touch Tuning, in two wonderful ways. You merely step up to the set, touch the control on top—there's your station. Or you can lean back in your chair and operate it by *remote control* from across the room! The tiny, jewel-like control center (shown above) fits as snugly in your hand as a cigarette lighter. Just touch the automatic control and you change from station to station without ever moving from your easy chair. Philco automatic Remote Control is sensationally priced—yours for only $10.00. See it in action at your Philco dealer's right now.

The most far-reaching discoveries in the Television world, today

New Philco Micro-Grid Tuner with X-155 Tube—"nerve center" of TV's greatest transformer-powered chassis. Up to 25% more sensitivity and pull-in power.

The "Magnetic Ring" Picture Focusing System. Only Philco has it. Uniform micro-dot focusing achieves pinpoint picture clarity. You get all the action Photo-Perfect.





Philco 6320. Automatic Top Touch Tuning. Giant 24-inch Photo-Perfect picture. Custom-crafted full door console in elegant Fruitwood or Mahogany Veneers.

Philco "Miss America", chosen as the most beautiful model of the TV world. Luxurious 24-inch console in Blond or Mahogany. Top Touch Tuning. Philco 6126.

Philco 4148. New custom swivelet in Cordovan Mahogany finish. Photo-Perfect 21-inch picture. Transformer-powered chassis. Top Touch Tuning.

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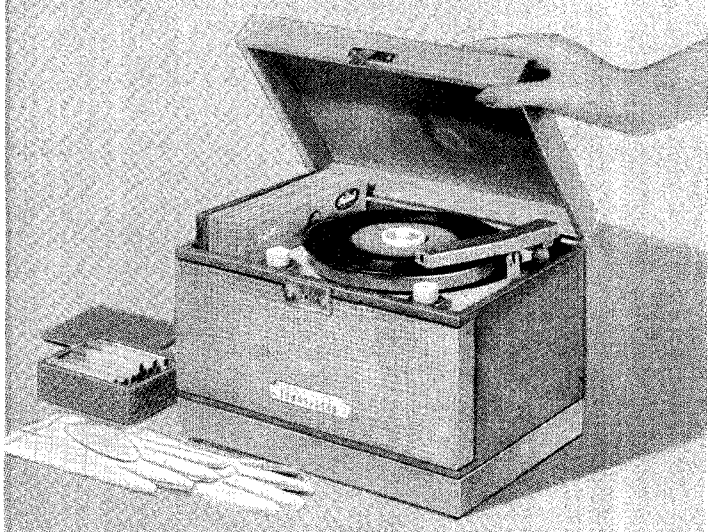
LL AUTOMATIC

Photo-Perfect

INSPIRED "PICTURE FRAME" STYLING. Philco automatic Top Touch Tuning makes possible a sweeping advance in decorator furniture design. Nothing protrudes from the front or sides of the set to mar those clean, distinctive lines. See this elegant 21-inch Custom console with new "Picture Frame" look.

Philco unveils the first

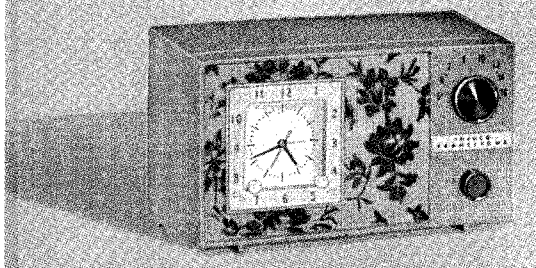
Transistor Phonograph



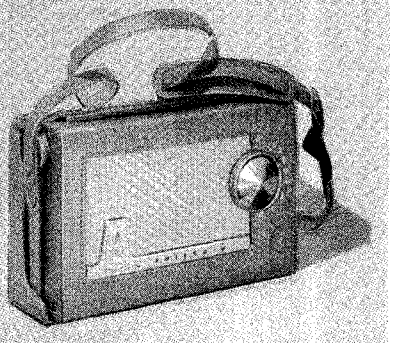
No vacuum tubes. No cords. No electrical plug-in. Nothing to wind.

Imagine a mighty midget portable phonograph that runs on just four standard flashlight cells. A miracle of Philco leadership in transistors. So light, so rugged and economical. Plays anywhere, beach or mountain top. Up to 2,000 plays without a battery change. Available with storage space for 2 dozen 45 RPM records. Philco TPA-2.

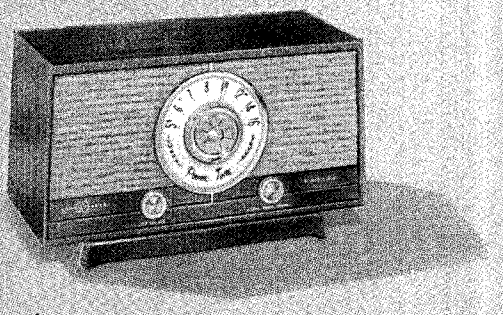
NEW "FASHION FIRST" RADIOS



First truly feminine automatic clock-radio. High fashion styling. Striking Damask Motif accented in Fiesta Pink. A superb-toned radio, an accurate electric clock. The "Señora", Philco 728.



Tan, Tough and Terrific! Powerful 3-way portable radio in genuine top-grain cowhide. The rugged Philco "Sportster" in Tan, Rio Red or Varadero Sand. Philco 655.



Not one, but *two* 6-inch dynamic speakers for extended tonal range. New "Powertone" radio. Philco 598.

Buy only where you see this sign, for guaranteed Philco quality and service.

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Editorials

The Kremlin Expects America to Cut Her Own Throat

"You capitalists go your way so long as you do not see that it is the way of the blind . . ." said Soviet party leader Nikita Khrushchev, in his monologue explaining peaceful coexistence to his East German stooges last month. "The truth is on the side of our people. Our people do not depend on your love or hate. . . . We don't have to go to war to win this victory. Peaceful competition will be enough."

The free world, in the opinion of the Soviet leader, is in the position of the man doomed by an incurable disease. "Let him eat or drink what he likes," the doctor advises. "He might as well be as happy as he can."

Those who wish may dismiss this as mere braggadocio by a brash Red swashbuckler who acquires Dutch courage after exceeding his quota of vodka martinis. Wiser are those who ask themselves: "What makes Khrushchev so sure that 'peaceful competition' will be enough to assure the doom of the world's free societies? What does he think communism has that capitalism lacks?" Surely our post-war triumphs have not been so outstanding as to justify indifference to the possibility that we are dealing with a resourceful adversary.

If Khrushchev was not fooling us when he brushed off war as essential to the triumph of communism, what is he relying on? It can hardly be the greater happiness of the individual Soviet citizen slaving in the gold mines of Siberia or dragging out a boring existence in a state-owned industry. Nor does the ability of Red socialism to produce a high living standard for the people appear the reason for so much confidence. With thousands fleeing from the Red Paradise every week, it is hard to find in the daily lives of people in communist countries the justification of Khrushchev's boast that the "way of the future" is in the steps of Lenin, Stalin and Marx.

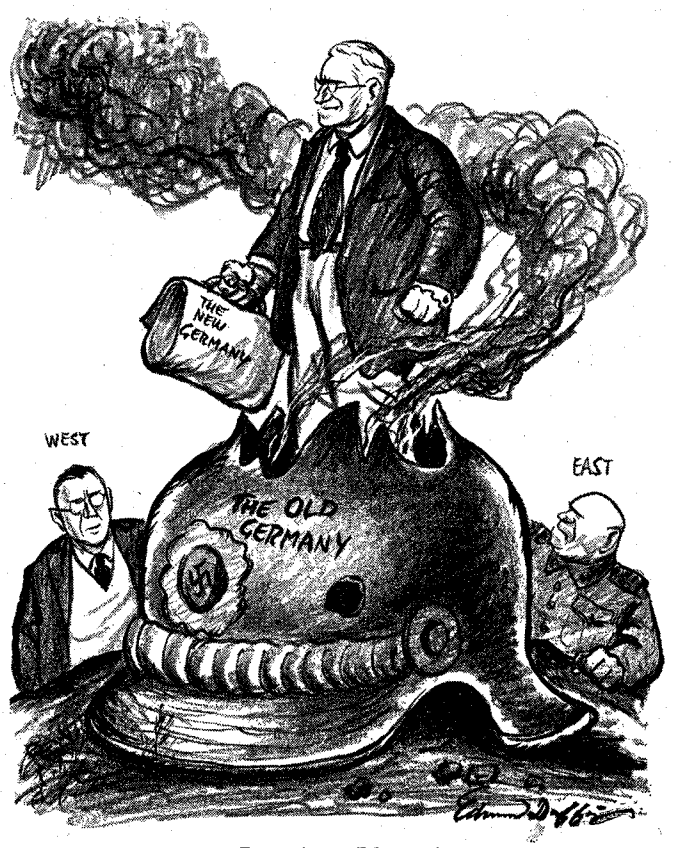
The answer, of course, is that Khrushchev expects us to beat ourselves. He hopes that we Americans can be diverted into so much concern for the civil rights of fellow travelers, superliberal professors and leftish scientists that we will ignore the ever-present activities of the Red apparatus in our midst. Khrushchev looks forward to an America whose heroes are those who "take the Fifth Amendment"; which accepts the view of the "notables" who recently declared that it was an outrage to describe the Communist Party as a "conspiracy"; which can be diverted into attacking the "colonialism" of its allies while condoning the slave system prevailing in the Soviet satellites. Is Khrushchev completely off his rocker for entertaining such hopes and boldly advertising them? Read your morning newspaper!

We are also expected to commit hara-kiri by means of the impressive but irrelevant phrase. "Freedom of travel" is to include the smashing of our passport-control system to permit free entry and exit by communist spies and agents. The phrases "guilt by association" and "guilt by descent" are relied on to make the citizen feel guilty when the Government shows reluctance to hire for important jobs men subject to Red blackmail because their intimates or relatives are subversives. We are also expected to accept the term "guilt" in circumstances where it doesn't apply—as if a man who was considered ineligible for a job had been found "guilty" of something. Of course, Khrushchev assumes that, in the interest of being "fair" to everybody except America, we will intimidate our congressional investigators into silence, so that no future Hiss, McLean, Burgess or Harry Dexter White need fear exposure.

And he also believes that our people are, or shortly will be, so bemused by "peace" that morality, the fate of our anti-Red allies and even our own military security become secondary matters. If we can be charmed into contentment with second place in the race for air supremacy, that will be Red velvet.

Well, Khrushchev may be a dope and a loud-mouth. However, things are happening in this country—the central target of the enemies of freedom—which at least excuse the Boss of the Kremlin for making his portentous long-term diagnosis—that, if America cannot be beaten by force, she can be conquered by guile.

DUFFY'S CARTOON



A Problem Phoenix.

Prosperity Creates New Types of "Neediest Cases"

A study of the experiences of American welfare agencies during a business boom suggests that prosperity creates its own hardship cases. On the surface that may not be so conducive to tear-jerking treatment as are the half-starved and cringing victims of depression. Nevertheless, the needs of the waifs of prosperity have to be met by somebody. And in most communities there are agencies in the Community Chest or United Fund equipped to handle that job, in addition to the relief of old-fashioned poverty.

Among the hardship cases created by prosperity are deserted children. Formerly, orphans were the majority of dependent children, but antibiotics appear to have increased the longevity of parents without adding to their sense of responsibility. According to the United Community campaign, "the number of fathers who desert their children is growing by leaps and bounds and becoming a serious problem." In 1940, 20 per cent of dependent children were in need because of the absence of their fathers for various reasons. By 1955, the figure for children with absent fathers, including orphans, has advanced to 60 per cent, of whom 75 per cent are children actually deserted by their fathers.

One is tempted to object that such needs should be met by hunting down the errant father. In the meantime, however, the deserted child must be cared for by somebody. In too many cases he is not adequately cared for by anybody and soon achieves the status of juvenile delinquent.

Another new burden on welfare organizations is the collateral result of the triumph of medical science in making people live longer. The very progress which has been made in reducing the death rate has added to the number of dependent old people. Actual retirement occurs for thousands of healthy people long before the official retirement age of 65, owing to the reluctance of employers to hire people over forty-five. According to the United Community campaign figures, the total cash income of two thirds of all persons over sixty-five (Continued on Page 12)

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Sickness at your house?

TODAY, medical and nursing authorities are recommending home care for more and more patients . . . especially if someone in the family is skilled in home nursing.

There are several reasons why home nursing is of such great importance now. Nearly all of our country's hospitals are crowded. In fact, they care for more than 20 million patients a year. Naturally, doctors, nurses and their assistants are busier than ever before. So, whenever a patient can be adequately cared for at home, hospital beds and personnel are freed for more serious cases.

Moreover, the cost of a long hospital stay is a heavy financial burden to the average family . . as well as a source of worry to the ill person. Lengthy hospitalization may also make the sick person depressed and even doubtful of his recovery. These attitudes can often be offset when the patient can safely and conveniently be cared for within the family circle. In fact, familiar home surroundings and family companionship can often help to hasten recovery.

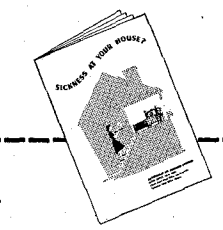
Fortunately, in such circumstances, home nursing can usually be performed adequately by a family member under the direction of the doctor. To give the best possible help to an ill person, however, the home nurse must know how to follow the doctor's specific instructions, and be able to care for both the physical and emotional needs of the patient. In addition, the home nurse should be prepared to make some simple but essential observations which help the doctor determine the patient's progress.

Suppose you had to give home nursing care to someone in your family. Would you know how to do any of the following:

1. Could you carry out a doctor's orders to observe and record a patient's breathing, or to take his pulse?
2. Help a sick person overcome fears and anxieties?
3. Persuade a child to take medicine?
4. Help a bed patient maintain comfortable posture?

Since illness may occur unexpectedly at any time in any family, someone in *every* household should be a qualified home nurse.

You can learn more about home nursing skills in free courses given in most communities by the American Red Cross. If you cannot enroll in one of these courses, you can learn many essentials of home nursing with the help of Metropolitan's 32-page, illustrated booklet called *Sickness At Your House?* Just fill out the coupon below to receive a free copy. It explains how you can do many things—expertly and gently—that are conducive to a sick person's comfort, contentment and recovery.



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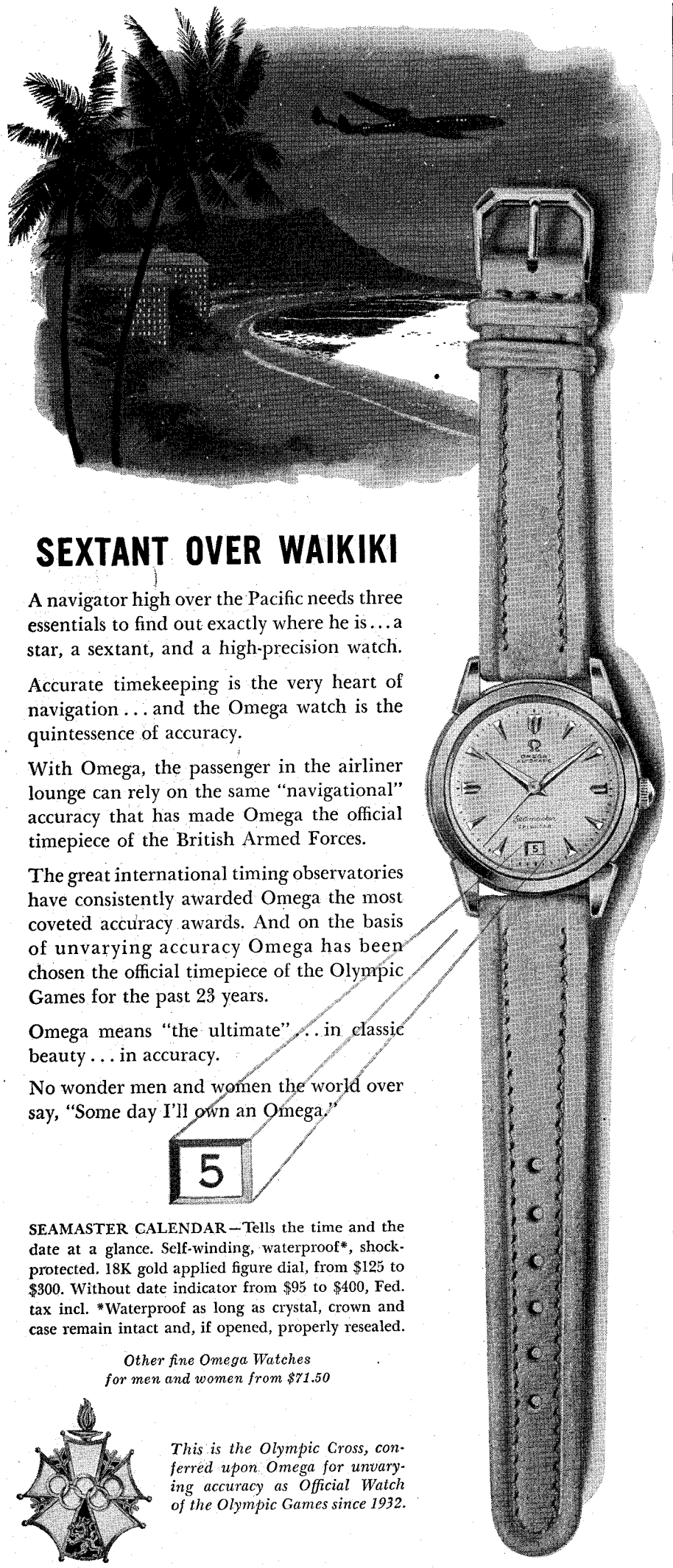

SEXTANT OVER WAIKIKI

A navigator high over the Pacific needs three essentials to find out exactly where he is... a star, a sextant, and a high-precision watch.

Accurate timekeeping is the very heart of navigation... and the Omega watch is the quintessence of accuracy.

With Omega, the passenger in the airliner lounge can rely on the same "navigational" accuracy that has made Omega the official timepiece of the British Armed Forces.

The great international timing observatories have consistently awarded Omega the most coveted accuracy awards. And on the basis of unvarying accuracy Omega has been chosen the official timepiece of the Olympic Games for the past 23 years.

Omega means "the ultimate"... in classic beauty... in accuracy.

No wonder men and women the world over say, "Some day I'll own an Omega."

SEAMASTER CALENDAR—Tells the time and the date at a glance. Self-winding, waterproof*, shock-protected. 18K gold applied figure dial, from $125 to $300. Without date indicator from $95 to $400, Fed. tax incl. *Waterproof as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact and, if opened, properly resealed.

Other fine Omega Watches for men and women from $71.50

This is the Olympic Cross, conferred upon Omega for unvarying accuracy as Official Watch of the Olympic Games since 1932.

Ω OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

is less than $1000 a year. It takes little imagination to see that, even if the crippling diseases of old age are left out of consideration, thousands of elderly people can hardly avoid appealing to welfare agencies for some part of their sustenance.

Between the child, deserted by an irresponsible father, and the old couple doing their best to eke out their expanding life expectancy on a starvation income, there are scores of situations which require assistance from some welfare agency. At least 3,000,000 men and women are in the armed forces, about half of them overseas. The USO and other United Fund agencies have an important part in meeting their needs. Funds for research into the causes of various diseases are included in the budgets of the United Fund in many communities. In some cities the American Red Cross is included.

It seems safe to predict that the result of an honest study of community needs will be a contribution to the United Fund campaign.

Statistics Don't Tell Why Men Like Dogs

When psychologists start to dig into ordinary, "normal" human motivations, they often seem to feel that they have to use a long-handled shovel. Among the latest groups of citizens subjected to a psychological excavating job are America's twenty million or so dog owners. There used to be a naïve notion that a lot of people like dogs because of the pups' affection, loyalty and companionship, just as dogs feel that some of their best friends are people. According to recent psychological surveys, however, the odds are 6 to 1 that the relationship is more complicated.

Joseph Kaselow, writing in the New York Herald Tribune, reports that the N. W. Ayer advertising agency, in the interests of manufacturers of dog food-and-care products, queried a number of prominent psychologists "to find out why people have dogs." Ayer found, according to Mr. Kaselow, that there are "six main reasons for dog ownership." The first five "types of dog owners" dug up by the psychologists are motivated by such things as desire to "show power of masterfulness"; inferiority complexes; wish for parent-child relationship; psychological relaxation, based on lack of intellectual competition; ambition to have the dog improve his (the owner's) social position.

The sixth type of dog owner, Ayer reports, is the only one that caused the psychologists professional frustration. These are people who just like dogs. These surveys do not settle the whole matter, of course, but they do suggest an even more interesting field of analysis: the real reasons behind a psychologist's decision to become a psychologist.

Taxes Ruin That $64,000 Question

What high taxation is doing to free enterprise is a subject which is about as interesting to the average man as a treatise on medieval metaphysics. Some millions of words have been devoted to the subject in economic reports, editorials and congressional testimony. Nobody cares very much.

But when Capt. Richard S. McCutchen, of the United States Marines, was about to decide whether or not to answer the $64,000 question regarding exotic foods, the television audience went into a tizzy. Living rooms were divided into factions. One side argued that Captain McCutchen would be crazy not to take the $32,000 which he had already won and retire from the field. His take after taxes would be about $22,000 they argued, whereas if he won the jack pot, he would stand to gain only about $13,000 more, since his tax on $64,000 would be about $29,000. Would a sane man bet $22,000 in the hand to gain $13,000 in the bush?

The other faction, including Captain McCutchen himself, argued that a member of the United States Marine Corps had to meet every challenge, and anyway, the captain seemed to know enough about culinary subjects to have the extra $13,000 in the bag. Fortunately for the nerves of TV America, Captain McCutchen went all the way.

However, it may be that this dramatic presentation, in the headlines, of the fact that a man who can win $64,000 actually gets only about $35,000 will cause millions of people to give some thought to the effect of our tax laws on business. If a TV-quiz participant has to decide whether it's worth while to try for an additional $32,000 before taxes because it's only $13,000 after taxes, the investor or the high-salaried executive is beset by the same doubts.

Perhaps TV could make the thing even more dramatic by putting an industrial tycoon on the screen and letting him decide before millions of people whether it's worth while for him to go after another million dollars' worth of business or create 20,000 new jobs by building a new plant. On second thought though, that would be propaganda. The dilemma of Captain McCutchen and other TV quizzees isn't propaganda, but perhaps it's just as good.

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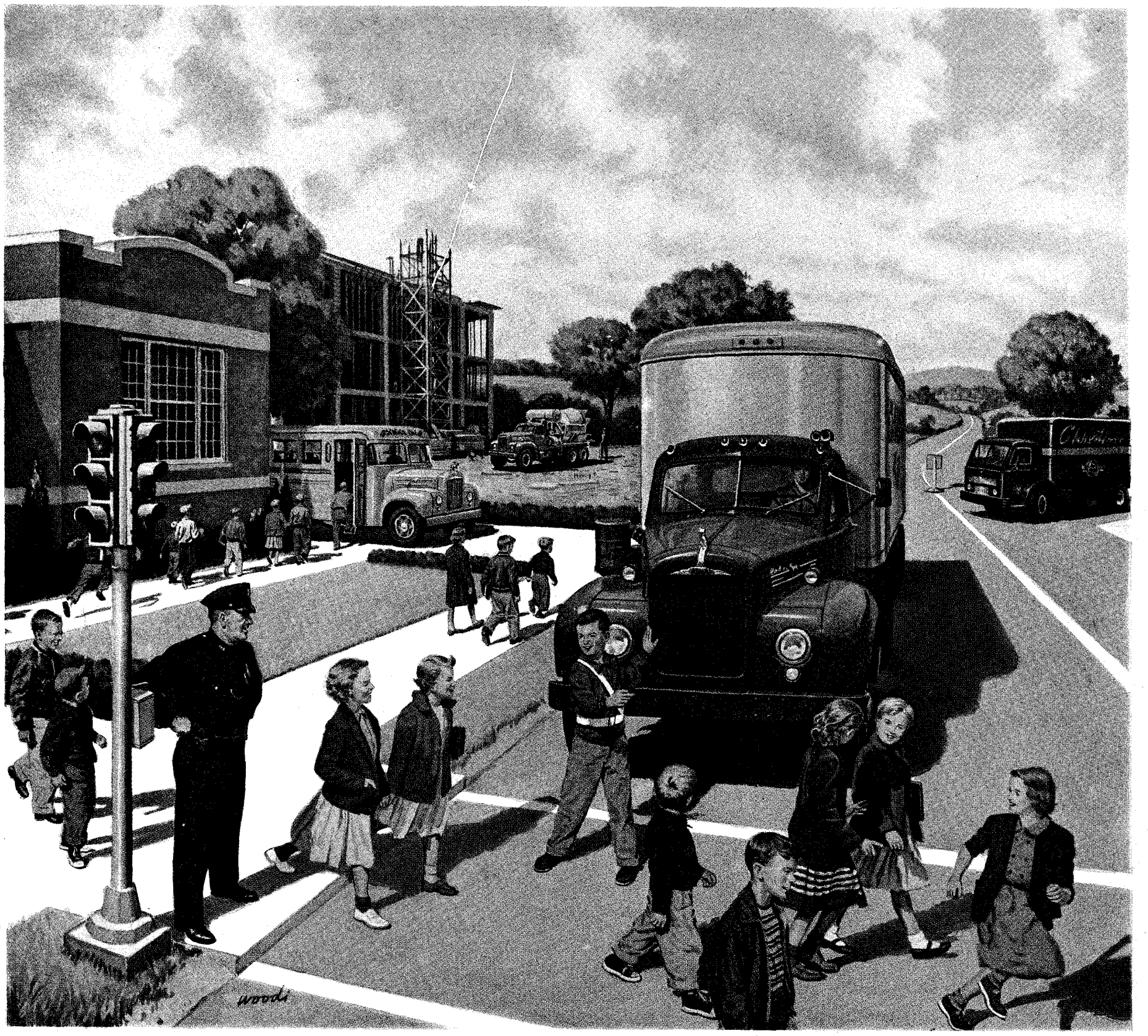

PICKED FOR THE IMPORTANT JOBS

This alert young Safety Patrolman is proud of being chosen to do an important job.

And so is Mack. While America makes many good trucks, you'll notice that Macks generally get the call when important cargoes must be moved.

That's because operators know they can always count on Macks to take the toughest loads and roads in stride. To make sure that every Mack lives up to this reputation, each is designed and constructed with the toughest service constantly in mind. To make doubly sure, we build our own frames, cabs, engines, transmissions, axles—more components than any other truck manufacturer.

The Mack way of building pays off twice... in maximum earning capacity and low operating and maintenance costs. Macks stay on the road, and they stay on schedule.

If you move anything from one place to another . . . people or ready-mixed concrete, oil-well rigs or department store packages, rock fill for a new super highway or tomorrow morning's milk...you'll get the job done faster and at lower cost with a Mack. It certainly pays to keep in mind...

Macks are first choice
for the important jobs.

Mack
TRUCKS

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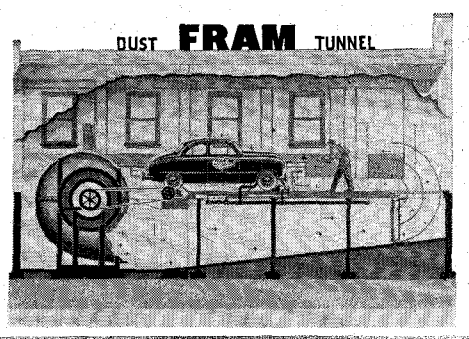
FRAM guards

"Change your oil and filter NOW!"

See the Dealer Who Displays this Sign

DUST **FRAM** TUNNEL



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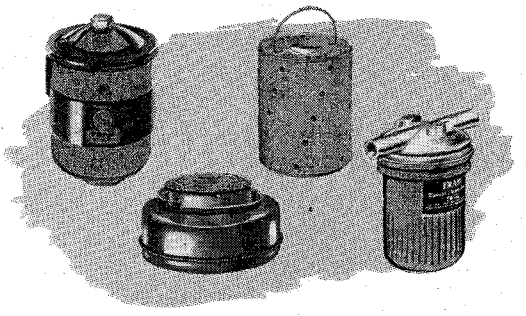
ONLY FRAM tests filters in the severity of a dust storm at the world's first full size dust tunnel—one part of FRAM's extensive research facilities.



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ONLY FRAM has dev oped and produced air and fuel filters Complete Engine Prot tion. All add up to lon service and lower co

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A Clean Oil Month change NOW will save your engine's life, pep and power for years!

EVERY ENGINE creates inside itself the means of its own eventual destruction—sludge, abrasives, corrosives and other deadly engine killers! These strangle an engine's power, steal its pep and speed its doom through excessive wear!

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In a FRAM Filter and only a FRAM Filter do you get all these advantages:

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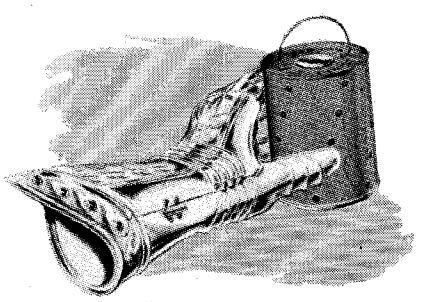

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in quality

ONLY FRAM offers quality specified by vehicle manufacturers—that's why FRAM is original equipment on more cars and trucks.

FRAM FIRST
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ONLY FRAM can make this claim. Survey after survey shows motorists prefer FRAM more than 2 to 1 over any other filter brand made.

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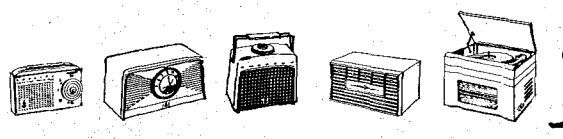
Wherever you look...there's Emerson

...and here, for example, because the lady likes to take the larger view, is the new 1956 Emerson TV Model 1156. The big 24-inch picture is so clear, so sharp, so lifelike, that Madam isn't always sure whether she's watching TV or TV is watching her. That's because Emerson's exclusive Dyna-Power chassis makes *every* channel picture-perfect even if the station is way down yonder. Trouble-free, it costs less than *half* as much to operate...parts last up to *ten* times longer. Choice of mahogany or blonde finish, a mere $224.

Madam's Emerson Clock Radio, Model 824, wakes her each morning with a song...or the news...and goes about its job of turning itself or appliances on at pre-set times. In seven lovely colors, $24. *And wherever you look...look for Emerson TV, radios, phonographs, air conditioners.*



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Over 16,000,000 satisfied owners

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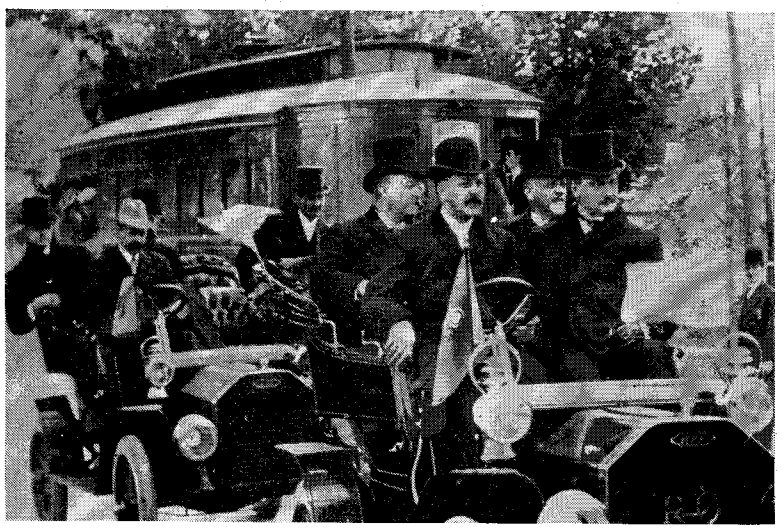
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?



REMEMBER when the nation was so young that the President rode in an auto driven by the car manufacturer himself? And Secret Service men (rear car) wore silk top hats? Here R. E. Olds, who founded Oldsmobile and Reo, drives President Teddy Roosevelt to deliver a college commencement address at Lansing, Michigan, in 1907. Car flies the presidential flag (right), one of the first instances of its use on an auto.

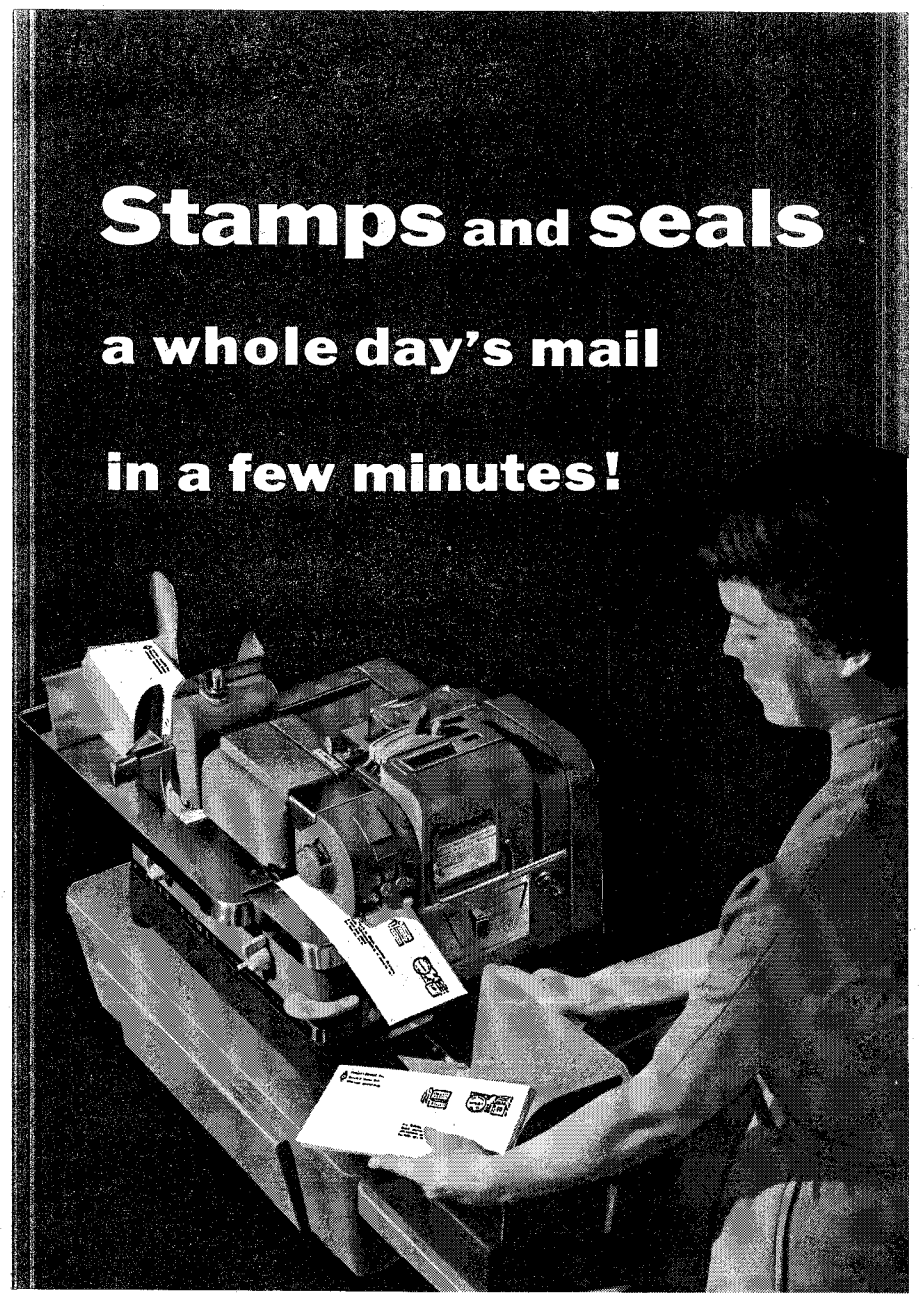
KEATS K. VINING

CAN anyone else recall W. C. Fields as skinny? I can, as I knew him during his lean years as a juggler at Atlantic City. I made the pool table he used in his famous billiard stunt. Here, in 1906, we discussed a new camera, Bill Fields with a cigar in his mouth as usual. He never forgot his friends. In 1943 he wrote me from Hollywood: "I still have the billiard table and am practicing to use it in a movie."

EDWIN W. GLOVER

REMEMBER when properly clad young ladies had to wear high-laced gaiters (left) to venture into the woods? The sylph at right, obviously no backwoods hiker, is Anna Pavlova, famed ballet dancer. This starchily posed photo of Pavlova and Camp Fire girls was a 1921 press agent's idea of a newsy stunt. Any time the great dancer stood still, he claimed, it was news.

DEE JAY



You no longer need to waste time laboriously licking and sticking stamps and envelope flaps at the end of your busy days. The postage meter does it faster, more neatly, and more efficiently . . . this electric model, for example, can stamp and seal 300 letters in *two minutes!*

The postage meter *prints* postage —any amount you need, for any kind of mail—directly on the envelope, with dated postmark—and with your own small ad, if you like. A big time saver with parcel post, too—prints postage on special gummed tape for all kinds of packages.

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POOR ROADS ARE HOLDING US BACK!

This country has a great opportunity right now to do itself a tremendous favor—and reap the benefits for years to come.

All the people need better roads. Farmers. Suburbanites. City dwellers. Workers. Truckers and passenger car drivers.

Until a few years ago, poor roads were merely an inconvenience. A restriction on the easy movement of people and needed goods.

Today, for every logical reason . . . everyone has a personal stake in giving us the greatest system of highways in the world. Safer roads may save your life. And they certainly will make living more enjoyable . . . and the future more abundant.

. . . goes a long way to make friends

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Happy Chandler Rides Again

By ROBERT L. RIGGS

They called him a has-been, but this effusive politician bounced back with a mud-slinging campaign that appalled everyone except a majority of Kentucky's Democrats.

After four unhappy years out of the limelight, Albert B. Chandler expects to be Kentucky's governor next January and its "favorite son" at the Democratic convention in June.

The tears running from Happy Chandler's eyes were genuine, not the tailor-made kind he turns on and off for openmouthed admirers. The sob that choked him was not the staged variety he has loosed upon thousands of audiences. The time was ten years ago, when Happy was the newly anointed commissioner of baseball. He gazed forlornly out the window of my office on the twelfth floor of the National Press Building. Between him and the White House were the Willard Hotel and the United States Treasury, but his gaze pierced those obstructions of brick, mortar and stone. In his mind, he was watching an inexperienced Missourian fumble his presidential chores.

Albert Benjamin Chandler turned from the window, and said, "If it hadn't been for three Kentuckians, I'd be sitting in the White House now. If Wilson Wyatt, Keen Johnson and Mark Ethridge hadn't fought me last summer, the state convention would have indorsed me instead of Barkley, for Henry Wallace's job. I'd be President instead of Harry Truman because I would have got the vice-presidency."

It was embarrassing to be the sole witness to the emotional distress of a man who, at forty-seven, had been governor and United States senator and had just become nabob of big-league baseball.

With a working day devoted wholly to the national game, with a starting salary of $50,000 and an almost unlimited expense account, Happy Chandler, on that day in 1945, could look forward to a fabulous career. But all that delectable prospect was cinders, ashes and dust in his mouth as he looked again toward the White House.

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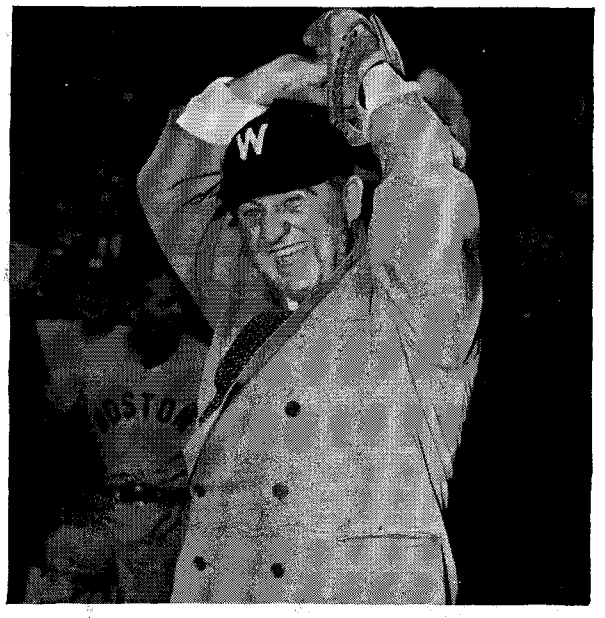

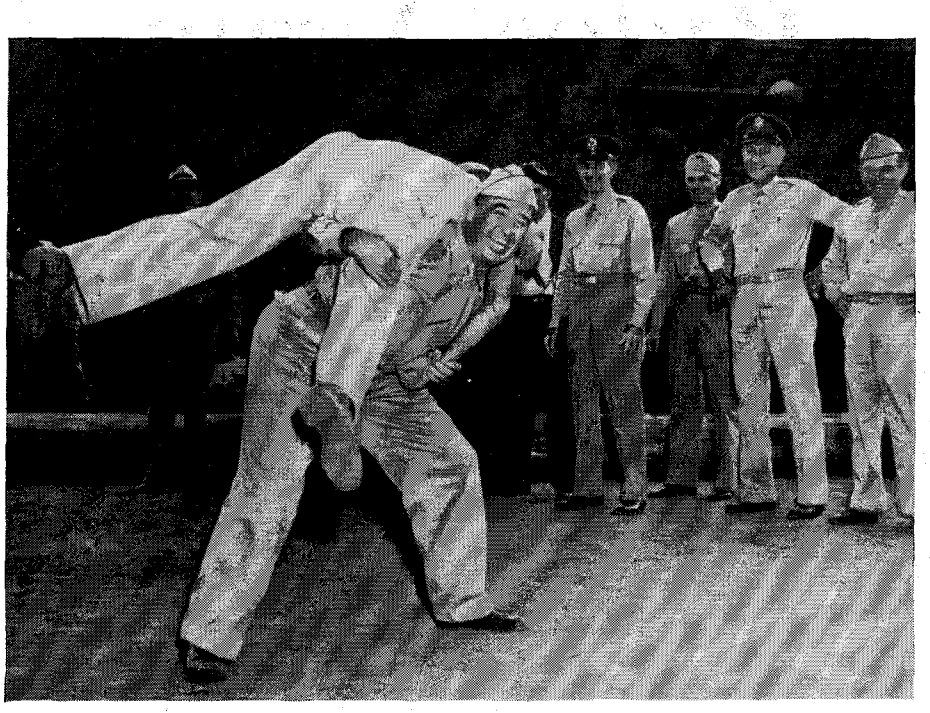

Wherever he goes, Happy clowns it up—as commissioner of baseball in 1945, as a wartime senator visiting Ranger school, and as a VIP spectator at the New York Giants' football practice in 1950. He quit his Senate seat to take the baseball job, later got the heave-ho from club owners.

I offered consolation by reminding Happy he still was young.

"But I wanted to get to the White House early," he said. "I'd have been President at forty-six if I'd been Vice-President when Roosevelt died. I thought the party would want a young man in 1944. I went to see Roosevelt and tried to get him to give me Wallace's place. But he barely listened to me."

He talked for a half hour of what he would have done had the prize gone to him instead of Truman. He recited names he would have put in his Cabinet. He had another list—Truman's men whom he would not have allowed in the Government. He went into such detail it was obvious he had spent sleepless nights playing President.

He finished with this, "Next time I'll know one thing. You can't get anywhere at a national convention unless you have your state delegation behind you. I never had a chance in 1944 after the Kentuckians were instructed to support Barkley for Wallace's job. The only person who can be sure of having his delegation is a governor."

To make sure he has a delegation "next time"—which is next summer—Happy devoted the last four years to achieving the seemingly impossible. He won, on August sixth, the Democratic nomination for governor against the combined political power of the present governor and both senators. He won in a state where he had, for a decade, been pronounced politically dead. He had been laughed off in Kentucky as a clown, a buffoon, a three-time party bolter and a Dixiecrat. He was sneered at as a has-been—a man the baseball-club owners could stomach for only six years on what is considered to be a lifetime job.

But unless the Republicans get enough help from disgusted Democrats to stop him on November eighth, Happy is on his way again. First, he will become the third man elected twice as governor of Kentucky—a state where the chief executive cannot succeed himself. Then, Happy will have his third time at bat in an effort to satisfy the ambition which has gnawed him for twenty years. He will have a third chance to try for the presidency. Twice he struck out. Each time he whiffed so rapidly that most occupants of bleachers and grandstand didn't even know he was up. But if he gets to the plate next summer, none will fail to know he is there, no matter how wildly he swings.

Chandler's thumbprint will be on other parts of the national political scene besides the 1956 nominating convention. He has given a solemn, public promise to remove Acting Majority Leader Earle C. Clements from the Senate. The odds are he can do that by entering his own Senate candidate in next summer's primary. Chandler has an unblemished record for paying off grudge debts.

To Chandler, the sprawling elegance of the Executive Mansion at Frankfort has been, since 1937, only a way station on his path to the White House. However circuitous that path, however deep it led into swamplands of disappointment, Happy never quit the trail. He was traveling it briskly in preparation for the 1940 presidential election. But two years ahead of the event, he ran into a roadblock in the person of Alben W. Barkley. The then-majority leader of the Senate, with the help of Franklin D. Roosevelt, administered a sound beating to Chandler in the 1938 primary when he tried to take Barkley's place in the Senate. His next heartbreak came in 1944, the year he made, from the Senate, his futile effort to take Vice-President Wallace's place.

If revenge is as sweet as advertised, Chandler's 18,121-vote gubernatorial primary victory in August of this year over Judge Bert T. Combs should have filled his cup nearly to the brim. By it, he extracted the first payment on

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some long-standing grudges against an impressive list of enemies. November will reveal whether those enemies can keep him from collecting the final installment.

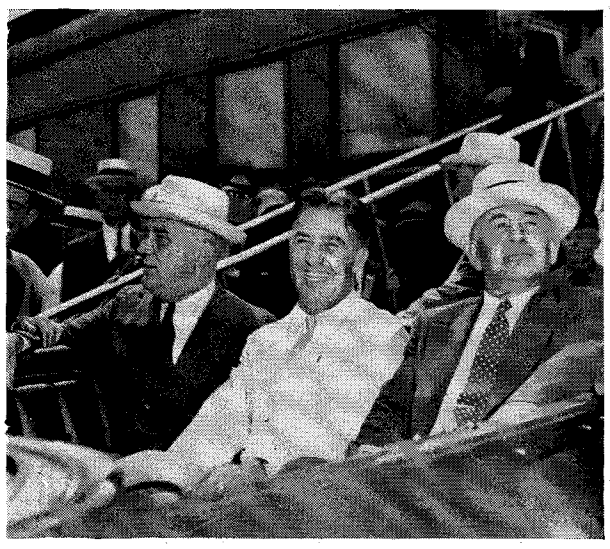
Republicans win state-wide races in Kentucky only when Democrats are angry at Democrats. Kentucky remembers no campaign so full of vituperation and the free use of the term "liar" as the one which closed last August sixth.

As soon as it became clear that Chandler was nominated, his three leading enemies went through the ritual of pledging support to the Democratic ticket. But the statements by Senator Barkley, Senator Clements and Gov. Lawrence W. Wetherby were frigid. They promised nothing beyond the minimum of party regularity. They gave no hint of exertion on behalf of a nominee they accused of bolting their party three times in twelve years.

With the ink scarcely dry on his statement, Wetherby voiced his feelings at the Conference of Governors in Chicago. He said publicly he felt the state and the Democratic Party would be served better if the Republican nominee, Edwin R. Denney, defeated Chandler.

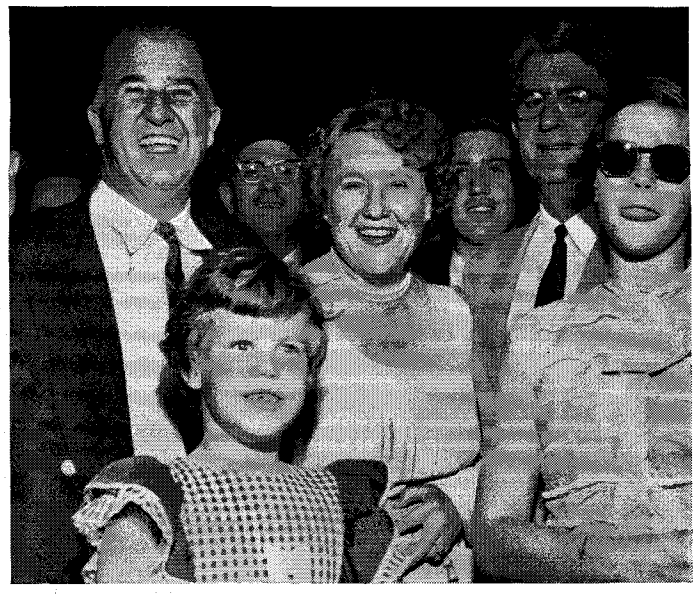
For Clements, the path back to the Senate in 1956 would be relatively easy if Denney defeated Chandler for governor.

For Barkley, "Mr. Democrat" himself, it would be a crowning humiliation to see Chandler head Kentucky's delegation to the Democratic convention, where the Veep held the spotlight twenty-four years.



1938: Brassy Gov. Chandler, trying for Barkley's Senate seat, horns in even as FDR arrives to support Barkley.

Somber Republican Edwin Denney may win much Democratic support in his race against Happy next month.

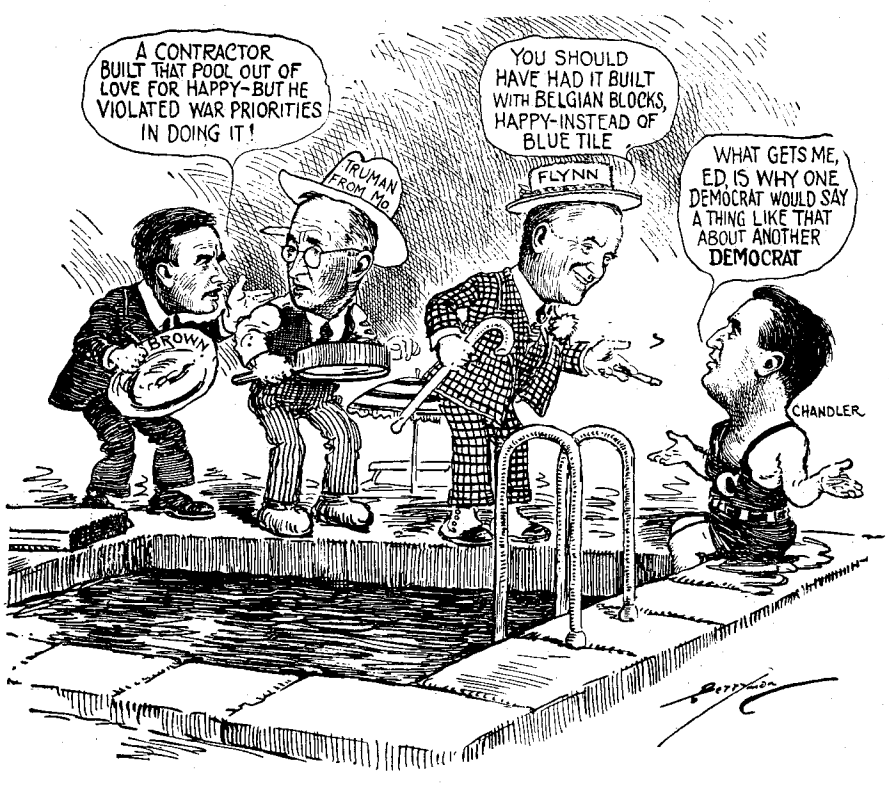


Happy grins, with his wife, friends and relatives, upon winning his gubernatorial primary two months ago.

This is a state of affairs the Republicans eagerly anticipated months ago. They induced Denney to give up the much-prized post of United States District Attorney for Eastern Kentucky. Denney is the perfect contrast to the shouting, crying, singing, back-pounding Chandler. His managers are paying hopeful attention to advice freely offered by high-ranking Democrats. That advice is that Denney make a personal campaign against Chandler—not one of Democrats versus Republicans.

But a personal campaign is Chandler's dish. It was his personalized campaign which defeated the

(Continued on Page 155)


A CONTRACTOR BUILT THAT POOL OUT OF LOVE FOR HAPPY—BUT HE VIOLATED WAR PRIORITIES IN DOING IT!
TRUMAN FROM MO
YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD IT BUILT WITH BELGIAN BLOCKS, HAPPY—INSTEAD OF BLUE TILE
FLYNN
WHAT GETS ME, E.D. IS WHY ONE DEMOCRAT WOULD SAY A THING LIKE THAT ABOUT ANOTHER DEMOCRAT
BROWN
CHANDLER

'Here, Happy, You Take It!'

John Brown, a political enemy of Chandler's, brings Senate investigator Truman and Democratic chairman Ed Flynn to see Happy's controversial pool, in a 1942 Washington Star cartoon. The "king of liars" jibe appeared in the Louisville Courier-Journal before this year's primary.

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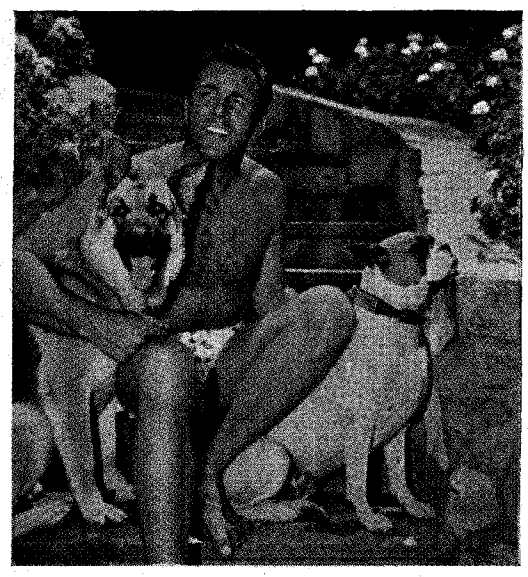
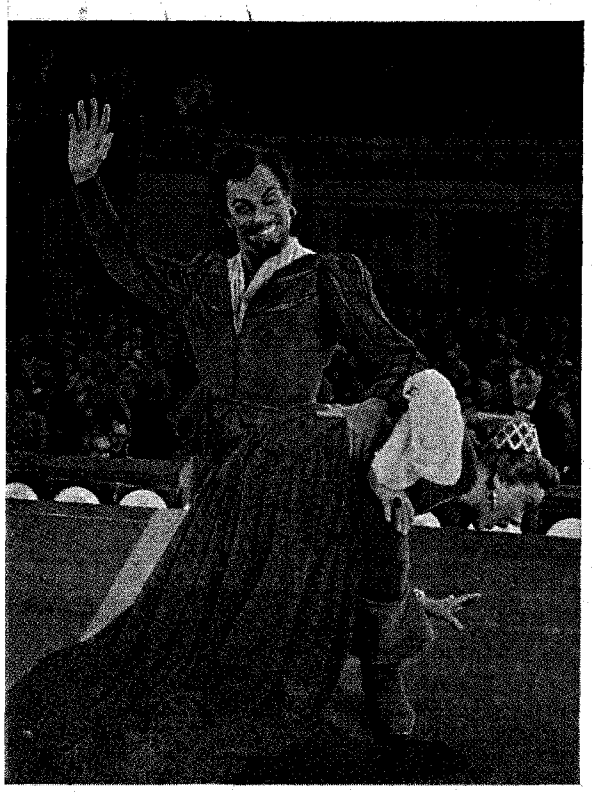


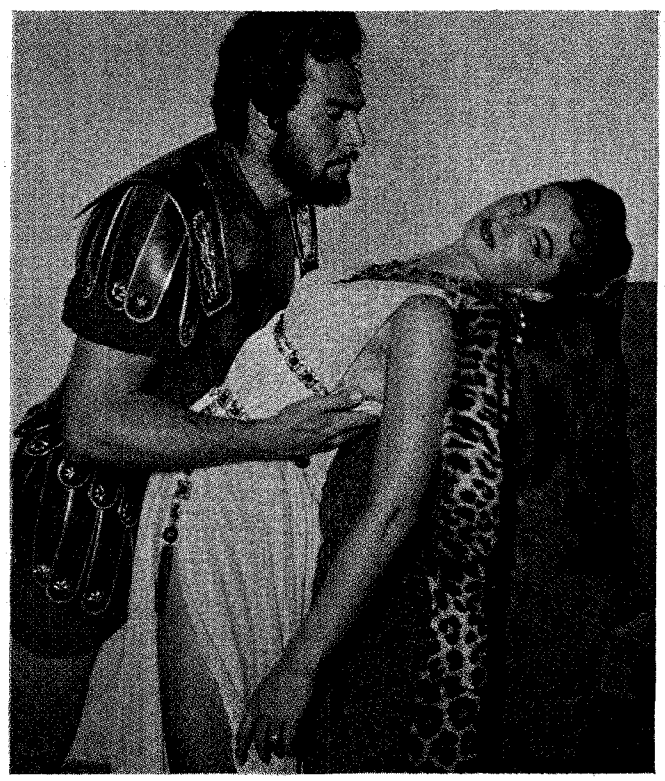
The beardless, off-screen Keel with pets Governor and Mouka. "I lead a dull life," he says.

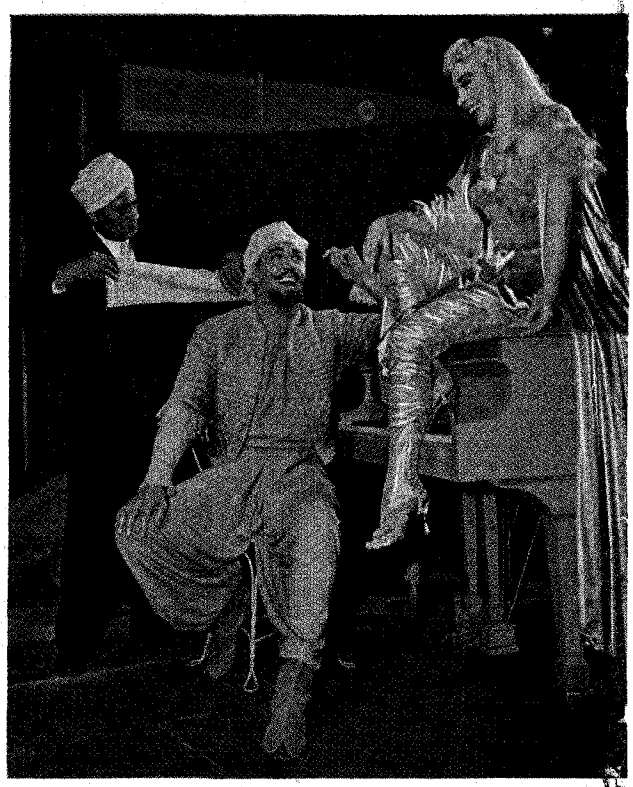
Hollywood's Booming Baritone

By Cameron Shipp

The story of towering Howard Keel, who sang his way out of abject poverty into some of the most exotic roles in film history.







Keel the bearded lady-tamer paddles Kathryn Grayson in Kiss Me Kate, woos Esther Williams in Jupiter's Darling and charms Dolores Gray between takes of Kismet.

When Howard Keel came to Hollywood from the Broadway and London stage in 1950 to sing the big songs in Annie Get Your Gun, he knew so little about working in motion-picture musicals that he overextended himself in his first scene with Betty Hutton, fell under a horse and broke his right ankle. This accident might have ended his movie career at the start, except for the kindness of Louis Calhern, the high-nosed veteran with the classic profile. Mr. Calhern felt sorry for the young man, took charge of him and taught him how to relax in front of cameras. He shepherded Keel through "Annie" without further trouble with actresses or horses.

Today, as a good many millions of moviegoers know, Keel is Hollywood's swashbuckler-in-chief. He has performed boldly in a number of fine, improbable and romantic pictures, such as Kiss Me Kate, Show Boat, Rose Marie, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, and Jupiter's Darling. Keel sings operatic-type arias in a powerful bass-baritone. His admirers go the limit in predicting his future. Johnny Green, general musical director of M-G-M, among others, says flatly that Keel is not long for pictures. He will wind up, Green is convinced, in Ezio Pinza roles at the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Whether the austere Met will ever tap a Hollywood singer is, of course, a question. With the exception of Mario Lanza, the tenor, who is occasionally unable to perform, Howard Keel is Hollywood's most likely candidate. His voice is considered the most awesome in pictures, and it may be the best. At six-feet-four and 200 pounds in his Size 12-D brogans, he is certainly the biggest singing actor in town.

He arrived at his present eminence reluctantly and suspiciously. Unlike most singers, Keel has never been convinced that he possesses a God-given voice. For some years after he came brawling and quarreling out of a small coal-mining town in Illinois, he used his lungs more often in anger than in sweet song. Keel's success story is based on the reverse of how to get along with people and win friends. His admirer and mentor, Mr. Calhern—who, incidentally, takes no sass from Howard—doesn't care whether Keel sings at the Metropolitan or not. He merely insists that Howard is very loud.

"I like this great puppy," says Mr. Calhern, "but I don't let him sing in my house. When he bears down, he not only shatters glassware in the bar but (Continued on Page 160)

Keel can outshout a forty-piec
orchestra with ease, but finds dancing
tough chore. His first big dance scene is wit
these harem beauties in Kisme

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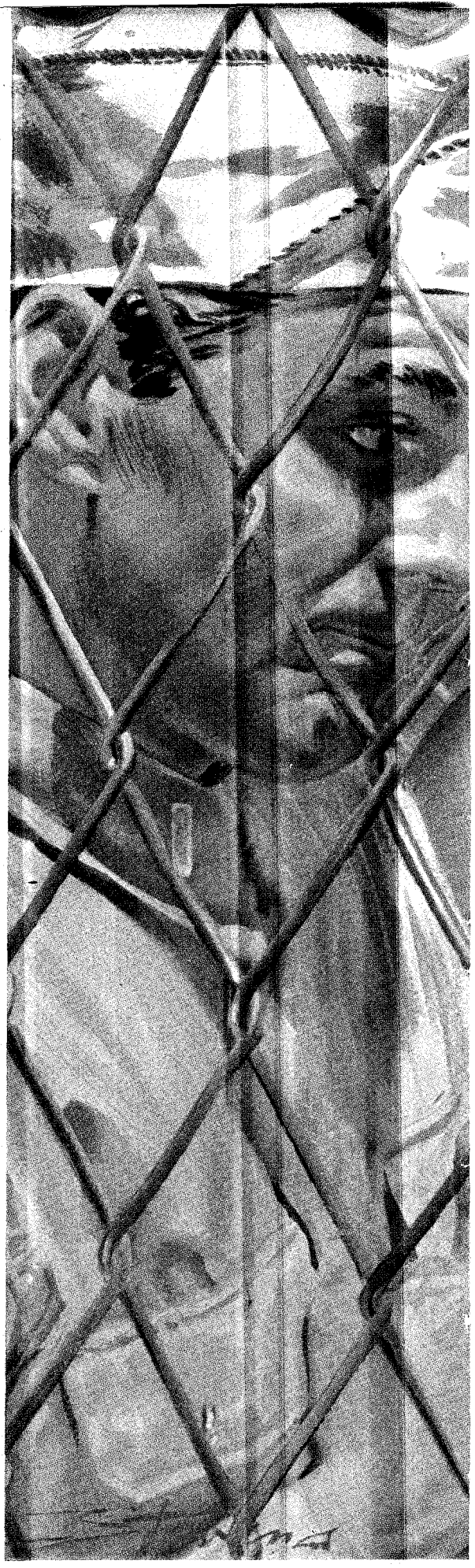
Private Pomeroy is on trial for his life
before a court-martial.
He wanted to be a soldier,
but now he's cursing the Army that
has brought him to the

SHADOW OF THE NOOSE



A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

King City's Hotel Marion offered the only air-conditioned dining room within thirty miles of Camp Clements. All military personnel eating there received exactly the same service. The hotel manager was a man who refused to believe high rank rated special privileges. Possibly because he'd been a buck private in World War II.

In his dining room, a second lieutenant could seat himself at a table with a commanding general. He could, that is, if he was so foolhardy or so driven by necessity that he'd risk spending the rest of his Army career counting paper clips in some remote polar region. Commanding generals dislike people who take advantage of them, and the hotel manager's protection could extend only as far as the door.

Knowing all this, 2nd Lt. Pete Cameron entered the dining room. He found Maj. Gen. Daniel B. Sisson, commanding general of Camp Clements, alone at a table, went to that table, saluted and took the chair opposite. After unfolding his napkin with hands that shook only a little, he met the general's blunt stare.

Dear Anne: It was like looking down the barrel of a loaded mortar. Sitting there, I was a guy waiting to get my head blown off. Let's face it, your husband's not real bright. Only a complete idiot would indulge in such utter folly. I told myself that, and did it anyway.

"Good evening, sir," Pete said.

The general said nothing. He looked at 2nd Lt. Pete Cameron steadily for perhaps a moment. Then he looked at the dozen empty tables in the room.

"I prefer to eat alone, lieutenant."

"I know that, sir," Pete said.

Rank was not the only difference between the two men. The general was in his fifties, stocky, thick-shouldered, erect. His face was disciplined, square and weathered. He had short gray hair and cold gray eyes. His mouth was a flat, inflexible line. He was as military as an M-1 rifle.

Pete Cameron was twenty-six. He had quiet brown eyes, rather long lashes, and hair that was thick, dark and unruly. His shoulders were slightly rounded and he was a few pounds too heavy for his five feet nine. His was a shape no uniform would ever fit with precision. No amount of training or trying would ever give him the bearing, the quick snap and hard polish of the truly military. He was obviously new to the Army and, to the general's eye, barely a soldier.

"Have you been drinking?" the general asked.

"I've had one drink, sir," Pete said. "Just one."

"Yet you want to eat at my table?"

"Not particularly, sir," Pete said. "To tell the truth, I'm so nervous I doubt if I could swallow."

"Then why are you here?"

"To talk to you, sir." Pete moved silverware, his hands plainly shaking now. "Don't think it's a spur-of-the-moment notion, sir. I saw you come in ten minutes ago. I've been in the bar arguing with myself ever since." He looked at the general. "It was an argument I lost."

The general continued his cold inspection. He saw a young second lieutenant not yet able

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Pomeroy's mouth twisted. "They got me measured for a rope. What'd I do? Nothin'. But I'm a lousy buck private, see. I'm dirt."

to wear a uniform properly. It didn't matter that he was nervous, that a desperate sincerity looked out of his eyes. The general was concerned with a greater issue.

Army methods have been developed by centuries of warfare. Conformity to them is required. Without conformity there can be no order or discipline. "You're familiar with military channels?" the general said.

"I am, sir."

And he was. You can't see anyone in the Army officially, without the permission of the next man up the chain of command. Between a second lieutenant and a commanding general stood a forest of officers who could ask why, who could make you wait, who could say no. A good thing, channels. Pete didn't doubt it. But sometimes difficult to negotiate. For Pete they had been impossible.

The general said, "You prefer not to use channels?"

"There isn't time, sir. A man's life is at stake."

"Whose life, lieutenant?"

"Private Alan Pomeroy's, sir."

"And you are?"

"His defense counsel, sir. Second Lieutenant Peter ——"

"—— Cameron," the general said.

And, crisply, he highlighted 2nd Lt. Peter Cameron's biography. Date and place of birth. Education. Four years at a state university. Law school. Pete had graduated with honors, passed the state bar, had been admitted to practice in a Federal court. Then active duty. The date of his (Continued on Page 57)

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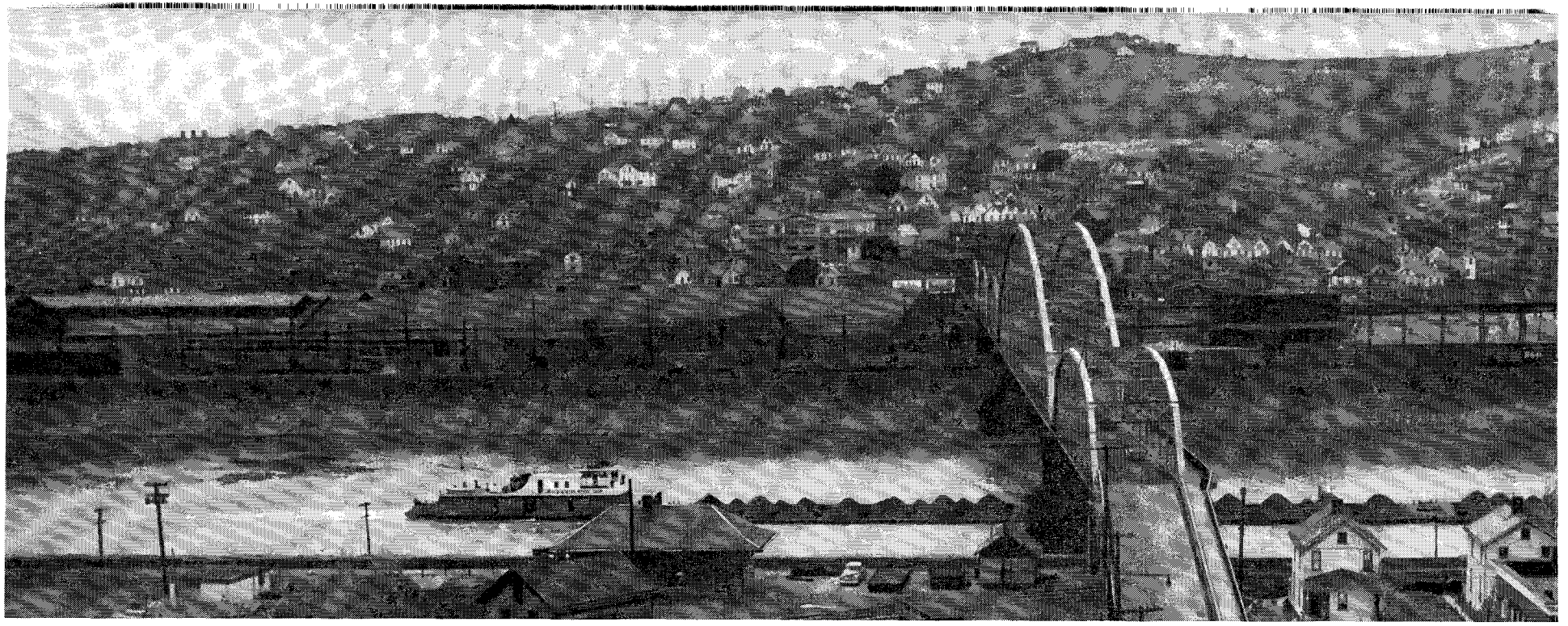

In recent years, 211 boys from Donora (beyond river) have received athletic scholarships at U. S. colleges.

THE TOWN THAT SPAWNS ATHLETES

In the smoggy mill town of Donora, Pa., grass grows reluctantly, but the football crop always flourishes. Some sample products: Arnold Galiffa, Deacon Dan Towler and baseball's mighty Stan Musial.

By JIMMY BRESLIN

Rising from the banks of the Monongahela River, twenty-five miles outside Pittsburgh, is Donora, a typically drab-looking Western Pennsylvania mill town whose sole distinction would appear to be the large steel, zinc and wire works which dominates the place. The only time nationwide attention ever focused on Donora, it was because of an unwanted event—the poisonous smog which enveloped the town on an October weekend in 1948, causing the death of twenty people and the illness of thousands of others.

Yet Donora has another claim to fame, which is more lasting than its smog disaster, and draws wider notice than its substantial steel operations. Donora manufactures athletes. The word "manufactures" is used intentionally, since most of the stars from Donora are unmistakably products of Jim Russell, the local high-school football coach, who for twenty-five years has been working with limited raw material and methodically mangling the best opposition he could schedule.

Donora calls itself "The Home of Champions," and no small-sized town has a better right to this title. Stan Musial, of the St. Louis Cardinals, who already rates with the baseball immortals, is one example. Then there are Deacon Dan Towler, of the Los Angeles Rams, and Arnold Galiffa, the former All-American quarterback at Army, now playing in the Canadian League after a whirl with the New York Giants and the Forty-Niners.

Those are just some of the quality products. An equally significant gauge of the town's importance in the sports world is the quantity of its output. On college gridirons this fall, more than two dozen Donora boys may be seen in action. And 1955 is just an average year for the Donora vintage in intercollegiate football.

All this sounds implausible to a visitor seeing Donora for the first time. It doesn't look like any garden spot for growing athletes. Much smoke-control progress has been made since 1948, but the air still appears sooty. Only in the last five years has grass been able to grow. This is a town of grubby attached houses, crowded atop a hill. At the base of the hill is the reason for Donora's existence—the two-mile-long American Steel and Wire layout, which employs most of the working citizens.

But the key to the Donora sports story is a brick, three-floor high-school building at the very top of the hill. Here forty-seven-year-old Jim Russell walks onto hard-surfaced Legion Field with his football squad after school on autumn afternoons. This dark-haired, intense coach drives his boys with the conviction that all-out effort at football can not only win next Friday night's game but also pave the way to self-betterment.

"There are two roads from this field," Russell tells his players. "One leads down that hill to the mill. If you want to be just another fellow making some sort of a living, then don't bother to work hard out here. The mill is where you'll wind up. But if you really want to make something out of yourself, play football hard and study hard. Then you can take the road out of here to a good college. Get that degree and come back to the mill if you want—but come back able to do something."

It is a fact of modern life—deplored by many educators—that the boy who can play good football stands a much better chance than the nonathlete of getting financial help through college. By Russell's count, 211 former Donora High players have taken advantage of this route to a college degree. And he says the figure would be much higher if it were not for the military-service inroads caused by World War II and the Korean war. Some of the Donora boys have kept on through professional schools, like Maurice Weiss, of the 1935 team, who has a law practice in Washington.

"Nothing gives me a greater kick," Russell says, "than to see a high-school janitor's son go to West Point, like Galiffa; or a fine colored boy who didn't have shoes to wear become a minister and a well-paid professional football player, like Towler; or a kid who didn't have movie money go to Notre Dame, where Bob Gaydos is today."

To a stranger, it is astonishing that a guy could come out of Donora with arms strong enough to propel a baseball out of sight, as Stan Musial can, or with the physique to butt heads against professional football's mammoth players, as do Towler and Galiffa.

But it happens. The production of athletic talent wasn't even checked by the two black days of October 29 and 30, 1948. That was when the smog hit Donora. In the early morning hours of the twenty-ninth, a Friday, a char-

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coal-gray cloud lowered itself over the city. It didn't leave until washed away by a heavy Sunday rain. During this time, the polluted Donora air killed eighteen people, with two more to succumb later on. And 5910 of the town's 13,839 were taken sick—1500 of them seriously—from breathing the air. Even Donora High's football team was momentarily halted by the smog. Playing a home game with lightly regarded Monongahela High that Friday night, Donora was a coughing, watery-eyed 26–7 loser.

While public-health and industrial officials are positive that such a catastrophe could not happen again, Donora still is not a place where a guy could figure on making a living selling, say, white linen suits. However, such considerations have not diminished the local pride of the hard-working second- and third-generation Slavic people who constitute the backbone of Donora. They accept their town as if there were no other place in the world.

The mill where so many of them work is a part of the American Steel and Wire Division of the vast United States Steel Corporation. The mill has a lot to do with the civic loyalty of this close-knit community. It may produce smoke, but it also will hire a worker's relative, and get into such community projects as building a playground or conducting a charity drive. You hear few complaints about American Steel and Wire from those who work for it.

Donora High's football success is another bulwark for local morale. And there is satisfaction over the frequency with which the boys get to go to college. While the average worker's wage of seventy-five dollars a week is enough to cover living expenses, the cost of college tuition is too big for the normal family budget.

Donora's superintendent of schools, Andrew S. Sukel, testifies, "In the average graduating class of about a hundred and twenty-five students, seventeen boys usually go to college on athletic scholarships. I doubt that any of them would go otherwise. We also get as many academic scholarships as other high schools our size, but you're dealing with two or three students here. In athletics, the number is much larger."

This may not be an ideal situation from the standpoint of educators such as Mr. Sukel or Dr. Michael J. Herk, Donora's high-school principal, but that's the way things are. A good physics student just doesn't get courted by colleges the way a sharp-stepping halfback does.

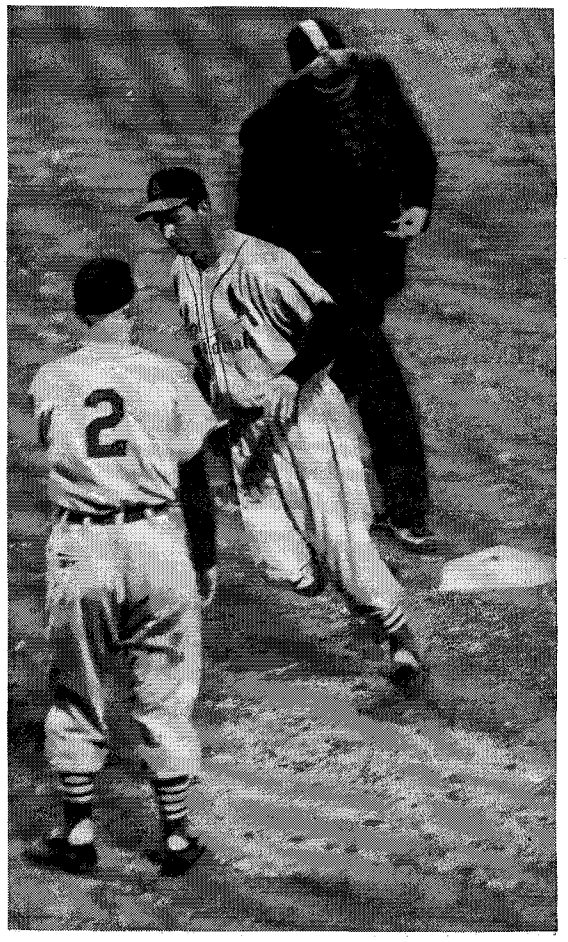
Nobody knows this better today than a Russell-indoctrinated Donora kid. Buff Donelli, the Boston University coach, observes, "You can always tell a Donora guy. I've coached them. No matter how many letters he has won, he still runs like a rookie. He's afraid the town will catch up with him."

Terry Brennan, of Notre Dame, feels much the same way about Bob Gaydos, his sophomore guard from Donora. "He seems to have that extra something peculiar to all Donora athletes," Brennan says. "He has terrific spirit and more determination to be a Notre Dame football player than anybody you'd want to see. He never lets up."

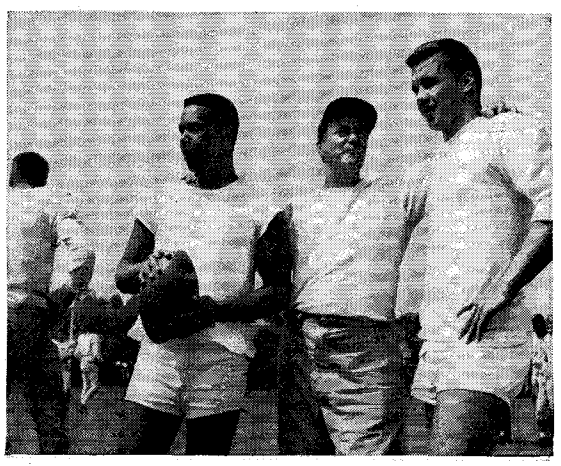
In its own games, Donora pretty consistently knocks the brains out of its opposition. The Dragons, as they are called, started this season with a record of 134 victories and only thirty-five losses during Russell's regime. They have captured nine of the last fourteen Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League football championships. While doing so, they whipped such high-class opposition as the 1945 New Kensington High eleven. That was the squad from which six starters went to Michigan State and started Coach Biggie Munn on the road to the Rose Bowl. Donora belted that outfit, 35–7.

It was the same with Turtle Creek High, which for two years was unbeatable in regular-season play—with the giant Leon Hart the major reason. But in both the 1942 and 1943 scholastic playoffs, Donora creamed Turtle Creek. One of Russell's prized possessions is a newspaper action photo of the 1943 game. It shows the huge Hart, later a Notre Dame All-America and now a star with the Detroit Lions, completely upended as a result of a vicious downfield block tossed into him by a Donora player.

Then there was the afternoon two seasons ago when Har-Brack High's fabled fullback, Cookie Gilchrist, was given the Donora treatment. Gilchrist, who was signed directly from high school by the Cleveland Browns, but who now is in the Army, wound up with a net rushing mark of minus fifteen yards, after an afternoon wearily spent picking himself off the ground every time he tried the Donora line. His teammates couldn't do any better, and Har-Brack was shut out. (Continued on Page 176)



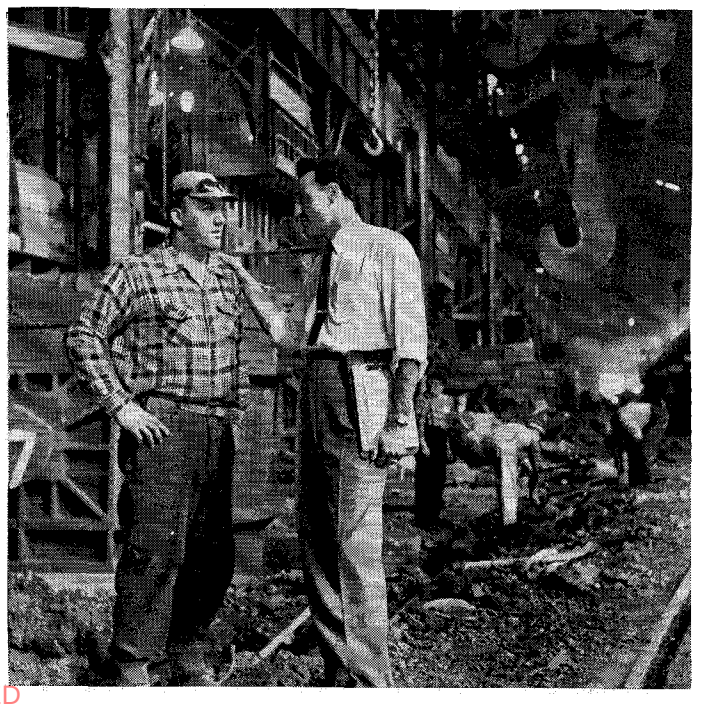
The town's idol is Stan Musial, here crossing home plate after hitting his three-hundredth homer last June.



Coach Jim Russell made stars of Billy Russell (left), now at Detroit U., and Bob Gaydos, Notre Dame.

Donora's backs and linemen learn how to make bone-rattling blocks and tackles at such practice sessions as this.

Harry Ostapowicz and Army's Arnold Galiffa were Donora teammates, now work for U. S. Steel in Donora.



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The Face of AMERICA

YANKEE AUTUMN

Now New England summer wanes. Elms and maples flaunt brave colors before submitting to the long White Mountain winter. This is New Hampshire, a state of the Union as long as there has been a Union. Of the thirteen colonies, New Hampshire first set up a government independent of the king. So much for tyranny—and it was thriftier too. Town meeting once a year—gets done what needs doing. Here in Andover village, meeting started in 1773. Forthright deeds, frugal words: Speak your mind and sit down. (Of course, a Yankee *can* speechify: Daniel Webster could outtalk anyone. He was a Salisbury man, born two miles from here.) Three hundred people live in Andover, with 120 boys of Proctor Academy, a young school: New Hampshire's had schools for 300 years. Proctor wasn't founded until 1848. The buildings belong to Proctor, Slocomb Hall at right. Why does the other look like a church? Used to be one. Congregationalists gave it up. School bought it, made an infirmary out of it. Waste not, want not. • Photograph by Harland Sutherland

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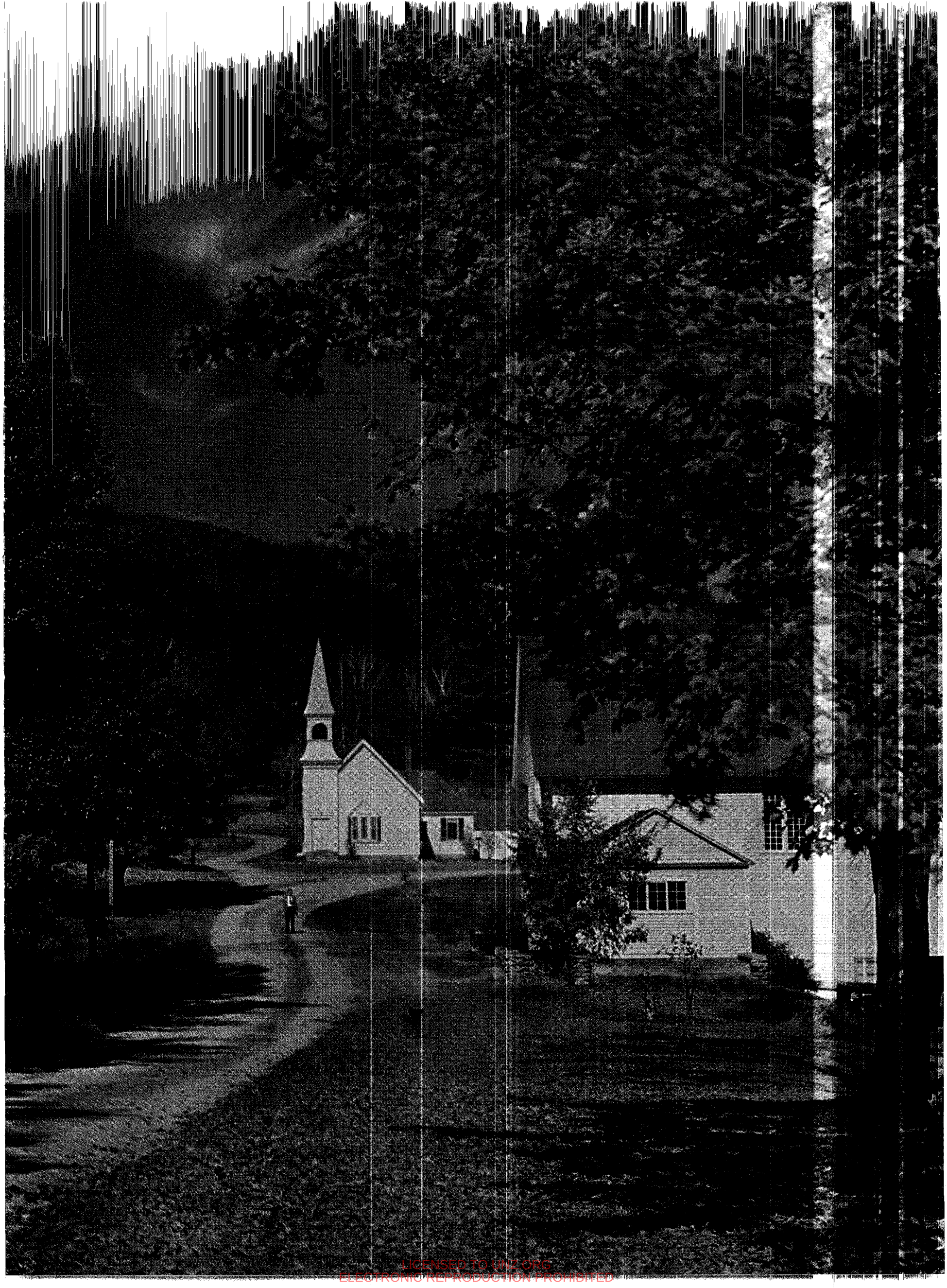

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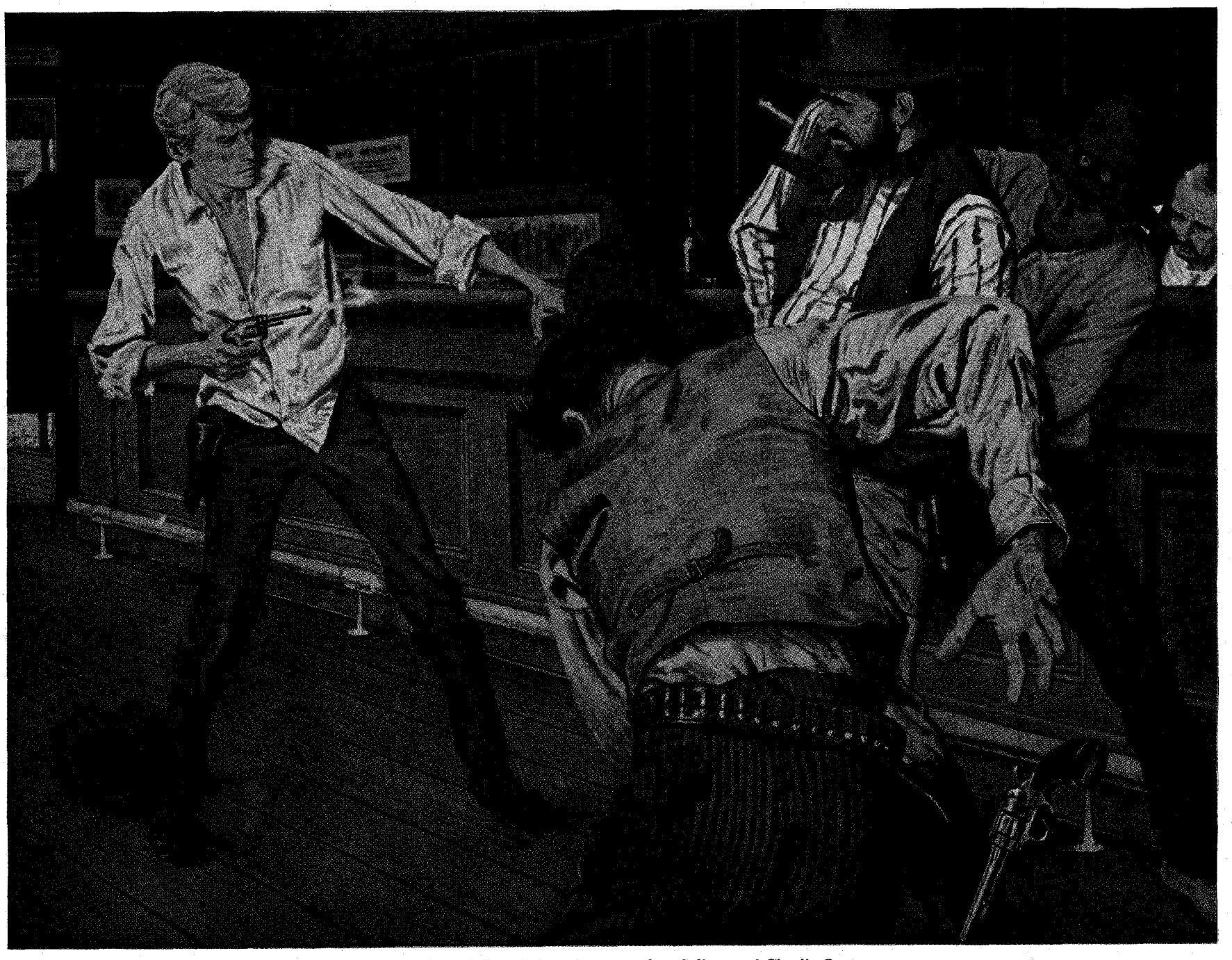

The boy got Ab Powell first, then turned on Salinas and Charlie One.

FAST GUN

By Robert Patrick Wilmot

The killers never would have drawn on the kid . . . if they'd known who he really was.

My grandfather told me Matt Howard's story, and he had good reason to know the details of it well, even though Matt arrived in Dragoon Springs before my grandfather was born.

Matt came alone, and he came on foot. He had neither hat nor boots nor britches, and a Chiricahua arrow, with its shaft broken off short, was buried in the muscles of his chest. It had been a day of intermittent sleet storms and harsh, cold sunlight; of lowering clouds and galelike winds. The single street of Dragoon Springs was as empty as the day before the world began when the wounded man lurched into Secondino Garcia's door. Matt was as dirty as a man could ever get without trying, and in his flapping, long-tailed shirt and cotton drawers, he must have looked like a bedraggled ghost.

Secondino Garcia, who owned the Dragoon Springs livery stable, did not believe in ghosts, at least until full dark. When Matt staggered in out of the cold blue dusk, the Mexican was engaged in praying for a small miracle in the way of increased business for his stable, and a tramp without a mount was scarcely the answer to his prayer. He was about to reflect upon several matters, including Matt's probable ancestry, when he saw the crimson stain that spread darkly across the stranger's shirt. A moment later he caught Matt as the newcomer pitched forward in a dead faint.

Garcia's shouts, directed at Mort Beggs' First and Last Chance Saloon, brought forth three cowmen who were sober enough to walk, and one sheepman (Continued on Page 120)

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What really was accomplished at the Big Four Geneva Conference?

Has the communist world suddenly become trustworthy?

What about those alternatives to World War III?

A Post Editor's report on

The Perilous Descent from "The Summit"

By Demaree Bess

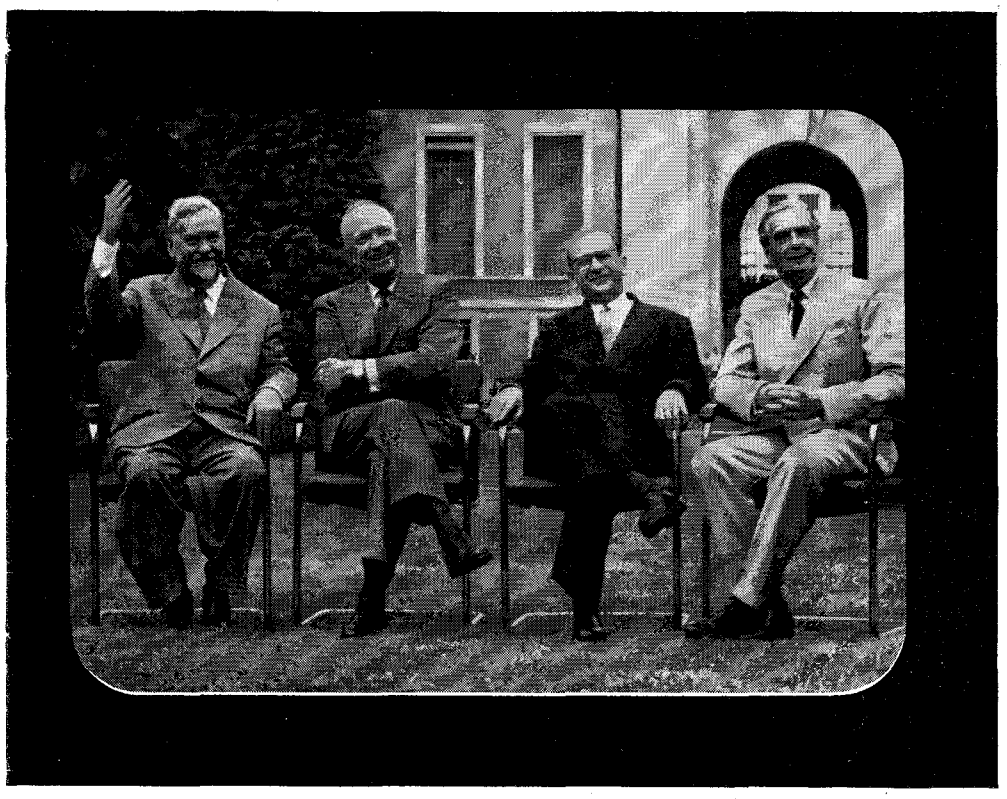
At rare intervals, international conferences are held whose effects endure for many years, even for generations. Among such momentous gatherings were the Congress of Vienna which followed the Napoleonic wars, the Versailles Conference which followed World War I, and the historic parleys of World War II named after the towns of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam. To these may now be added the first meeting in a decade between an American President and Russia's top rulers, convened last July in Switzerland.

By this time it has become apparent that the July conference marked the sharpest turning point in global affairs since the end of World War II, although there is very wide disagreement about just what has happened to relations between the United States and Russia. By common consent the discussions among the Big Four last summer were confined to Europe and its environs. But this article will undertake to show that the major test of what has happened will soon come on the opposite side of the earth from Europe, in the Far East.

Most famous conferences are given the names of the places where they are held, but last summer's parley had to have a different kind of designation because it was staged in Geneva. That convenient Swiss city has played host to so many international assemblies, including several recent ones, that its name no longer provides a distinctive label. So all over the world people have given the Geneva meeting the title of Summit Conference, in deference to Winston Churchill's use of the phrase "at the summit" when he proposed such talks. The British statesman didn't just make up that catchy phrase. He borrowed it from the specialized language of those hardy adventurers who call themselves mountaineers. With his sure instinct for the effective parallel, he sensed similarities between the activities of today's global politicians and those sportsmen who undergo incredible hardships and repeatedly risk their necks in efforts to reach the summits of the most inaccessible mountain peaks.

Sir Winston thus started a fashion among political writers who, since last summer, have been discussing world affairs in terms of mountain climbing. I found some fresh figures of speech for this current political vocabulary in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which devotes considerable space to the fine art of conquering summits. The encyclopaedia's expert on this subject is the former president of the American Alpine Club, Joel Fisher, and he promptly strikes a cheerful note for our side by declaring: "Mountaineering is... peculiarly attractive to the Anglo-Saxon temperament . . .

(Continued on Page 152)



Bulganin, Eisenhower, Faure and Eden at Geneva. "They took one truly sensational step—to revive the principle of the balance of power."

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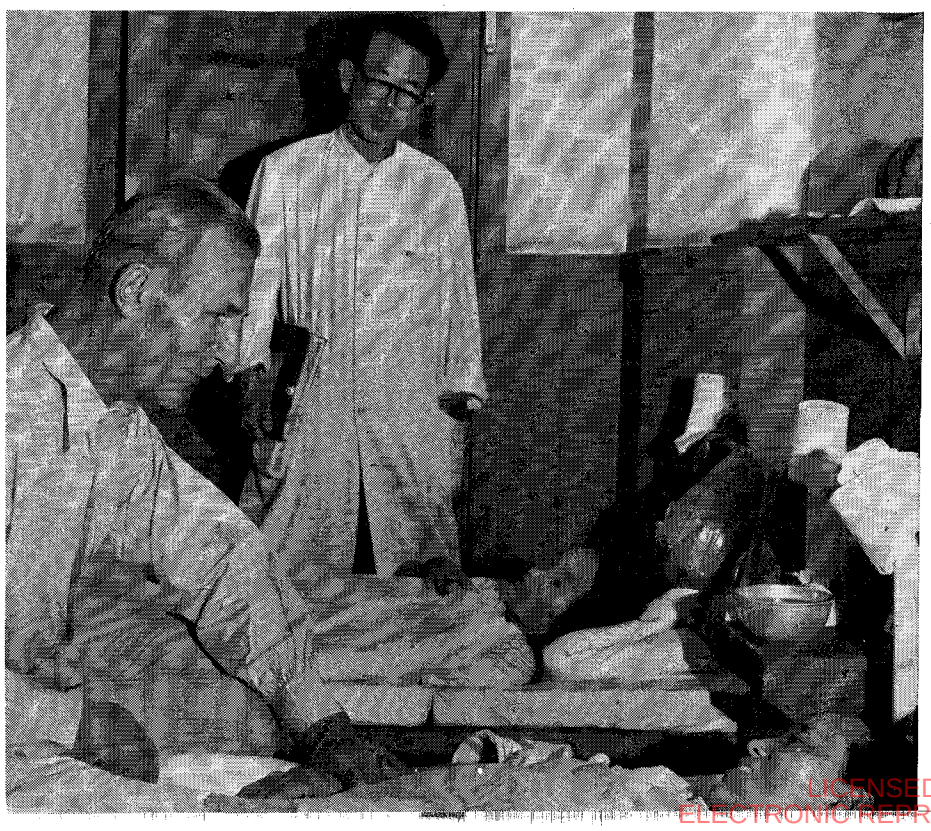
Swarms of Korean refugees wage a dog-eat-dog battle for survival in filthy, disease-ridden shantytowns such as this one near Seoul.

Torn by disease, corruption and spiraling inflation, South Korea hasn't made much progress since the truce. This volatile, unhappy country now threatens to start another war, reminding us that

WE CAN'T IGNORE KOREA

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

Dr. Gunther Huwer checks a patient at the German-run hospital in Pusan.



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SEOUL.

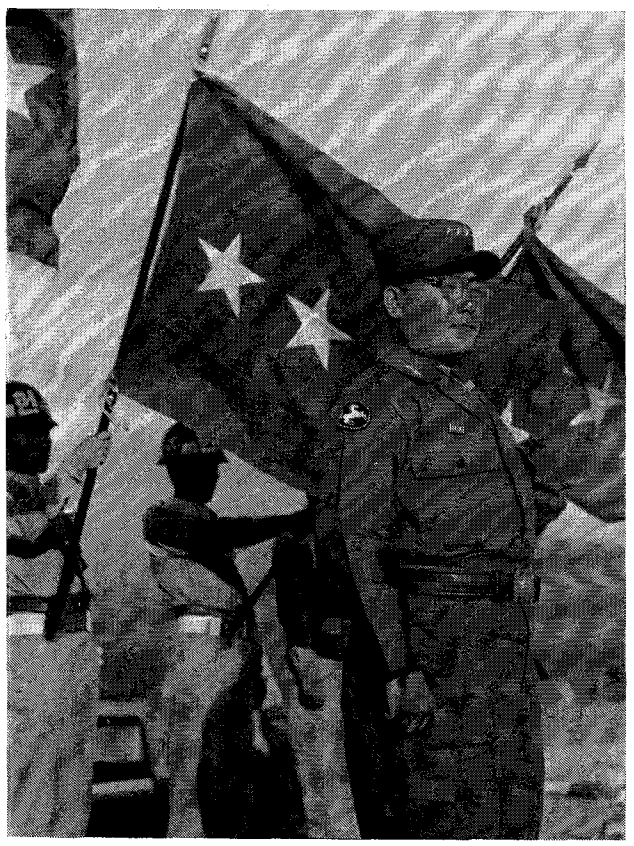
One is a young American Army engineer who likes to build orphanages; one is possibly the loneliest old man in the world; and the third is a dark, well-fed and thoughtful general with hidden dreams behind his cold eyes.

These three are deeply involved with problems that beset the millions of persons on this, the most miserable peninsula in Asia. Added together, their differing views may explain what's going on in this country which everybody would like to forget.

Admittedly, nobody wants to think about Korea now, and nobody wants to come here; least of all, those who remember filth, artillery fire and death. But Korea refuses to go away. Its problems remain to deny that wars or money ever really solve anything. Its millions who fought for democracy—if they ever knew real democracy—stubbornly decline to vanish.

Not very many people are hungry in Korea now. Possibly its families will be no colder this winter than they usually are. There is no immediate probability that more blood will be shed, as in 1950–53. This much is on the credit side of the Korean ledger—but write it down in big letters, because the rest isn't a pretty story.

The Army engineer knows part of that story. Capt. Thomas E. Dowd, Jr., is assigned to the Pusan Area Command, which is a 2500-man remnant of the United States force which once supplied all United Nations armies stationed in Korea through this odorous, disease-ridden port at the peninsula's southern tip.



One of the few cheerful notes on Korea: the ROK Army looks as if it could fight, and fight well. Here Lt. Gen. Lee Han Lim reviews units of his crack 6th Corps.

Pusan still looks bad and smells bad. The departure of most American forces in the past year has made little difference, except to add to the unemployed some 30,000 Koreans, former United States civilian workers. Like others without jobs, they make a living somehow among the beggars, thieves and scavengers haunting the city's alleys. To carry an exposed fountain pen or a full wallet through a Pusan crowd is just about as foolhardy now as it was four years ago.

For Captain Dowd, however, these are minor details. International aid organizations in Korea are so complicated that a chart is essential to keep them straight. To go deeply into the exact functions of UNKRA, KCAC, ICA, CINCUNC, OEC, CEB and KMAG is to ask for an alphabetical headache. But among them all, AFAK—Armed Forces Assistance to Korea—is the most responsive to immediate needs. Simply, this is a group of officers and men picked from local United States commands to help the Koreans build or rebuild whatever is needed in the local area—schools, roads, bridges, water systems, orphanages or hospitals. Americans are assigned to planning and supervision, and materials are provided from a $15,000,000 fund. Part of this is Department of Defense money; part is allocated by the Office of Economic Cooperation.

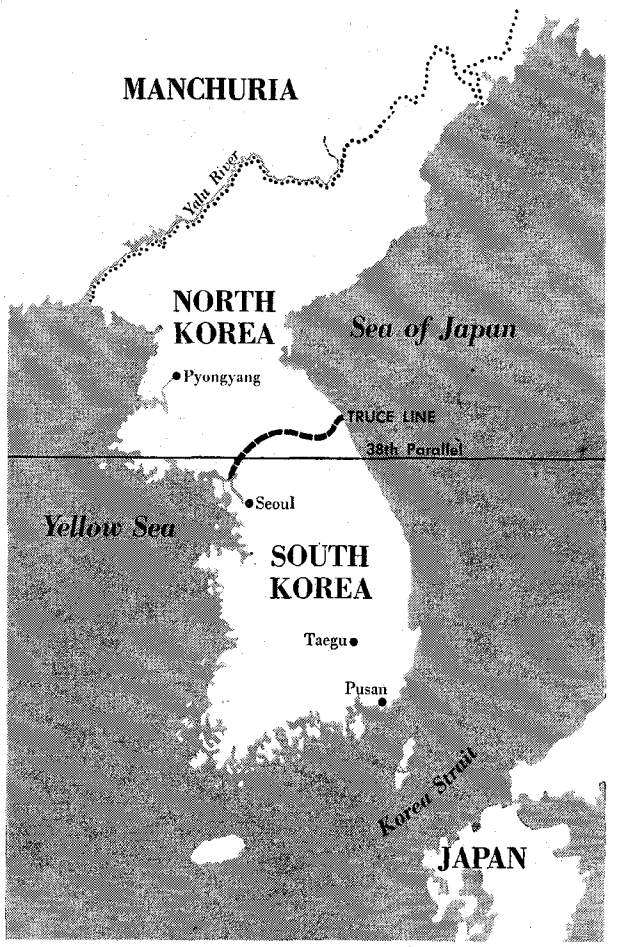
The important factor is that most decisions can be made locally. Captain Dowd, AFAK officer in Pusan, with the approval of his local commander, can decide whether a job is worth doing. He has acquired a staff of enlisted architects, draftsmen and construction foremen, and can call on the United States command for heavy equipment. Thus, if a new building is needed by one of the 130 authorized orphanages in Kyongsang Namdo, the Pusan province, young Captain Dowd is the man who weighs the need, orders the blueprints and oversees the actual building. Few jobs in the peacetime Army offer such solid satisfaction, with so little red tape.

This isn't to say that all is sweetness and light. Dowd's men watch closely while Korean contractors pour concrete into a building. Unwatched, the (Continued on Page 180)

Capt. Thomas Dowd explains to officials of the Sae Dul Won orphanage his plan to supply plumbing fixtures for some of their buildings.

Crusty old President Rhee, shown here with Vice President Nixon, is willing to plunge the U.S. into war to get what he wants in Korea.

Recently, Rhee threatened to occupy all areas south of the 38th parallel, regardless of the Korean truce terms. America's Far East Commander, Gen. L. L. Lemnitzer, talked Rhee out of the move.



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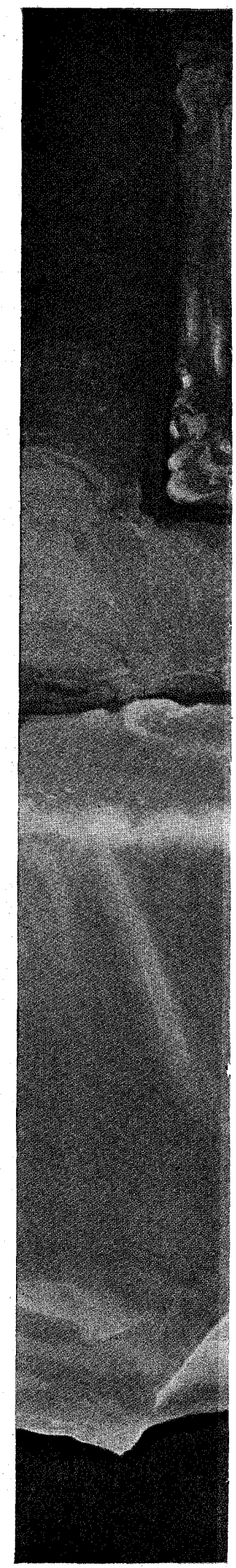
The Lady's Houseboy



What Miss Wriston wanted was a maid.

What she got was a manservant who specialized in advice to the lovelorn.

By GRACE AMUNDSON

It has been said that no man is wise at all hours. Therefore—Juanela. In the morning mist, he swung from the empty, outbound bus like a deflected gnat, flung back his head and rubbed down the black gloss of his hair. A burdened busload of office workers lunged past him toward the city. He gazed after it in a vacuum of wistfulness.

Straightening the cinched jacket of his suit, he readjusted a soft brown package in his left pocket and ran a glance along the crescent of apartment dwellings before him. With selective rapidity, he entered the foyer of the building to the right. Extracting a slip from his vest, he matched the name penciled on it with the printed card in a slot above him reading ROXANNE WRISTON. Removing the brown parcel from his pocket, he brought forth a key on a cerise ribbon, wafted to the third floor on the automatic elevator and let himself into the apartment numbered 305.

For a moment he stood forlornly in the gloom of disarray. Then briskly he hauled up the blinds and turned on the lamps in dim corners. Whipping two aprons from his parcel, he lashed the black one round his waist and slipped the white one into the linen drawer in the kitchen.

Glancing into the cavern of the refrigerator, he grimaced and carried an armful of encrusted bottles and vintage edibles to the incinerator. Clearing out the remainder, he scrubbed the box down with a soda solution and replaced those items which he fancied, pausing to read elaborately the description on a bottle of green cherries. In the living room he probed the lava formation on the ash trays with a fingernail, then stacked them for scouring. He sorted the old from the new periodicals and bundled the newspapers. Pausing at the record player, he fueled it with a wood-wind record and proceeded to the bedroom, where he stripped the bed, heaved over the mattress and made the bed afresh.

In the course of clearing the room, he washed out several pairs of nylon stockings and a petticoat. The petticoat lacking a hem at one point, he brought a small stapling machine from his coat pocket and secured the stitching.

By midafternoon, he had purchased a Chinese cabbage, a small chicken, some rice and an eggplant from the supermarket round the corner. By the time he had made up his small account of funds expended, the phone rang. He answered it, pausing to turn off the wood-wind record, which had supplied a reedy background for five hours.

"Miss Wriston's apartment," he said.

There was a puzzled pause. "Pray tell, who is speaking?"

"Miss Wriston's houseboy speaking."

A rattled exclamation was followed by a click of the receiver at the other end. Miss Wriston's houseboy shrugged, replaced the receiver and made himself a cup of tea. He was in the process of blowing across the rim of the cup when the front door of the apartment was opened tempestuously. Hunched on the kitchen stool, he (Continued on Page 164)

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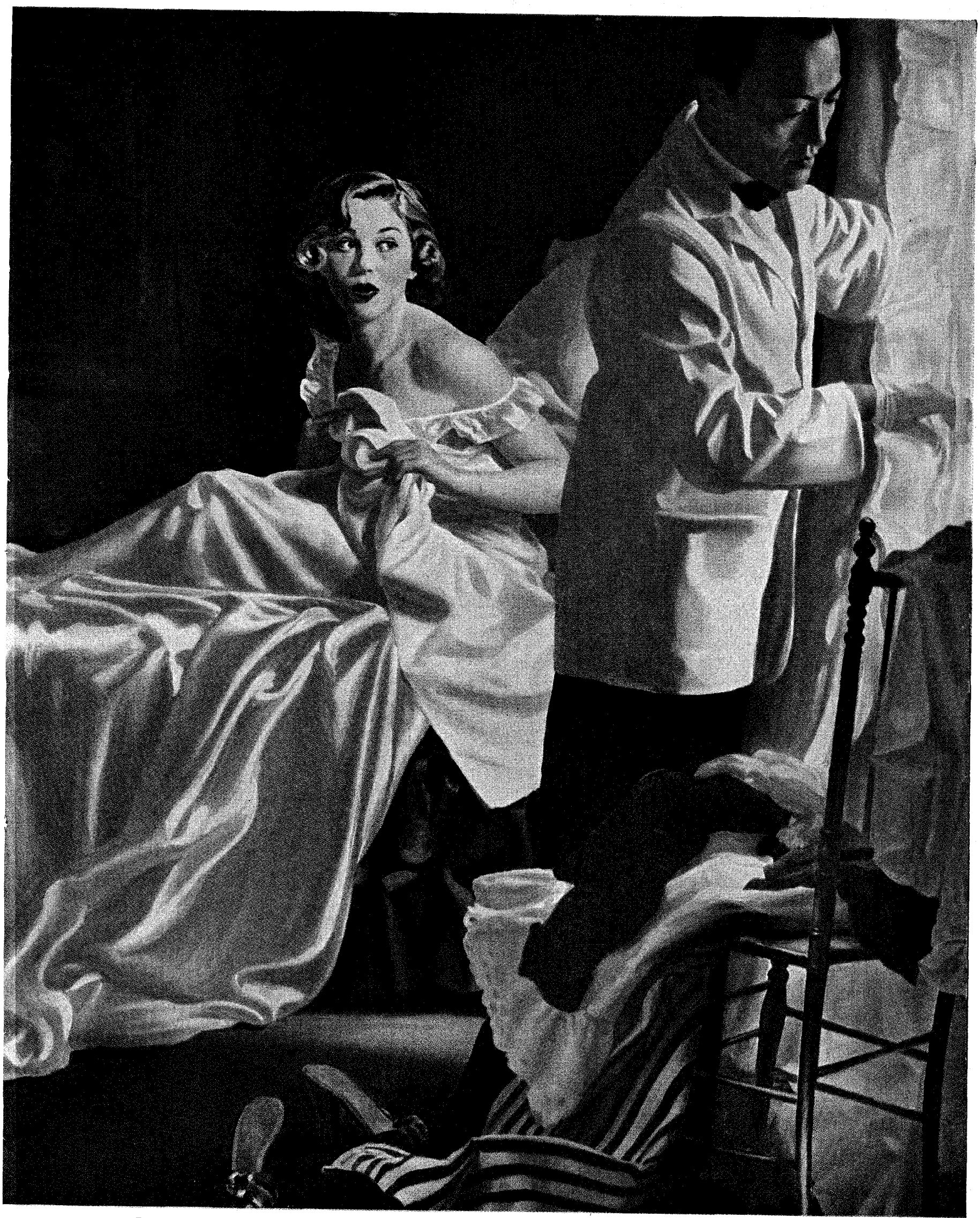

Roxanne jolted upright in bed and stared in astonishment at Juanela, who was briskly snapping up the window shade.

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His odd taste in highballs gave away bandit Clyde Milton Johnson, shown here in an Indianapolis hospital. He was shot while fleeing FBI agents.

Johnson was saved by surgery. He had tried to escape arrest by dyeing his hair black and donning glasses.

Billie Frances Glaze was nabbed with Johnson. She had risked her life to help him break out of jail.

Johnson stood trial in Memphis for a $43,000 bank hold-up, is now serving forty years in Alcatraz.

They Get Caught in Their Own Traps

Like other men, crooks are creatures of habit. Here's how the police and the FBI use this knowledge to catch some of our cleverest criminals.

By Robert M. Yoder

Little Nick Montos, a go-getting safecracker with a passion to excel, was due in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in December of 1951. Little Nick had been free on bail while appealing a conviction for burglary. The decision was in; he had lost the appeal. Now he was supposed to render himself to the authorities, as the wording of bail bonds has it, and go to prison. But Little Nick did not render himself to the authorities. On the contrary, he had already put into effect a well-thought-out plan to become the most successful fugitive in the history of crime.

As fast as a bench warrant could be issued, for "unlawful flight to avoid arrest," Little Nick would become the object of "a nation-wide man hunt." He knew that, and having twice before been hunted, and caught, he knew something many an otherwise cagey man overlooks.

The FBI, he knew, likes to collect as much data as possible on the habits, tastes and small peculiarities of wanted men, and finds this material greatly useful in capturing them. This is the trickiest trap for fugitives, because they set and spring it themselves. Little Nick resolved to change his ways so completely that nothing the agents knew about him would do them any good. So began one of the fanciest attempts on record to baffle pursuit.

Nick was dead right. The Federal men did have a good deal of lore about him. His criminal status, of course—he was an unusually expert safecracker, outstanding for the business-like manner in which he planned and executed robberies. In addition, there were a few bits and pieces of personal information. Random scraps, but experience said any fragment might prove invaluable. Things like this:

Montos preferred restaurants patronized by gamblers and (Continued on Page 149)

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Mary pressed his hand. "Here," she said.
"Now the night's bound to show a profit."

The Big Payday

By WILLIAM FAY

What had a mug like McDermott done to deserve a girl like Mary?

Life would be simpler," one of the sports writers said, "if there was a roof on the Yankee Stadium."

"I know," said Willy McDermott, "but it's too late to build one now."

The second postponement of the fight had tied painful knots in the nerves of many people. Here at Old Man Cannon's camp in New Jersey, thirty miles from Manhattan, they would all get up at intervals and walk outside like a congressional committee to the great veranda of the main house; then gaze wisely, very knowingly at the rain, as though they could do something about it.

"Take it easy," McDermott said to the challenger. "Go in and lie down. Or play a little cards. But easy, boy."

The young man who was scheduled to fight the champion didn't reply. He just folded his massive hands, then desperately cracked his knuckles, one at a time, like brittle sticks. His name was Edward J. (Preacher) Carmody, and the sports writers called him "Preacher" for the interesting reason that he never opened his mouth, other

(Continued on Page 130)

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Taylor at a Senate Armed Services Committee meeting with Adm. Arthur Radford (right), chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Tough Job for a Soldier

By Beverly Smith
Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor racked up a brilliant record as a fighting paratrooper and as an occupation commander. Now he takes over as the Army's Chief of Staff at one of its most crucial periods.

Thirty-seven years ago a teen-age Missourian named Maxwell D. Taylor took the examinations for the Naval Academy. He flunked. He was weak in geography, and deplorably ignorant of the location of the Strait of Malacca.

So far as I have been able to discover, Taylor has never flunked anything since. After his repulse from Annapolis he went on to West Point, and thence to one of the most brilliant and versatile careers in the history of the United States Army. Recently he became its Chief of Staff, the youngest officer to hold that post since Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

General Taylor, taking over the Army at a critical period in its destiny, brings to his task a unique array of talents. He is a scholarly intellectual, an educator, a linguist, an administrator, a diplomat. He is also a paratrooper, a hard-bitten combat leader who has seen his share of front-line fighting in Normandy, in Holland, in Germany and in Korea. He has been wounded in action and he has repeatedly been decorated for valor. He once risked execution at the hands of a Nazi firing squad, on a secret mission behind enemy lines which saved 2500 American soldiers from probable death or capture.

As United States commander in Berlin, 1949–51, Max Taylor learned the nature of Russian pressures at first hand. As commander in Korea and the Far East, '53–'55, he saw the Chinese-communist tactics in both battle and negotiation. Between times, as deputy chief of staff in Washington, he mastered the mazes of the Pentagon and of Army administration.

He will need all his talents and experience in his new job. He takes over an Army in the throes of cut-back, uncertainty and baffling change. The new tactical atomic weapons — and newer ones on the way — are transforming ground warfare at a pace almost beyond

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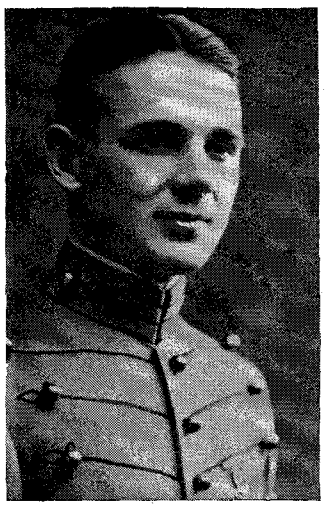
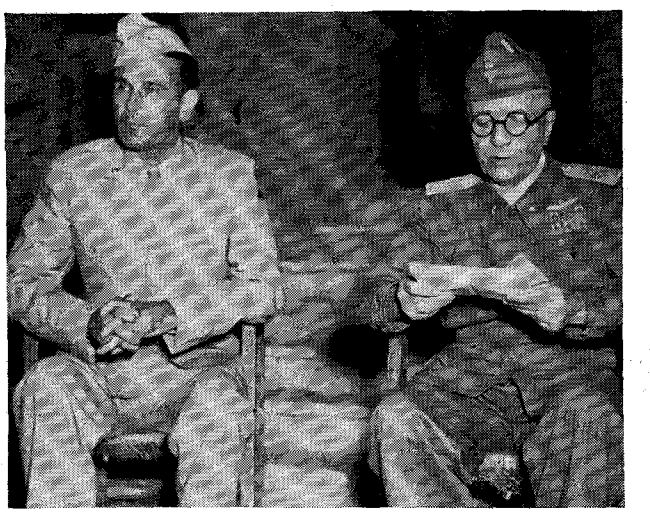
MAX TAYLOR'S CAREER HAS LED HIM TO MANY LANDS



Taylor graduated from West Point in 1922, ranked No. 4.

Capt. Taylor (second from left) at the Imperial duck-netting grounds near Tokyo in 1938.

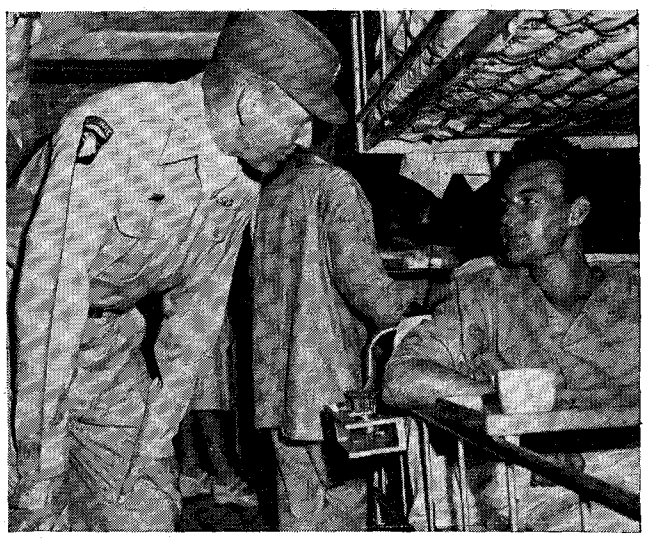


1943: On perilous behind-the-lines mission he reached Italy's Marshal Badoglio in Rome.

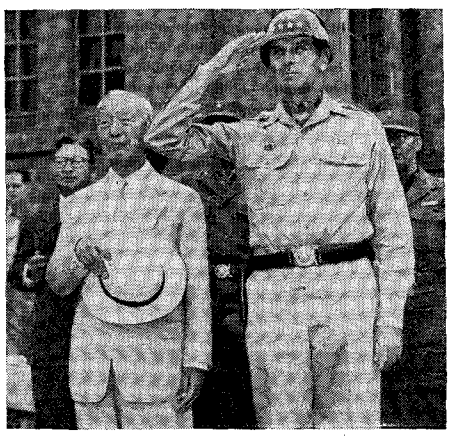
1944: Taylor parachuted into France before D-Day landings.

After the war, he became commandant at the Point. His guest here: Field Marshal Montgomery.

As U. S. commander in Berlin (1949-51) he learned to handle Russians. Gen. Vassily Chuikov is at right.



He led our Eighth Army during the frustrating last months of the Korean war. Here he visits a hospital ship.



He made a friend of irascible old President Rhee by giving a speech in Korean.

the comprehension of the human mind. The shifts in tactics are faster and far more complex than those produced by gunpowder or the tank or the plane. Taylor is the man who must, with limited resources, ride and direct this continuing storm of change. Those who know him believe he is peculiarly fitted to the task. An officer who has served with Taylor during many years of peace and war, and who is now one of the Army's chief experts on new weapons, tells me:

"Max is unusually sensitive to the meaning of technical developments. He has the mind to grasp them, the practical imagination to make the most of them. And he has the clarity, the force and persuasiveness to get his ideas over to others, both up and down the line."

While the new Chief of Staff is in a tough spot, his career has made him something of a specialist in tough spots. There was, for instance, that night of June 5–6 in 1944. Taylor, a major general at forty-two, was in command of the 101st (Screaming Eagle) Airborne Division. He and his paratroopers dropped into Normandy in the hours of darkness, to clear the landward approaches for the invasion forces which would hit Utah Beach in the morning.

As they approached the Normandy coast the troop-carrier planes ran into a dense wall of fog the weatherman had not foreseen. The tight formations were broken up, the planes were scattered, and the paratroops, instead of landing in neatly planned drop zones, were spread far and wide. Even the fourteen men in Taylor's plane, caught in tricky air currents, were widely dispersed as they fell.

General Taylor, the first American of his rank to hit the soil of France, found himself alone in a field. He had had a fairly rough landing; his 'chute harness was soaking wet; he had to cut it off with his knife. He looked eagerly for the paratroop infantry who were supposed to rally around him. He saw a crowd of dim figures in the moonlight and moved toward them. They turned out to be a herd of Normandy cows, which gazed at him with drowsy annoyance. Not far off a German machine gun began to chatter. Taylor took refuge in the shadow of a hedgerow and crept along, in one hand his pistol, in the other a little mechanical cricket by whose sound Americans were to recognize one another in the darkness. He stumbled into some fresh entrenchments—a sign that more German troops were nearby.

"Finally," as Taylor recalled later in a talk to the cadets when he was superintendent at West Point, "after twenty minutes of prowling around and playing cops and robbers with myself, I heard someone moving on the other side of the hedgerow. German or American? Then I heard a little click-click sound, and gave a click-click in return. We met at the corner of the hedge. No soldier ever looked more beautiful than this tough paratroop private of infantry with his M-1 rifle, bayonet fixed. We fell on each other's necks."

If General Taylor went in for symbolic thinking, he might compare his situation that night with the problems which face him today. The solitary private soldier might symbolize the reduced (Continued on Page 82)

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Mr. Martin's Folly

He wanted to go to sea, to escape that job at the bank, and nothing was going to stop him.

By Calvin J. Clements

Fred Martin stepped back from the ladder and cast a critical eye up at the flying bridge of the Pot Luck, at the starboard shield he had just fitted in place. Originally his plans had called for the shields to be squared off, but he was now wondering if sloping them might not lend more balance between the high bridge and the long, curving lines of the boat.

While he was thus contemplating the change his two sons, the wet bottoms of their dungarees flopping about their bare feet, trudged into the boatshed, drawing behind them a creaking homemade wagon on which was lashed a long oil-stained timber.

"Well now," Fred said, removing his glasses and carefully instilling the proper note of surprise and pleasure as he gazed at the timber. "What have we here?"

Roy, who was barely seven and the younger by a year, was the first to recover his breath sufficiently to break the news. "It was floating high, pop!" he exclaimed. "Real high!" A grimed hand shot up to indicate exactly how high, then lowered to a lesser exaggeration.

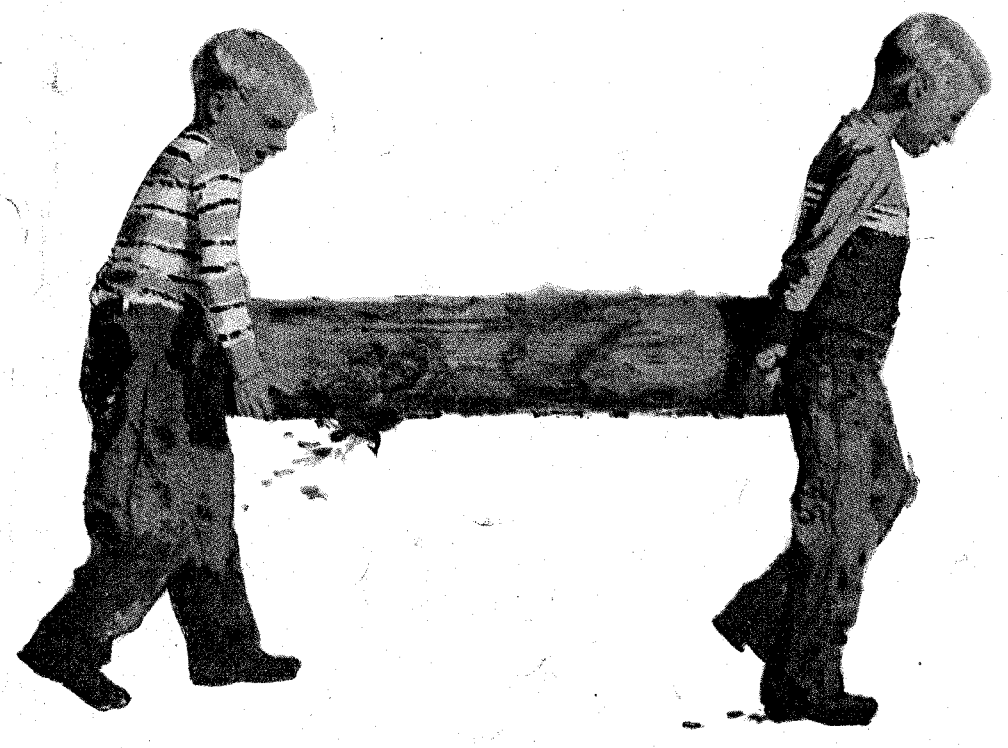
"We figure it's oak too," his brother Jimmy added, wiping his flushed face with a still damper sleeve. "Only thing is, that end ain't so good."

"Isn't," Fred corrected. "Well, let's see."

He maneuvered the burdened wagon into the rectangle of creeping sunlight at the doorway and knelt down beside it. The wood was a two-by-eight, perhaps twelve feet in length, one end split where it had obviously been ripped from a mooring. With his knife Fred scraped clean a bit of surface and found the wood highly resistant to the tip of the knife. It was not in any stage of rot, nor was it waterlogged, a fact previously indicated by Roy's "floating high."

"Oak, it is," Fred announced, getting to his feet. "First-grade prime oak."

Quite audibly the boys voiced relief and satisfaction at the pronouncement. Hauling lumber from the inlet several hundred yards down the road was not a simple task. Though they had attained a certain skill in selecting the more usable woods drifting into the debris pocket there, mistakes were occasionally made and their efforts wasted.



The boys were struggling with a long, dripping log.

"Fine framing for the galley," Fred said, anticipating their next question. "We'll cut off that split end and rip it lengthwise. Be worth, I'd say ——"

Fred pursed his lips thoughtfully as he moved over to his workbench and lifted from the upper shelf a much-handled ledger. He opened it to a page headed with the boys' names. "Well," he said, and quite obviously he was a man pondering an important point, "let's call it three dollars even. Fair enough?"

They quickly agreed it was, crowding around him as he made the entry and carried along a total which crossed the hundred-dollar mark. Fred gave them a side glance, sharing in the pleasure they displayed at the mounting figure, a sum which translated into tangible terms what they were contributing to the building of the boat.

"You've got another hour of low water," he said, closing the ledger. "And don't let me catch you down there when it deepens."

They scampered out with this warning; and to the sound of the wagon bouncing across the yard and down to the road Fred closed the shed doors and moved across to his home, a small and weathered bungalow standing humbly apart from the colorful shore homes going up about him.

A few minutes later, enjoying the luxury of lingering over a second cup of coffee on a morning he was not due at the bank, he idly watched his wife gather together a wash from the hamper, noting with some surprise—although morning sunlight streaming through a kitchen window is never flattering—the faint shadows beneath the frowning hazel eyes as they debated merging a colored tablecloth with bed sheets. He noted, too, the faint yet indelibly etched lines at the smooth contours of her throat, and suddenly he found himself wondering about the passing time, whether six years might make a difference in the way she felt. There was a relative security here, one which she might now be afraid of leaving. Certainly it was a natural-enough feeling for a woman.

"Ella," he said, toying with his cup, "I'll be finished within a year, the way it's going. Perhaps by next spring."

She glanced his way without straightening, one arm deep in the hamper, a wisp of black

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hair straying across a dimpled cheek. "Next spring? But there still seems so much to do."

"There is," Fred conceded. "But most of the difficult fittings are completed. By next spring, at the latest, it should be in the water."

She went back to her sorting. "Well, I wouldn't rush, hon. I really think you could slow down a bit, at least sleep later on Saturday mornings."

"That never bothers me."

Fred settled back and absently gazed through the window, at the sun-streaked inlet waters shimmering between the gray and green bungalows on the far side of the road. It had been a rigid schedule he had adhered to these past six years. Perhaps he was just tired. Tired with nothing really changed.

"Ever think much about the move, Ella? I mean," he added awkwardly, "are you ever afraid that what we're going to do is for younger people?"

She straightened this time and gazed at him over a bundle of sheets clutched in one arm. "Younger people? Well, now I like that!" She placed a hand on a hip, shifted her lithe weight to that side and gave him a saucy look. "You happen to be speaking for yourself, Mr. Martin. Quite fondly, I still think of myself as 'younger people.'" She smiled over at him. "I'm sure we have a few years, darling, before taking a back seat to the children."

Fred briskly got up, shedding his reflective mood. "A good fifty, at least. I think I'll shoot down to Sussman's and pick up a couple of extra brushes for Roy and Jimmy. We're putting the first coat of bottom paint on that hull tonight."

Ella's eyes closed in dismay. "Which means paint from head to foot. Must they? Couldn't you wait until they're in bed?"

"They've already put in their bid for that job. It's the one place they've sensed can be slopped up without it showing." Fred kissed her warmly and hurried out.

To build a thirty-thousand-dollar boat on a bank teller's salary requires an equally conscientious harboring of capital and spare time, and the neighbors, ignorant of his intentions, had treated Fred Martin's building activities with a distant curiosity the first year.

They saw him as a rather short, mild-mannered man of scholarly appearance, a likable-enough fellow, but constantly absorbed with his own thoughts and hard to get close to. Then as he became a familiar figure in the inlet, spearing a timber or board that had floated in with the tide, they tabbed him as an eccentric. None understood the importance of the debris pocket in his plans. Perhaps because they saw the installation of secondhand power tools and the construction of a massive boat cradle in the garage as an amateur attempt to build a small craft, one of modest cost that would be placed in the water for weekend fishing.

That it was unnecessary to raise the roof of your garage six feet or extend the walls with siding another twenty to build a family boat, only added to his eccentricity. For to all questions, Fred simply smiled and admitted he was building a boat (Continued on Page 114)

Each evening, however tired he might be, Fred worked on the boat.

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This monkey knows that when the tone sounds he's in for a mild shock, and here he gets it. Tests prove that monkeys—and probably human babies—can learn as soon as they are born.

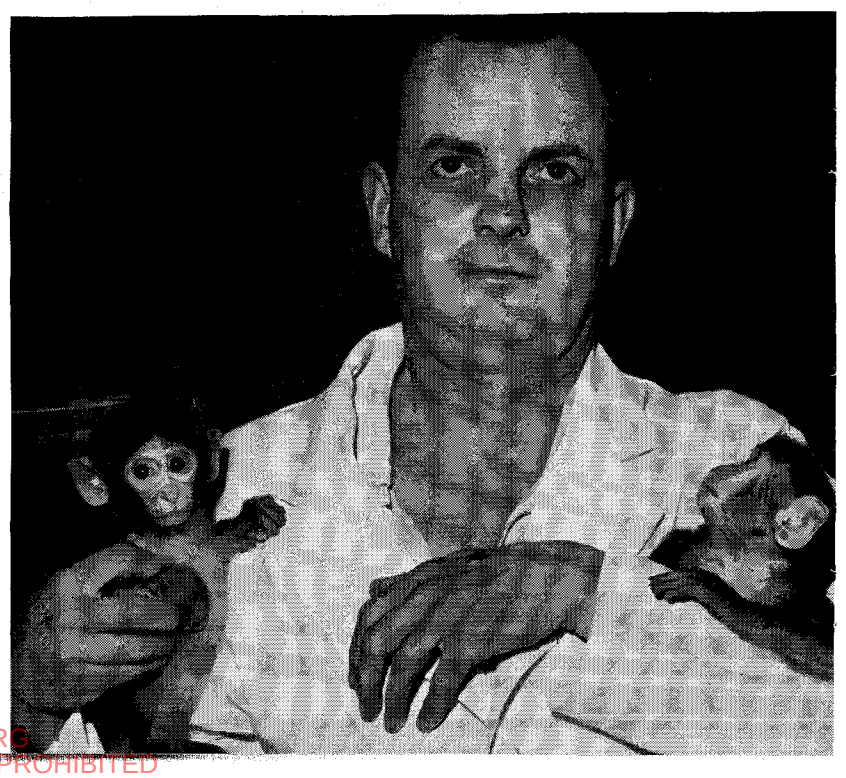
The rollicking adventures of "Grindstone," "Murphy," and "Grandma," who are teaching us a lot about human behavior. Example: Curiosity appears to be a stronger inner drive than hunger.

By John Lewellen

The Monkeys Who Go to College

Excitement ran high in the Primate Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The miracle of birth was about to occur. The expectant mother was a big monkey—one of more than 200 pupils who have passed through the University of Wisconsin during the last twenty-five years.

Thanks to expert care, the mother was in excellent physical condition and in a good frame of mind. The birth was accomplished without incident. The youngster was unbelievably small. He could curl up easily in the



Dr. Harry Harlow and two of the pupils at his school for monkeys, a branch of the University of Wisconsin.

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The door of this "Butler Box" closes once every minute. If a monkey wants to see what's going on he must open the door. One fellow kept at it for 19 hours.

palm of your hand. But he was healthy and, compared with a newborn human baby, remarkably advanced. A few teeth were showing, and he could take a few tottering steps. His eyes were open. With a little help from mamma, he soon found the hirsute breast. She wrapped her arms around the baby.

And then this beautiful scene of mother love was disrupted. White-coated professors of psychology moved in. One forcibly removed the mother's hands from the baby and held her arms behind her back. Another pried the baby from the mother's breast, unloosening the fingers that clung so tightly. It was a sad parting, but mother was upset for only a couple of hours. After that she ate well, prospered in her studies and seemed happy. The baby hardly noticed.

The newcomer was rushed to the nursery. His comfortable cage was equipped with a heating pad, and he was given a soft diaper to snuggle against. Offered a doll's bottle and nipple, he drank enough for a monkey his size—one eighth of an ounce. He was hungry again within two hours. It was a student assigned to the midnight-to-six A.M. shift, after a sleepless night of preparing and feeding formulas, who gave the new baby his name, "Grindstone."

Grindstone was the first of a series of seven—Lodestone, Millstone, Cornerstone, Rhinestone, Brimstone and Hearthstone. All these nursery occupants now are more than a year old, and have moved on to the "pre-adolescents' dormitory." Six new babies have moved into the nursery. For experimental purposes,

What's the difference between breast feeding and bottle feeding? None, as far as monkeys are concerned.

three other babies have been left with their mothers. Two more mothers are pregnant.

No babies have been lost since the project started, which is better than mother monkeys do when caring for their young in captivity, and much, much better than they do in the jungle. Like human mothers, many monkeys bearing their first babies have insufficient milk. When wild monkeys have insufficient milk, the babies starve.

But what is the purpose of all this? What are the scientists up to? Surely, lowering the monkey mortality rate does not justify the expenditure of so much time and money. And human mothers already know that their babies can be bottle-fed. However, many a mother has been told by experts that breast feeding gives the child a feeling of security. Without this relationship between mother and child, it is said that the child's emotional life may be darkened. Is that really true? And are breast-fed babies really physically healthier?

These are just two of hundreds of questions Dr. Harry F. Harlow had in mind when he started the monkey nursery. Doctor Harlow is one of the country's leading theoretical and comparative psychologists, and professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin. The nursery is the most recent addition to the University of Wisconsin Primate Laboratory, which he founded 25 years ago. The laboratory has grown so that it now occupies a building in Madison that once housed the world's biggest Swiss-cheese factory.

Another question that interested Doctor Harlow was the widely held belief that the first few months of a baby's life, even the first few days or weeks, may be crucial. Many psychiatrists contend that emotional responses established at an extremely early age set patterns that govern the individual all his life. This theory is a great worry to mothers with their first children. What if the infant's emotional response to the mother makes him a murderer thirty years later?

Doctor Harlow strongly suspects that the theory is mostly bunk. True, the life of the child is important to the man. But when does the important period start? At birth? At six months? At five years? Although the Primate Laboratory's (Continued on Page 170)

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THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

How could he make her realize that love was not something to fear? Perhaps, if he went away for a while . . . .

Anne Kirkland's legs were paralyzed as a result of an auto accident. When her father, the political boss of the state, found that his wealth could not make his daughter walk again, he grasped at the only hope the doctor had left him: If Anne had a child, he was told, severe labor pains might release the nerve block that held her paralyzed.

In a pact with Kirkland, Paul Devereux agreed to marry Anne if she would have him. In return for three years of marriage, Paul was to be assured a successful political career. By a miraculous chance, Paul had fallen in love with Anne, but to tell Kirkland that now would only make the man distrust him.

Paul got permission from Harrison Hartwell, the senior partner of his law firm, to enter politics. Kirkland was grooming Paul for state senator by setting up speaking engagements for him. Paul was to campaign for Halsey for governor and was to make a Memorial Day speech for Johnny Bovard and his father.

Paul was shocked when he learned that Kirkland was linked to Camponelli, reputed king of a numbers racket. Kirkland explained that Camponelli was probably an acquaintance of the mysterious Arno Malotte, who worked for Kirkland.

Things were going smoothly between Paul and Anne. Their evening at the theater was the first time since her accident that she had agreed to go out. Paul carried Anne into her house from the car that night, and almost before he realized what was happening, he was kissing her. As he returned to his rooming house, his hopes for the future were high. He wasn't prepared for the message he received the next morning from Anne. *I cannot see you again*, Anne had written. *This is a final good-by.*

III

The next day was arid and empty after a sleepless night. No sign from Anne; no reply to his phone call; no word from Kirkland; this latter seeming even more ominous at this point than the other, but it would still be best, Paul felt, to wait for the older man to open up the subject. It was, strictly speaking, his own and Anne's affair, and he would leave it so until Kirkland made a move. Hartwell had shown real pleasure as he heard that the plan for that evening was settled and had promised to be at Paul's rooms by seven.

When Paul reached his rooming house at six he found Mrs. MacCloud had outdone herself in preparation. His sitting room looked almost festive, with the table already laid and a bowl of spring flowers gracing it.

"I never thought of flowers," Paul told her as she surveyed the scene proudly, "but it's a fine touch."

"There's nothing like a bit of posy to give an air to a table," she said, "and I've set a decanter for port and glasses there on the desk for you. Now, I'll back to the kitchen, and you just call when you're ready. I don't think you'll be ashamed of the dinner."

Paul patted her shoulder and thanked her again as she bustled off. His heavy heart lightened a little as he filled the decanter from the bottle he had brought, and placed a box of fresh stogies beside the most comfortable chair. He was glad, after all, that he was not to be alone tonight, and glad especially that it was Hartwell who was joining him. There was definitely a bond between them, and a very real affection on his own part at least.

When the old gentleman arrived, very elegant and immaculate as to black suit and linen, his delight was touching.

"Why have I lived all my years in a hotel room?" he demanded. "This looks more than cozy and I'm glad I'm here!"

They sat down to the excellent dinner, talking only lightly as they ate, each feeling real conversation belonged later, when there would be no interruption. When Mrs. MacCloud had made her final exit, laden with praise, they settled into the easy chairs and Paul poured the port.

"Just my drink," Hartwell commended, "and I see you remembered my smoke!"

"Well, Paul," Mr. Oakes said, "'bout time you was showin' up here."

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He picked a thin cigar from the box, lighted and drew on it appreciatively, took a sip of port and then stroked his snug-fitting vest before he spoke again.

"Well, now that we're alone at last, with an evening before us, we can talk to some purpose. All our chats in the office have had to be brief. I might as well tell you one thing before we start. From the first time we met I have felt strongly drawn to you. I'm not a man given to sentimentality, but I have grown to think of you to myself almost as a son. I hope you don't mind."

"I'm more honored than I can say. And I've had the same sort of feeling about you. I was thinking of it before you came tonight. My family, sadly enough, is gone, and I feel that you more than any other person do stand *in loco parentis* to me. I can't tell you how I appreciate it. And," he added, smiling, "you must always feel free to take me in hand, set me straight and give me advice, whenever you see that I need it."

Hartwell was moved. He touched his eyes gingerly with a lean forefinger, blew his nose and then drew hard on his stogie as he looked off across the room.

"I have some things I've been wanting to say, though you may not be interested. I realize that the state senatorship, with a governor's chair and beyond that Washington beckoning, is the most glamorous daydream for a young man who is politically minded, especially the highest type of young man. But I happen to hold some odd ideas about the place to start. Mind if I enlarge on this?"

"You know I would welcome it," Paul said earnestly.

"Well, it's rather a roundabout approach," the old man said, "and it has to do with cities. I've always had a particular interest in cities. The ultimate units of civilization. The nerve ganglia of a nation."

He paused a moment. "Well, now to the point. Something has been happening to our city governments over the years. There has always been too much corruption in them, of course, but now it's changing from bad hands to worse. Back in Boss Tweed's day in New York graft was certainly rampant. Now, instead of the old-time bosses like Tweed, the gangsters have taken over."

"Ah," Paul said, "I've had occasion lately to think of that." (Continued on Page 90)

Anne was quiet, pale and thinner.
She would confide in no one.

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Post Scripts

Wilbur Learns to Ride

Saturday morning, at breakfast, my twelve-year-old nephew, Wilbur, let fall the information that a riding academy had opened in town.

"A riding academy?" I said, surprised. "Do they have horses?"

"I hardly know how to answer that," said Wilbur. "Would you withdraw the question?"

"Riding is thrilling sport," I said. "I think I will take you this morning. By Jove, I can feel the exhilaration of it now. 'Hark! The shrill trumpet sounds! To horse! Away!'"

"Calm yourself," said Wilbur. "You're far too rickety to be climbing on any horses."

"I've never been in better condition."

"Well, there you are," said Wilbur. "You're still rickety."

Wilbur seemed to be on friendly terms with the man who owned the riding academy. "Hi, Joe," he greeted him as we drove up. "Me and my rickety uncle want two horses. I'll ride Black Star, and will you also bring out old Nellie, if she will move."

The two horses were saddled and I instructed Wilbur in the proper way to mount.

"You will notice, Wilbur, that I am standing at the horse's near shoulder ——"

"You're on the wrong side," said Wilbur.

"—— facing toward the tail, and that I am holding the stirrup in my left hand, preparatory for the reception of my right foot. I place my foot well into the stirrup ——"

As I did so, the horse started walking and I had to hop along on one foot for some distance before Wilbur brought the high-spirited animal under control.

"Now, then, Wilbur," I said, when we were both mounted, "the reins are of the utmost importance."

"I know," said Wilbur. "They help the crops."

"Since this is a double-reined bridle, the third finger of the left hand should be inserted between the snaffle reins; then the little, third and second fingers should be between the curb reins, thus . . . these two outside reins being the curb reins and the two inside ones the snaffle."

"In other words," said Wilbur, "you want me to grab ahold of the reins."

"But the great thing," I said, "is a firm seat. This is maintained by gripping tightly with the knees and thighs, the heels turned back somewhat ——"

At this point the horse lowered his head in order to nibble grass, and I slid down his neck and over his head to the ground.

The man, Joe, was unable to help me, as he was doubled up in some sort of a sudden fit against the stable door, but Wilbur assisted me to my feet.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Perfectly . . . all . . . right," I gasped with difficulty, for the wind was knocked out of me. "Saddle . . . slipped."

"I saw it slip," nodded Wilbur. "In fact, it's broken. And there are no more saddles. Right, Joe?"

"Er—right," said Joe.

"We'll have to give up our ride," said Wilbur.

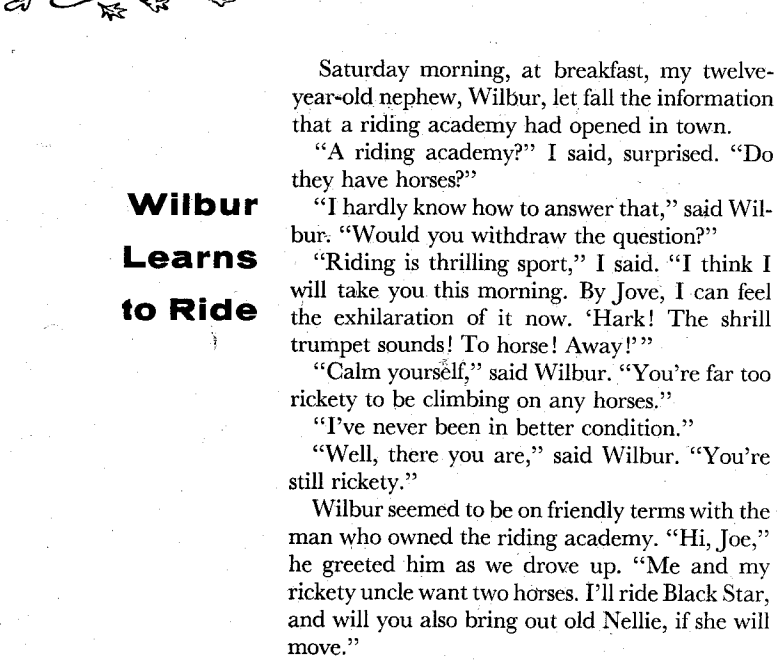
"Too bad," I said, still winded. "More . . . to . . . show . . . you."

"It seemed like enough," said Wilbur.

"Nothing . . . like . . . getting . . . started right," I puffed.

"It certainly wasn't," said Wilbur.

JOHN BAILEY



"Fred lives in a little world all his own."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Complements

Say this of lovers: When a couple loves,
They blend, they match, they are a pair of gloves
Essential each to each, like twin or brother,
And little worth, when parted from the other.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

The Restaurant Prop. Hires a Menu Man

"O.K., Jones, here's your application blank. But first, tell me how you'd handle breakfast."

"Sure. First you got your Number One. That's ——"

"Your what?"

"Excuse me. First you got your Top-o'-the-Morning, King-Size Wake-up Special, Only One Buck. That's your juice, bacon and eggs, toast, spuds, and ——"

"Come again, Jones?"

"I said, that's your juice —— Oops. I mean, that's your Big Sparkling Glass of Tangy, Vitamin-packed Orange Juice, Freshly Squeezed."

"Freshly squeezed from what?"

"What do you think? From oran—— Oh. Sorry. Freshly Squeezed from Huge Chock-full-o'-Juice Oranges Plucked This Morning in Our Own Gem-laden Groves in the Deep South and Flown In by Jet Plane."

"Private Jet Plane. O.K., what else?"

"Then you got your bacon and ——"

"Look, Buster, I haven't got all day. Your what?"

"Pardon me. My error. You got your Lumberjack's Rasher of Country-Sliced Bacon from Happy Corn-fed Iowa Hogs, Hickory-Smoked for That Real Old-fashioned Back-Home-on-the-Farm Flavor, Broiled to a Turn ——"

"To a Crisp Delectable Turn. O.K. And?"

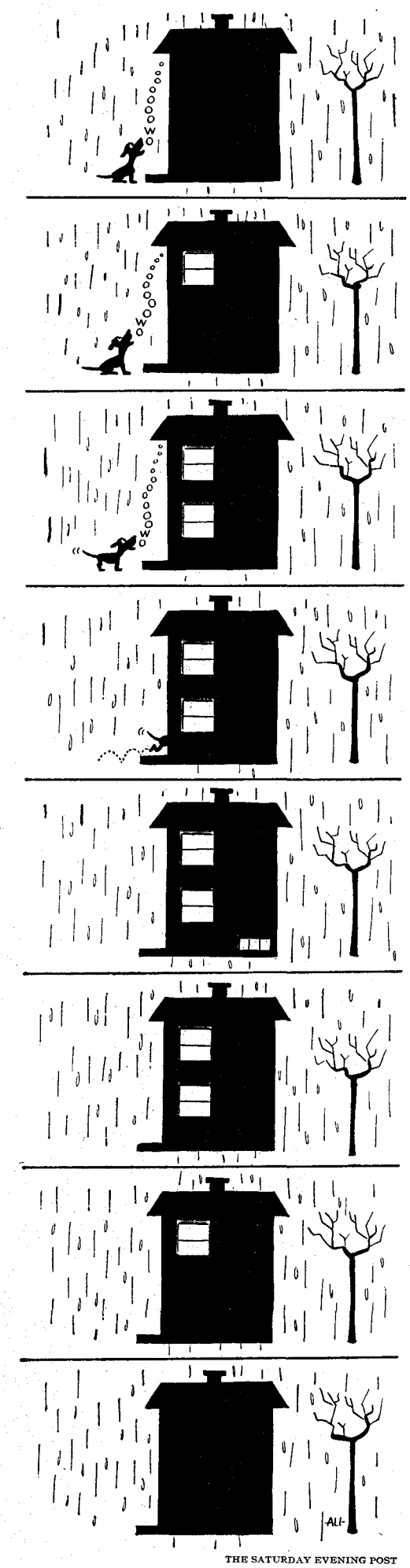
"And Two Mammoth Golden-Yolked Eggs So Fresh You Gotta Watch 'Em With Your Best Girl, Laid by Our Own Blue-Ribbon White Leghorns So Contented They Make the Little Red Hen Look Like a Screaming Psychotic, Fried in a Texas-Size Gob of Yellow Creamery Butter So Rich it Makes ——"

"O.K., Jones, you're getting it. Hang your hat on the hook over there and ——"

"You mean that Shining, Stancher-Than-Steel-Yet-Light-as-a-Feather Metal Coat Hook, Firmly Affixed to the Back of Our Own Solid Pine Door by Expert Workmen?"

"You got it, man! Hit it!"

PEG BRACKEN



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Exchange of Useful Gifts

She did over a den for him,
Then entertained friends in it.
She bought him a handsome chair,
But feared he'd make rends in it.
She gave him an ash tray
And floated fresh flowers in it.
So, he bought her a fishing shack—
And spends happy hours in it!

VIRGINIA BRASIER

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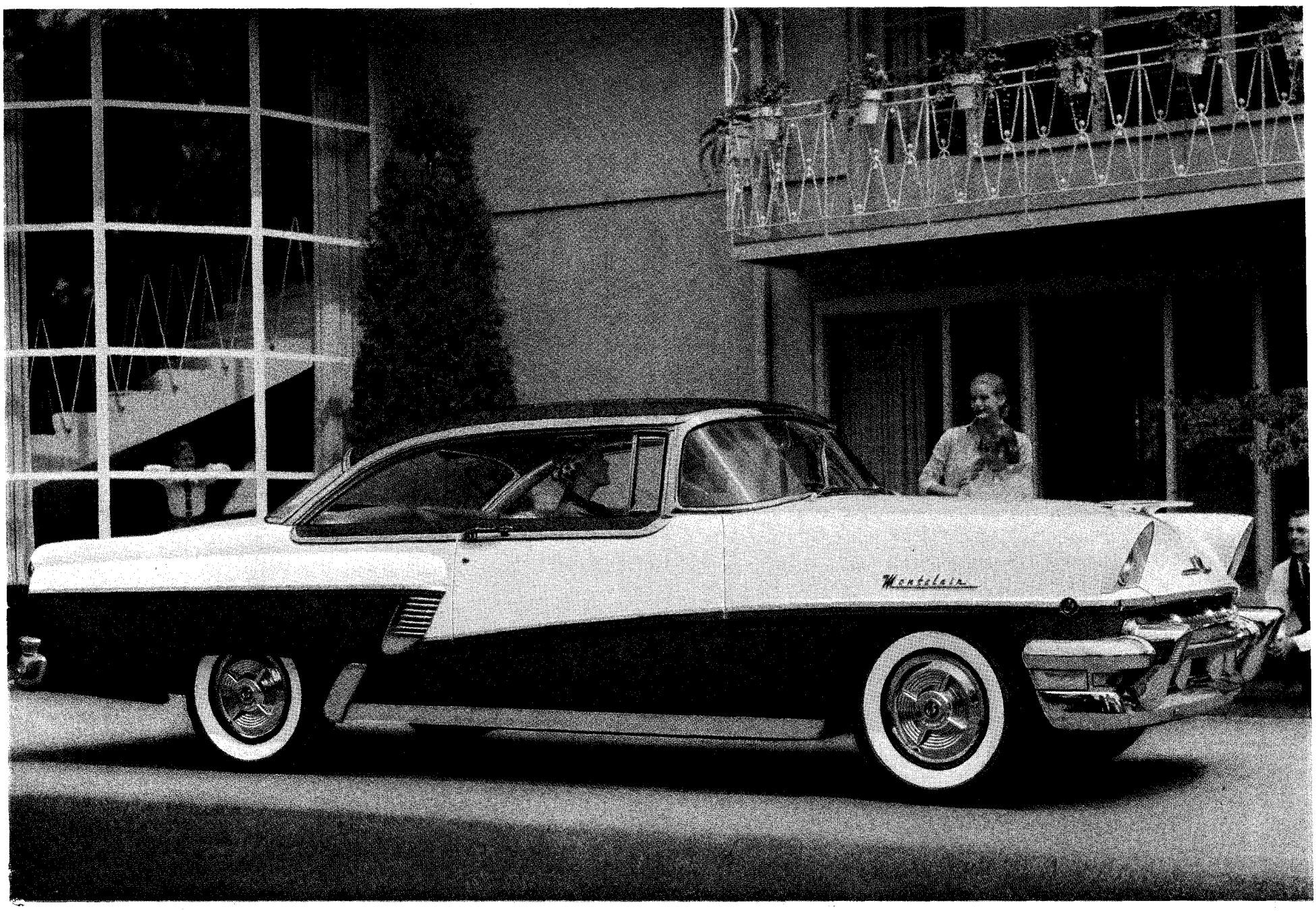
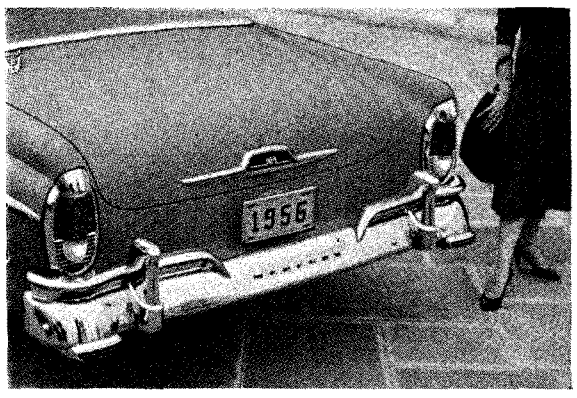
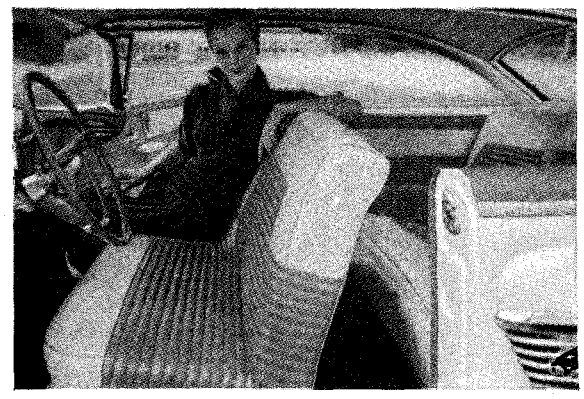
Front, back, inside, and out — there's no mistaking THE BIG M



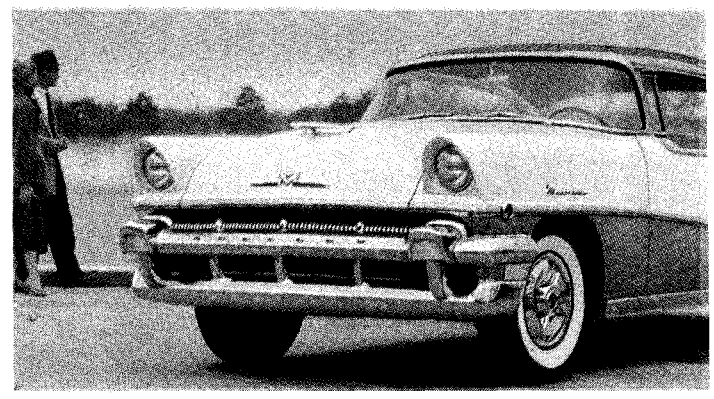
ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT there's big news in THE BIG M. Mercury offers fresh new color styling, with new Flo-Tones (illustrated), two-tones and solids to suit every taste. Mercury's all new 210 and 225 hp V-8 SAFETY-SURGE engines deliver that extra margin of power where and when you need it—for split-second pickup, safer passing, easier hill climbing. Another mark of Mercury leadership is Mercury's 10 new Safety-Engineered features for added driver and passenger safety.



DRAMATIC TAIL-LIGHTS SAY "MERCURY" As THE BIG M glides smoothly ahead, its new look is wide and low. All Montclairs and Montereys have dual exhausts as standard equipment.



EXCLUSIVE INTERIOR DESIGNS SAY "MERCURY" Rich colorful nylon and vinyls, styled just for THE BIG M, add a distinctive look of luxury to the feel of spaciousness—the extra elbowroom—that everyone wants.



BIG M CREST, GRILLE, HEAD LAMPS—ALL SAY "MERCURY" There's so much to see! 12 magnificent models in 3 series! A new fleet of low-silhouette hardtops! Visit your Mercury Dealer.

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

For 1956—the big move is to THE BIG MERCURY

A MAGNIFICENT VALUE IN THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

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Good Cooks' Guide to the New Franco-American Labels

WE LOVE GOOD COOKS, and we like to think good cooks love us. That's why we want *you* to have the first peek at our surprise!

Starting now, your old FRANCO-AMERICAN friends are all decked out in new outfits. Bright, beaming, yellow labels! So much easier for you to spot on your grocer's shelves.

We hope that whenever you see these sparkling new containers, you'll think of our sunny kitchens where every bit of the hustle and hard work of meal-getting is done *for* you, as lovingly as you'd do it yourself.

We hope you'll let your family enjoy these good Franco-American foods *often*. (Four of them are old familiar favorites and two of them are brand-new products.)

We *know* you'll enjoy the result: Less work for Mama—and better eating for your family!

A "fun" dish! That's Franco-American Spaghetti, in its new yellow label. Kids adore the fun of it. Grownups are crazy about its rich, red tomato sauce. No recipe necessary. You simply heat it, and serve.

New company way to serve Macaroni by Franco-American. Place the Macaroni in a casserole, top with buttered bread crumbs, as we have, and bake in hot oven for about 20 minutes. The cheese sauce is *irresistible!*

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Si, Signora — Italian-style! See how many people ask for the recipe when you serve our Italian-style Spaghetti Sauce with Meat! (Note bright new yellow label, please.) It has lots of *meat* and 13 other homey ingredients.

Gravy when you haven't any! Yes ma'am, Franco-American Beef Gravy. Rich, smooth, brown Gravy—always ready to serve. Low in calories, too. Use it in recipes, or just heat and ladle on. Better keep several cans on hand!

ILLUSTRATION BELOW SHOWS CONTENTS OF TWO CANS

NEW! Another *different* meal by Franco-American! Tender, beefy little meatballs in a tantalizing new tomato sauce with new fine-strand spaghetti! This is hearty eating, a cinch to fix!

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

NEW! There's news *inside* this Franco-American can, also. At last, a *meatless* spaghetti sauce with real Italian flavor! Made with mushrooms—plump, tender mushrooms, in a rich tomato sauce.

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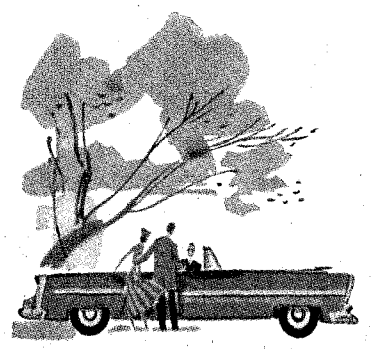
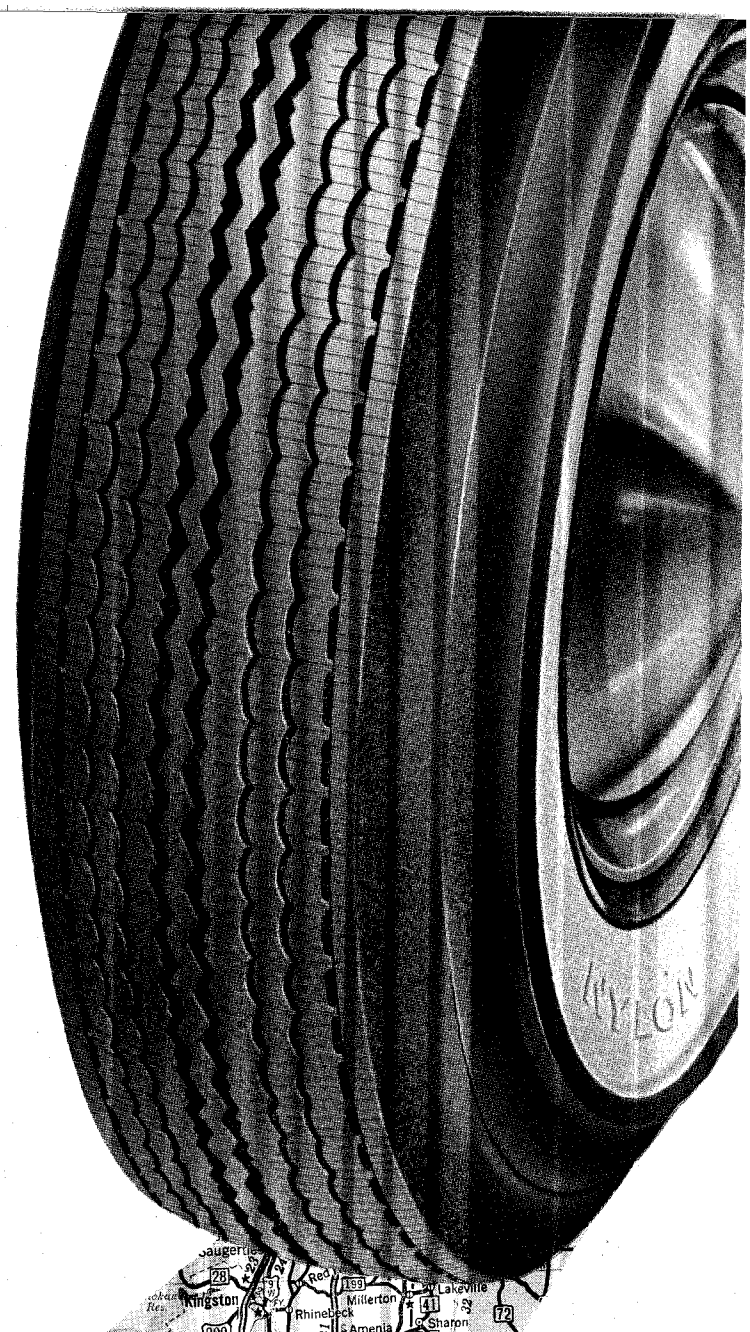


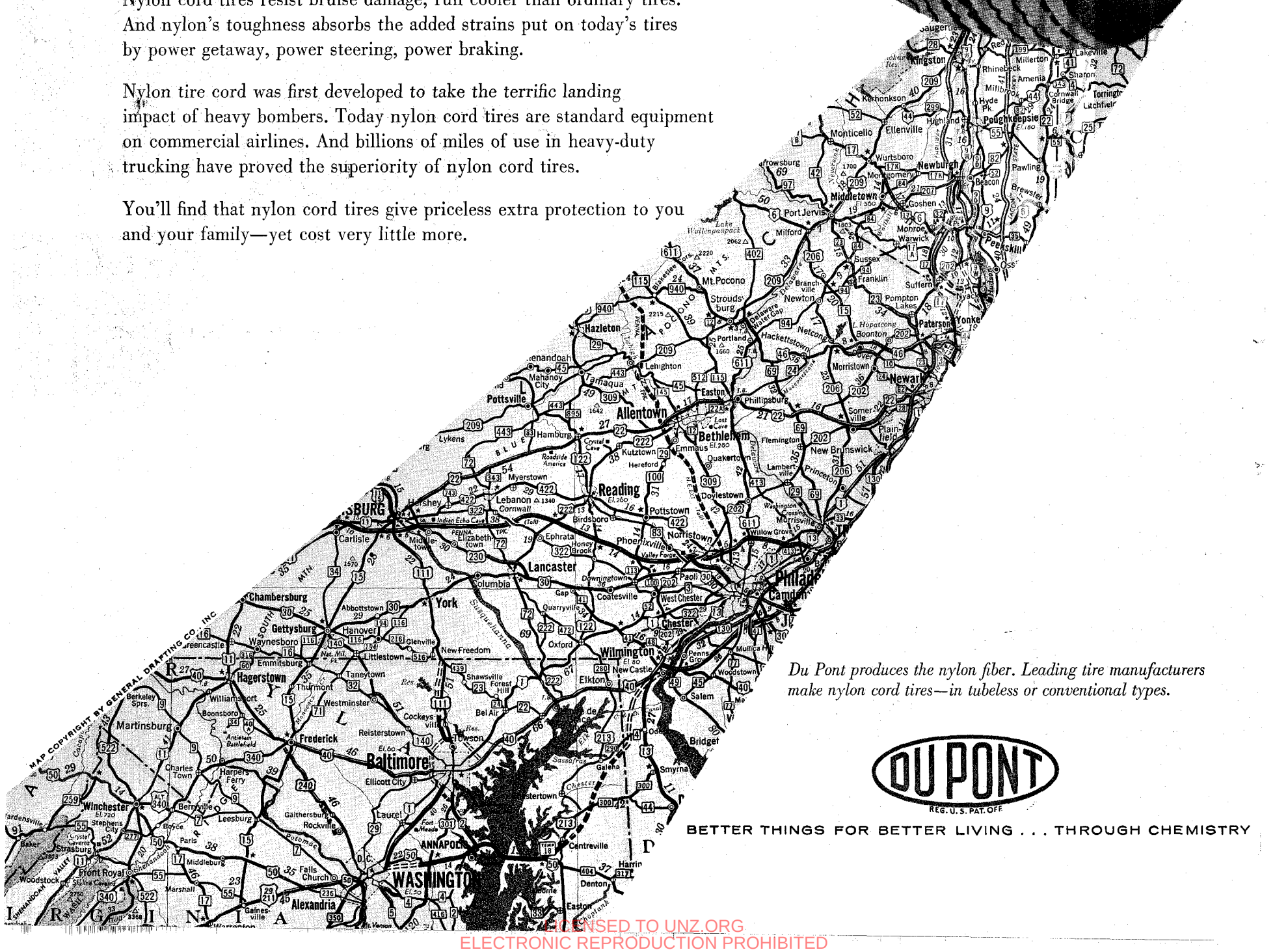
The finest tires are made with NYLON cord



Whether you're driving on high-speed highways or city streets, the extra strength of nylon tire cord gives you extra protection. Nylon cord tires resist bruise damage, run cooler than ordinary tires. And nylon's toughness absorbs the added strains put on today's tires by power getaway, power steering, power braking.

Nylon tire cord was first developed to take the terrific landing impact of heavy bombers. Today nylon cord tires are standard equipment on commercial airlines. And billions of miles of use in heavy-duty trucking have proved the superiority of nylon cord tires.

You'll find that nylon cord tires give priceless extra protection to you and your family—yet cost very little more.



Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Leading tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires—in tubeless or conventional types.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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Underworld U.S.A.

It was a slick and daring robbery. The trio helped themselves to $792,000—right under the eyes of a cop.

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

In April, 1940, the entries on the reformatory probation record of Carlton (Fingers) Tolland totaled forty-six—without a single jail sentence. Then his luck broke. He was identified at a payroll robbery and sentenced to serve five to seven years in the state prison.

Fingers didn't implicate his accomplices, Jerry Pender and Spider Lonagan. They paid him well for his loyalty—enough to see that his wife, Marjory, and his daughter, Theresa, were well cared for. He left his affairs in the hands of lawyer Peter Coughlin.

By the time Fingers got out of jail, Marjory had divorced him. He married a woman named Marian Marsh, and lavished luxuries on Theresa, who thought he had just returned from a secret mission for the Government. Fingers continued to pick pockets, and with Spider and Jerry as his partners, he pulled a series of successful robberies. Twice the trio robbed racketeers in the Earl Connors syndicate.

Fingers hated Connors, for Connors had forced him to marry Marjory. Also, Connors had refused to let his lawyer, Joe Devlin, represent Fingers in court.

It was May 15, 1951, when Fingers saw a chance to set up his first "big heist." Upon finding the crew of an armored truck in a bar, he lifted a set of the truck's keys from its driver's pocket. He then hurried to a nearby hardware store to have duplicates made, and returned the keys before they were missed.

Then he set out to case the job with Spider and Jerry. They would watch their truck until they knew its daily routine as well as the men who rode in it.

VII

The garage was on the fringe of the financial district, facing a street and a wide square lined by files of parking meters—a busy place, jammed with traffic throughout the day, when all sidewalks were crowded with moving people. A car with three men parked at a curb would attract little attention. They were there at eight in the morning and found a spot where they could keep feeding a meter nickels if necessary. Glasses trained on the door would attract attention. Fingers and Spider, whose eyes were sharper, were in front. Jerry had weak eyes and wore glasses; he sat in back.

During the first hour, armored trucks left the garage, but not with clocked regularity; a lapse of ten minutes between first and second; eighteen minutes between second and third; four minutes between third and fourth.

Their truck did not show up, however, and by 9:30 they were restless.

"Maybe we should have been here earlier. Maybe it won't show up until this afternoon. They must have different shifts, like, say, eight to four and four to twelve or something like that," they speculated.

Fingers had fed the meter another nickel at nine o'clock. At 9:45 all three were becoming apprehensive.

The operation went off like clockwork. It took four minutes flat.

"We can't sit here feeding the meter nickels," Jerry said. "Some smart cop or dick might see us. We'd better rig this watch another way. Suppose I get out and walk up and down the street, where I get a close-up, keeping my eyes on the door, while you find another place to park; then, when I see it come out, I'll pick you up and we'll tail it."

"Good idea," Fingers agreed.

Jerry got out. "If it doesn't show up in an hour, you better relieve me," he whispered across to Spider.

He patrolled the street for an hour. Spider relieved him. At noon the car had not come out. They ate luncheon singly to keep the place under constant surveillance and changed the place of parking every hour. At 4:30 in the afternoon trucks were returning to the garage. Between 5:00 and 6:30, four trucks left the garage. At 6:00 the watch had become dangerous because the square and streets in the financial district were becoming deserted. Two remained on duty while the car was moved closer to the

(Continued on Page 104)

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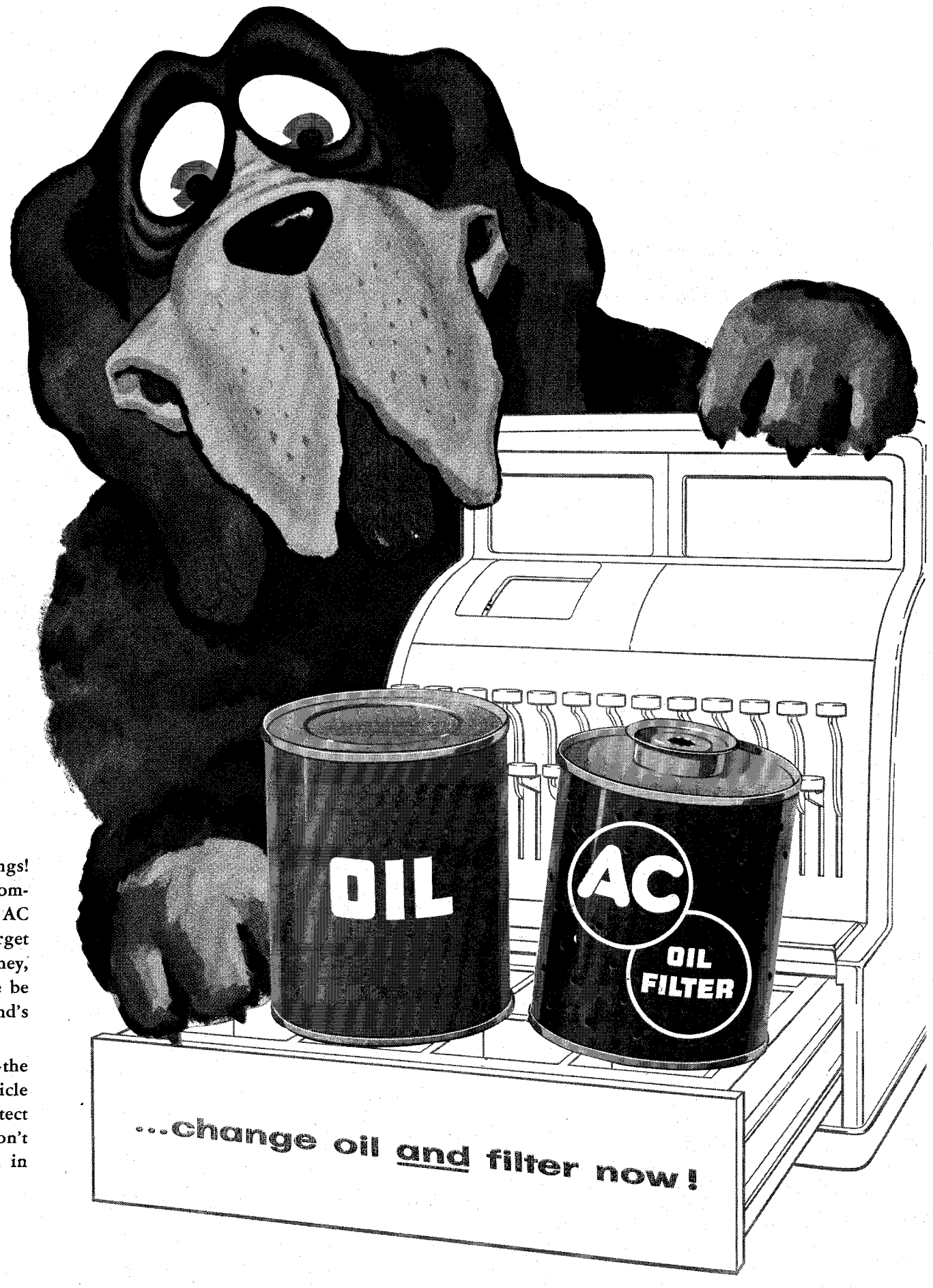
Don't forget your change!



Mighty well-trained dog!

Trained to register *two* important things! Change oil in your car at factory-recommended intervals—*and*—change your AC Oil Filter every 5,000 miles! If you forget your change you'll be "out" money, important money should your engine be damaged. So, take the AC Sludgehound's friendly tip. Change!

Be sure the filter change is to an AC—the filter that takes out every tiniest particle of grit, dirt, dust, metal—to really protect your engine. An AC Oil Filter won't remove the valuable detergents used in today's engine oils.

Ask for the best—AC.

Watch **BIG TOWN,** NBC-TV

AC OIL FILTERS

GM GENERAL MOTORS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, FLINT, MICHIGAN

THE ONLY FACTORY-APPROVED FILTER FOR CADILLAC • BUICK • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET • GMC

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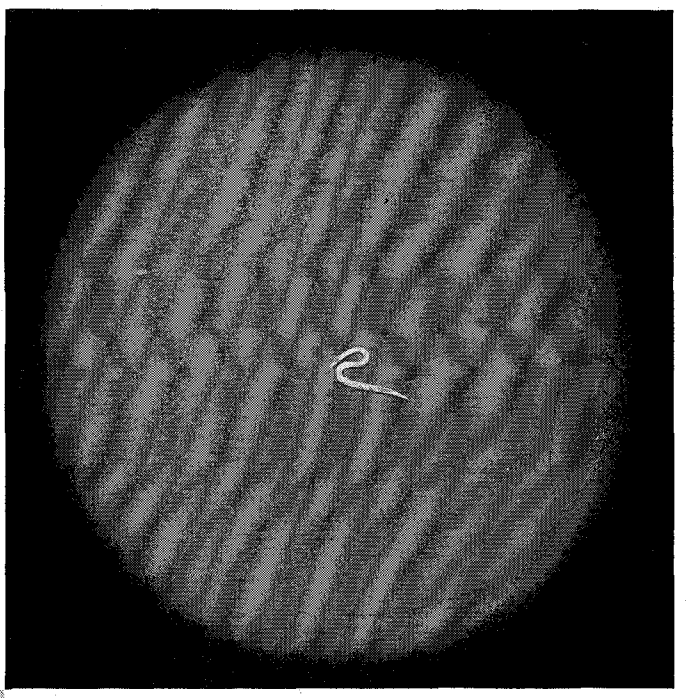
The nematode has neither brains nor eyes, yet he is costing the American farmer a tenth of all he grows. Once ignored as harmless, this stubborn worm has been unmasked at last as

KING OF THE PESTS

By NORRIS LEAP

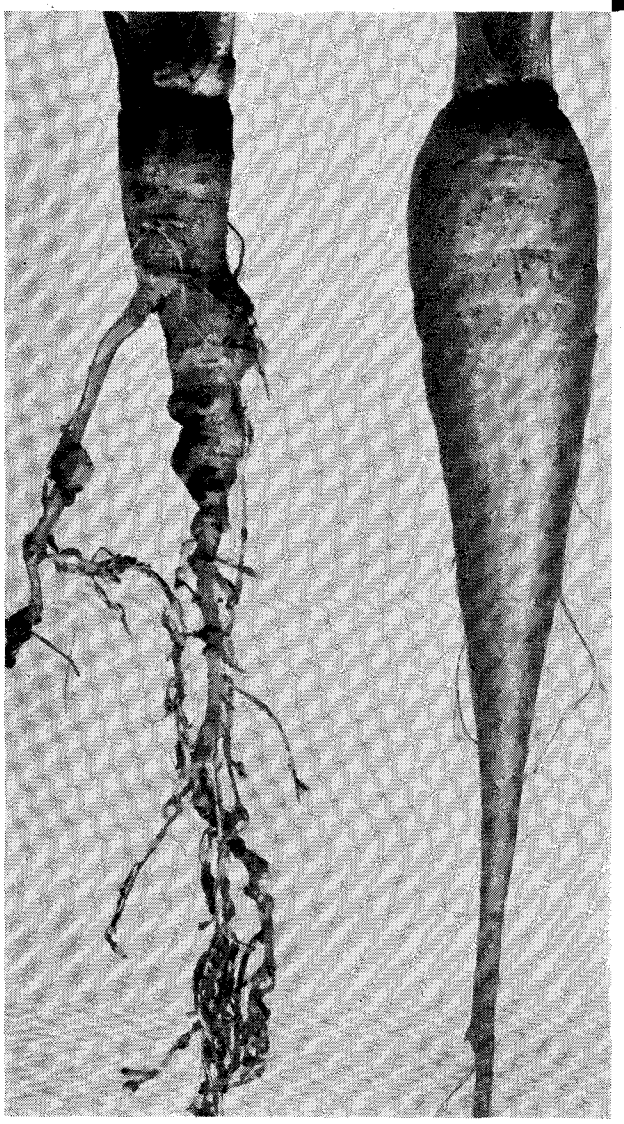
A typical nematode, almost invisible to the naked eye, as seen through a compound microscope. In Africa, these parasites grow to a length of four feet.



Since the beginning, we humans have bragged that we were the brainiest things alive. Now it turns out that we were being outsmarted by a worm that hasn't a brain in its head. Usually this worm is about as big as a grain of salt, but like dogs, boys and lies, it comes in a thousand shapes and sizes.

The worm is the nematode, and only lately have we taken a close look at it. The look has been eye-opening. It shows that all through the centuries this brainless worm has exacted from us brainy humans a yearly tribute that would make a king's ransom look like play money.

The worm now is suspected of vanquishing two civilizations—the Mayan in Mexico and the Khmer in Indochina—



The nematode worked on the carrot at left. This worm attacks virtually all domestic plants.

and of helping to send whole areas of Southern-belt farmlands back to brush and hardwood. It is accused of costing the American farmer and gardener today, in 1955, a tenth of all they grow. And if that ain't hay, at today's prices it would buy enough to cram two solid lines of hay barns from coast to coast.

The nematode has laid waste groves of citrus trees. It is weakening orchards of deciduous fruits. It is sapping the vigor of cotton on millions of acres. It has banished sugar beets from ideal sugar-beet land. It has thrown a Grade A scare into potato men. It has cost a single citrus setup in California more than $1,000,000. It has despoiled tobacco seedbeds and fields of growing tobacco. It has cost almost entire crops of bulbs of commercial growers in Oregon. In California it is besieging 1,000,000 acres of vineyards. It has ravaged truck gardens from Florida to Michigan and from New York to California.

Every state in the union has been hit, and every agricultural county in some southern states and California. California soil scientists moan the loudest. They say the nematode is costing California's farmers alone crops worth $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year—about one dollar's worth in every six or seven produced.

All of this has led to a war against the worm, a war which began in a quiet way many years ago. Today the war is churning up into a first-grade fracas, with its reverberations starting to echo throughout the world of agriculture. It's a war which has brought its moments of triumphs to us humans, but more often has been just baffling, exasperating and expensive. We've hauled out our proudest weapons—our sciences, our machines and our vaunted brains—and trained them all on our witless enemy. And the results? Well, it's true that we've won some preliminary campaigns along a wide front of farm and garden products, victories (Continued on Page 142)

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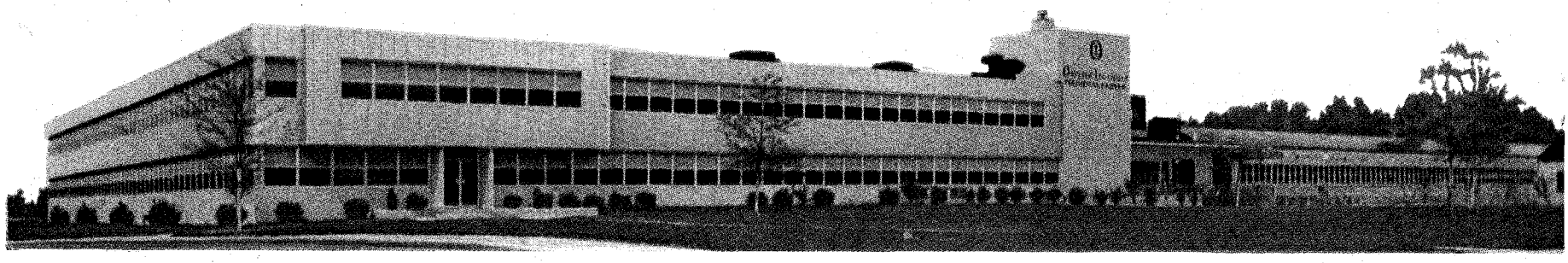


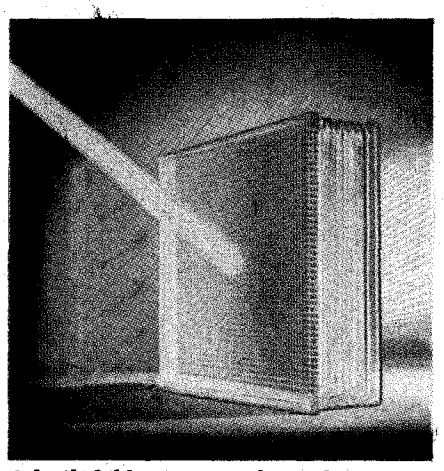
THE NEW OWENS-ILLINOIS TECHNICAL CENTER

where things you'll take for granted **tomorrow** are being planned and proved **today**

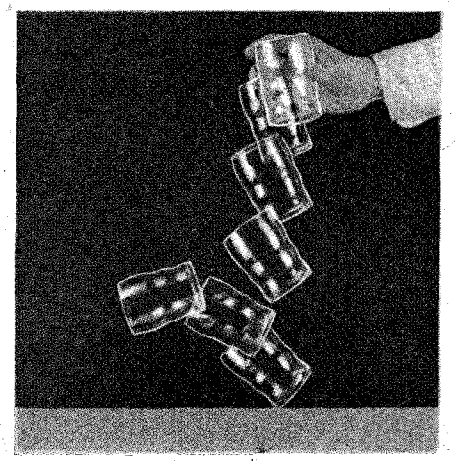
During the past fifty-five years there has been more progress in glassmaking than in all the previous 14,000-year history of this, Man's oldest synthetic material.

Back in 1900 who would have dreamed of watching a football game reproduced on glass at the same time it was actually being played three thousand miles away? Who would have believed that in two generations American women would be freed from the age-old task of cooking and preparing special food for their infant children – and would buy scientifically prepared, vacuum-sealed baby foods in glass... *to the tune of over a billion jars a year!*

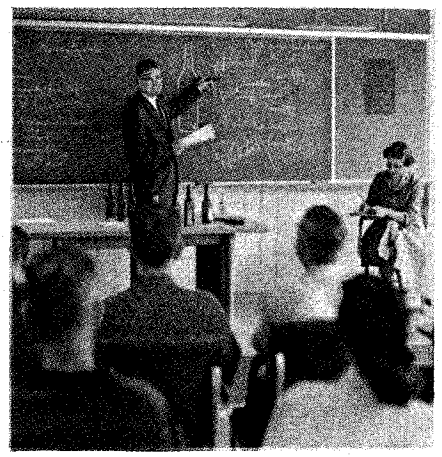
Expect glass to yield new wonders in the next few decades – at an even faster pace. That's because of organized research like that conducted at the newest and most modern of all glass laboratories – the Owens-Illinois Technical Center in Toledo, Ohio.



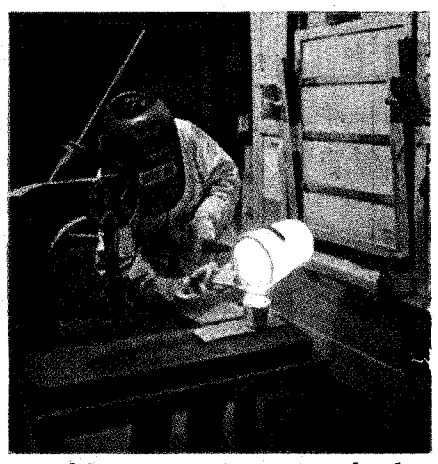
School children now see better because of glass block that bends daylight and sends it where it is needed most – regardless of the season. Light-directional glass block for the building industry is a typical product of Owens-Illinois research.



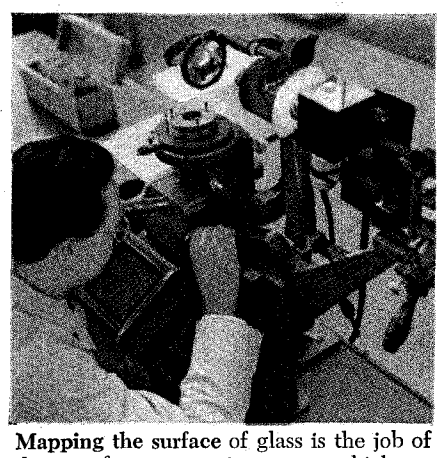
Drinking glasses last longer because Owens-Illinois research perfected Libbey Heat-Treated tumblers. Restaurant managers say they last three to five times longer than ordinary glassware. Housewives appreciate the extra mileage, too.



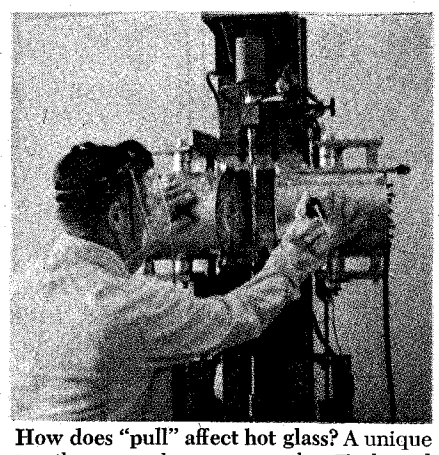
Nearly 500 researchers at the Technical Center gather new information about glass, plastics and metal for the Owens-Illinois network of factories. Frequent conferences make for close co-ordination among all members of the team.



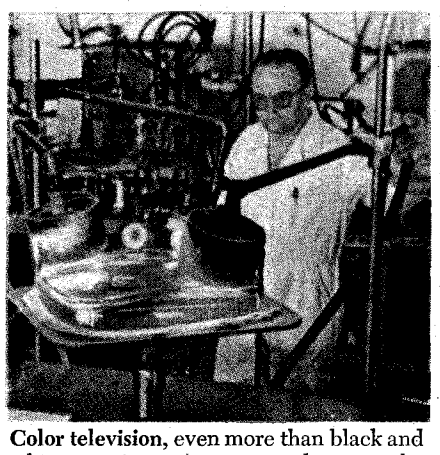
Actual factory operations are simulated at the Technical Center, where processes, equipment and materials are tried and proved before being used in commercial production. Each new glass formula is made in a small batch, then tested.



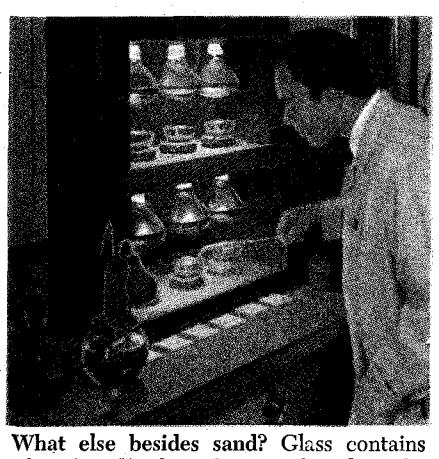
Mapping the surface of glass is the job of the interferometer microscope, which reveals surface features even X-ray cannot. Owens-Illinois scientists are convinced that the key to far stronger glass lies in the study of its surfaces.



How does "pull" affect hot glass? A unique tensile strength tester at the Technical Center heats a glass rod almost to the melting point; then pulls it. Continuing research aims at a glass many times stronger than is commercially made today.



Color television, even more than black and white, requires extreme smoothness on the insides of picture tubes. One experimental method of providing super-smooth viewing surfaces is to re-form them over stainless steel dies.



What else besides sand? Glass contains silica (sand) plus other metal oxides. The possible combinations of these metallic elements are almost infinite – and each means a different glass. Chemical analysis reveals any deviation from ideal proportions.

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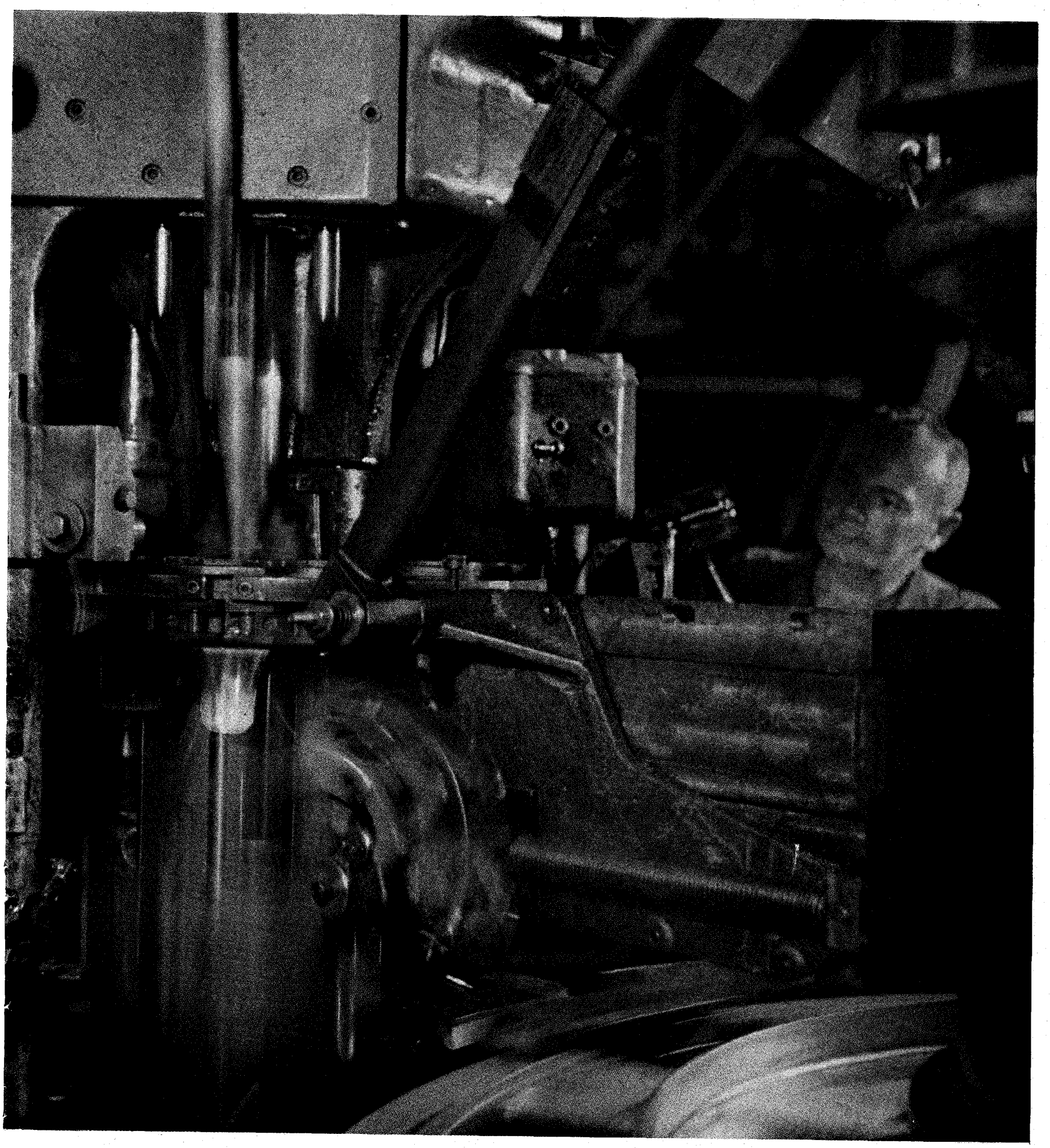

Revolutionary bottlemaking machines are being developed and tested which will turn out lighter, stronger Duraglas bottles and jars at almost unbelievable speeds. These advances in container manufacturing will be felt in stores and homes all over America—as will all the new, better products and processes developed by the scientific team at the new Owens-Illinois Technical Center.

Write for free illustrated book describing the Technical Center.

Because of O-I research, these products serve you better.
Because of O-I research, this list will grow longer.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments
Glass block • Kimble television bulbs
Plywood • Kaylo insulation
Kimble and Hemingray insulators

MAKERS OF (O-I) PRODUCTS

OWENS-ILLINOIS

GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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DIAMOND AND ACCESSORIES BY CARTIER

"KENT" AND "MICRONITE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

KENT...for those who really care

Discover, with your very first carton, why Kent is so importantly different. For only Kent gives you the exclusive Micronite Filter—the finest-quality filter—the filter that helps take out every trace of harshness. With the first Kent you smoke, you'll notice its cleaner, fresher taste. And Kent after Kent, this taste stays just as clean and fresh. What a priceless difference a few extra pennies make. Don't you, too, deserve Kent?

King Size and Regular length

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Shadow of the Noose (Continued from Page 25)

commission. Training and place of training. Date of his arrival at Camp Clements, a casual officer waiting shipment overseas. Pete must have listened open-mouthed.

"Are you surprised?" the general asked. "This is my command. You're acting as defense counsel for a man facing a general court-martial, charged with first-degree murder. You have been certified as competent by the Judge Advocate General, but, did you think *I* would not look into your qualifications?"

"It isn't that, sir." Pete said it humbly because he felt humble. "It's the way you had it at your finger tips."

A waitress came with a laden tray. She looked at Pete. He shook his head. While the waitress served the general, Pete had time to wonder again at a system that would appoint a lawyer who'd practiced just five months as defense counsel for a man accused of first-degree murder. Not that he was in any doubt as to how it had happened.

Personnel had gone to the files. The best qualified officers had been assigned the duty. Second Lt. Pete Cameron, defense counsel, 1st Lt. Hugh Bevins, assistant defense counsel. Hardly a championship team. Pete's experience included little trial work, Bevins had left law school for military service.

Pete's first reaction had been mental mutiny. He had a reverence for "due process of law" that was almost holy. Right of adequate defense, a fair and impartial trial—cornerstones in his book. And what had Pomeroy been given? Cameron and Bevins for the defense—a beginner and something less. Not a trial by jury, a general court-martial. In the Army, a man accused of murder stood for judgment before men who'd probably never cracked a lawbook.

"Well, lieutenant?" the general said.

"I'm sorry, sir. I was—trying to get my facts straight. I stuck my neck out when I sat down here. If I want to get it back with a head on it, I'd better be good. Real good."

"That is correct, lieutenant."

"Yes, sir." Pete wiped sweat from his hands and stepped off the deep end. "As Pomeroy's defense counsel, I was instructed to do what amounted to everything humanly possible to win an acquittal. I took those instructions seriously and literally. Talking to you here is military folly. But it is humanly possible. I had to do it, sir, or fail in my duty."

"Why?"

"You're my last resort, sir. And Pomeroy's. His trial will end tomorrow. I've done all I can to prolong it, hoping the truth would come to light. Colonel McVey is fed up with my stalling. The trial will end, a verdict of guilty will be returned, Pomeroy will be sentenced to hang." Pete wet his lips. "And Pomeroy is an innocent man, sir."

"Can you prove that, lieutenant?"

"That's what I'm up against." Pete's hands had suddenly become fists. "Can I prove he's innocent? General, the burden of proof to establish the guilt of the accused beyond reasonable doubt is upon the Government."

The general's voice was soft. "Lieutenant, your statement contains several grave implications. We'll attend to them in order. First you'll tell me why you believe Pomeroy is innocent." He paused. "Walk carefully, lieutenant."

Pete Cameron understood the quiet warning, but he could not turn back.

"I've talked to Pomeroy at length," he said. "I know he's innocent, with my heart and my head, the way I know the sun will come up tomorrow."

"The charges against him were investigated by an officer appointed by me. The staff judge advocate recommended trial by a general court." The general paused, his stare level. "Are you accusing them of poor judgment or of being delinquent in their duty? Watch your answer, lieutenant."

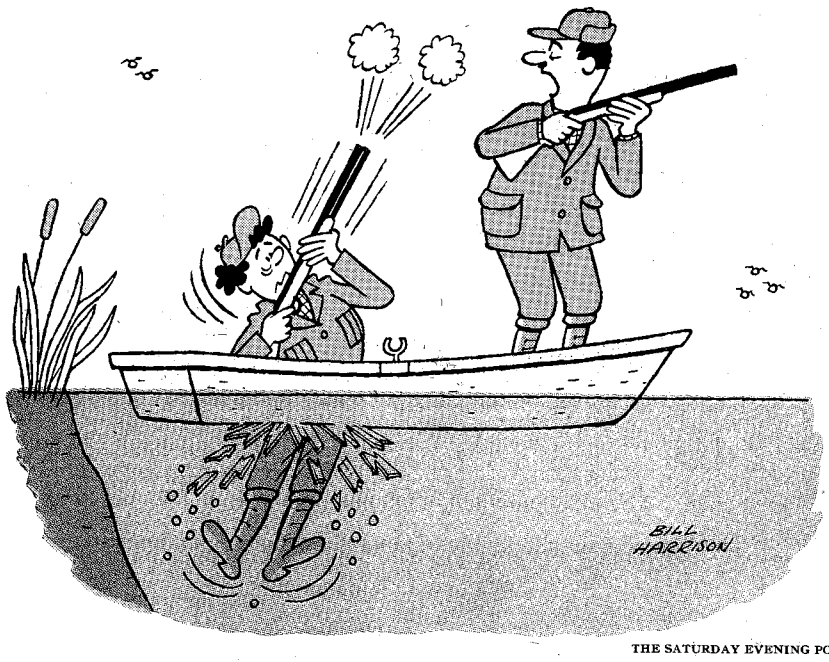
"The first, sir."

Another moment of staring. "I'll accept that," the general said finally. "We'll go on. The case against Pomeroy is based largely upon the testimony of two men: Sergeant Kennedy and Corporal Wirth, both of the military police, the arresting officers. When you say Pomeroy is innocent you accuse these men. Of what, lieutenant? Poor judgment or perjury?"

Pete set his jaws. "Perjury, sir."

"On what grounds?"

"They swear they saw Pomeroy and Shirley Dolan together before the murder. Identification positive. They swear they saw them enter the woods in the park together. Identification positive. They swear they saw Pomeroy leave the woods alone, a few moments later. Again, identification positive. Since all men in uniform look somewhat alike, this much might be an honest mistake, (Continued on Page 61)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original En formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N

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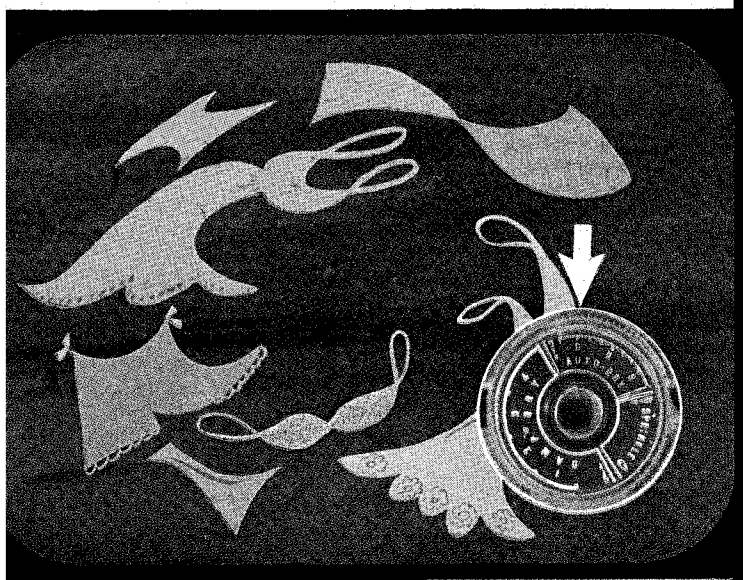
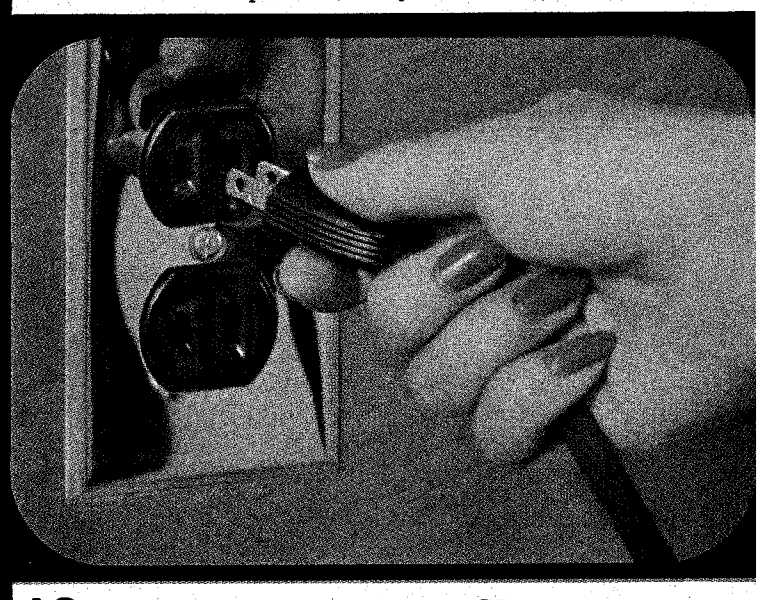
1. Tessie uses a clothesline. Washdays are hard on her! Yards of clothesline to wipe! Backaches from lugging heavy baskets! Clothes shower-soaked . . . sun-faded . . . or torn from the line by high winds! Poor Tessie!



2. Tillie has an ordinary dryer, but she has problems, too! She has to select time and temperature for each load, and she never guesses right! Clothes come out either too dry and stiff or too damp and limp! Poor Tillie!

5. Turn to D (Delicate) for safe-temperatured drying of delicate or miracle fabrics. Automatic Control turns dryer on, adjusts temperature and time, keeps clothes tumbling gently until they're perfectly dried.

6. Set to N (Normal) for cottons and linens—the bulk of washday loads. You'll have less ironing—new G-E drying system combines gentle tumbling with accurately controlled drying time and temperature to dry clothes soft, wrinkle-free.



9. The gentle fragrance from this new Air Freshener is released into the air stream and fills your clothes with that breezy-day, "sunshine-fresh" smell . . . with never a worry about "weather-wear" or "sunshine-fade."

10. No special wiring necessary! The new General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control can be operated on standard 115-volt household appliance circuit or on 230-volt circuit.

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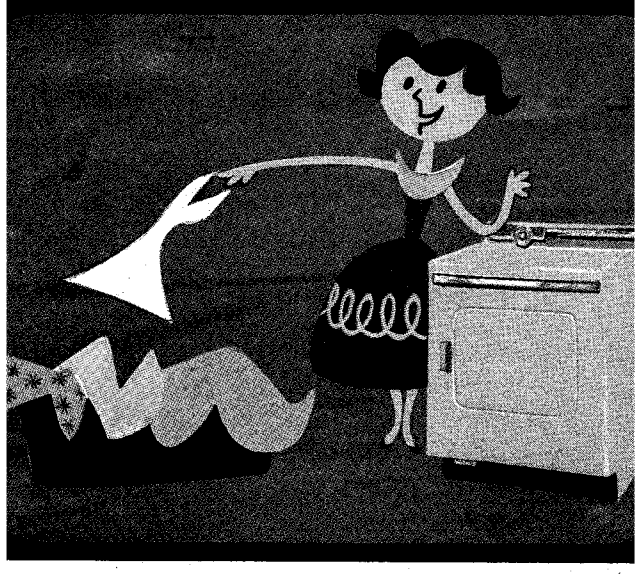
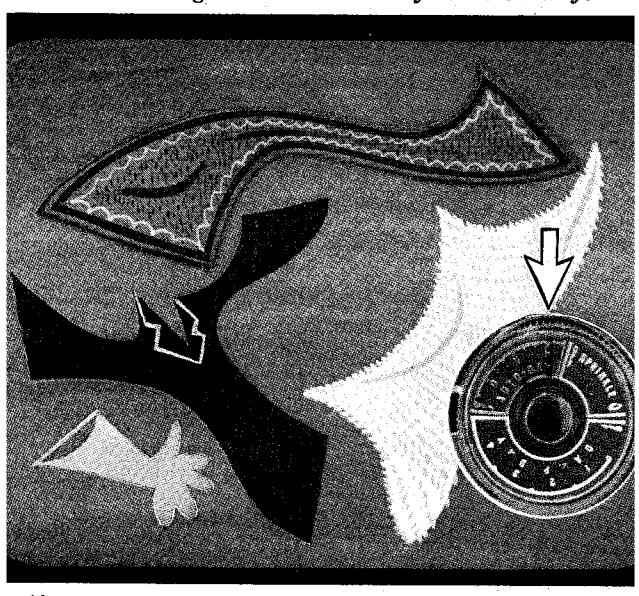
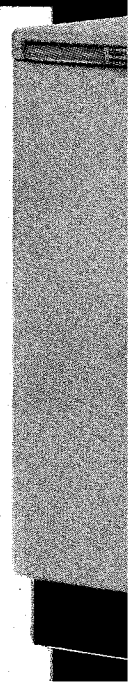


Tina bought a new G-E Dryer with really Automatic C
trol! No need for her to guess at correct drying times
temperatures! Tina bought *Automatic Clothes Condition*
when she bought her new G-E Dryer. Here's why:



Turn control to H (Heavy) for "hard-to-dry" loads... b
spreads, cotton throw rugs, etc. You'll never return to
dryer to find them too damp ... the Automatic Control
provide the right time to dry them perfectly.



And more convenience features! *Foot control* or *knee latch* opens door! *Door interlock* shuts off heat and motion whenever door is opened.

Available in Petal Pink, Turquoise Green, Canary Yellow, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown and White. See your G-E dealer soon! General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville, Ky.

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Winter's coming . . . is your car ready? Be *sure*. For a *complete* check-up, see your Texaco Dealer. He knows *what* to do and he does it with the best products in the business.

He'll drain your radiator, and winter-protect it—with Texaco PT. He'll check battery, tires, and other essential points.

His Marfak chassis lubrication means *cushiony* riding for 1000 miles or more. He'll lubricate transmission and differential, too. And he'll fill your crankcase with Advanced Custom-Made Havoline, the motor oil that *wear-proofs your engine for the life of your car.*

Finally . . . a tankful of top octane Sky Chief with Petrox, the premium gasoline that gives you maximum power *plus* engine protection . . . or famous Fire Chief, for lively power at *regular* gasoline prices.

Drive in soon—you'll drive out with a car that's ready for whatever winter brings.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 57) stubbornly defended. But some of the rest is perjury."

"I'll hear the rest."

"Kennedy and Wirth went into the woods," Pete said. "They found Shirley dead, her neck broken by a hard blow on the jaw, her clothing rumpled. This is true. But when they swear Pomeroy's clothes were torn, his face scratched and his knuckles bruised at the time of the arrest, they're lying, sir. Kennedy and Wirth caught Pomeroy on the walk and beat him up. His scratched face and bruised knuckles came from that, and not from a struggle with the girl."

"What is Pomeroy's story?"

"He admits he knew the girl," Pete said. "Nothing else. She was a civilian clerk-typist in the Quartermaster depot. Pomeroy had temporary duty in the depot as a freight handler. He saw her many times, but never dated her. On the night of the murder, he was walking in the park alone.

Wind Storm

By Anobel Armour

The leaves blew down
incessantly,
Or so this twilight seemed
to me.

Nothing could keep them
from the air;
The yellow leaves were
everywhere.

They turned my pathway
into gold,
But I saw trees turned dark
and cold,

And felt as if my hands had
sinned,
Being helpless to stay the
wind.

Alone, sir. The first he knew of the murder was when Kennedy and Wirth accused him and beat him."

"And you believe Pomeroy?"

"Implicitly, sir."

"The investigating officer and the staff judge advocate found no cause to doubt the testimony of Kennedy and Wirth. Again, indirectly, you accuse them of poor judgment or of being delinquent in their duty. Which is it, lieutenant?"

"The first, sir."

"A wise choice."

Pete had a brief mental picture of Major Porter, the investigating officer, big-jawed, big-chested, dark-browed; and of the staff judge advocate, Colonel Lewellen, tall, thin-faced, bleak—two very rough men. They weren't going to like any sort of accusation. When word of this got to them, they would take steps.

"Now," the general's voice was still soft. "A moment ago you said, 'Can I prove he's innocent?' From this, I assume you feel you're being required to show proof of innocence at the trial, rather than the Government establishing proof of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt."

"That's right, sir."

"Which would constitute an unfair trial," the general said slowly, "and accuse the members of the Court of being delinquent in their duties. Well, lieutenant?"

Pete opened his sweating hands. He decided he hadn't been in the Army long enough. He wore a uniform, but he hadn't become a soldier. He hadn't submitted to Army discipline, hadn't admitted the Army's right to punish or feared the punishment. In spite of the uniform, he'd come to the general's table acting like a civilian, thinking like one. A civilian, he thought, who'd put his head in the mouth of an Army cannon. A loaded cannon.

"I'll go the whole way, sir," he said. "Not that there's much further to go. I guess I've had it. But there is still Pomeroy." He looked fully at the general. "Sir, Pomeroy is not getting a fair and impartial trial."

"You say this out of your wide experience?"

Pete knew he was being given all the rope he could possibly use to hang himself.

"I won't say the members of the Court are delinquent," he said. "I do say they're not qualified to sit in judgment of a man on trial for his life. Except for the law officer, they don't know law. They're professional soldiers, not lawyers, not judges. Laymen. They don't know that the first principle of true justice is to judge with a fair and open mind. A mind without prejudicial opinion. They tried Pomeroy in their minds before the trial. They found him guilty."

"How do you know that, lieutenant?"

"I can feel it!" Pete said. "I can see it! They heard the prosecution with some interest. With the defense, they're bored. It's hot in the court, they doze. They're impatient that I don't end the trial. The trial is over in their minds, the verdict is guilty. I'm wasting their time. And it's not because they're delinquent. It's because they don't know how to sit in judgment. They haven't been trained for it!"

"I approved the selection of the Court," the general said. "All officers—since the defendant did not request that an enlisted man serve as a member. They are as capable as any who have ever served at a general court-martial, anywhere. A criticism of them is a criticism of all military trials. Will you go that far, lieutenant?"

"You're crowding me, sir."

"A military trial is the final product of military law. If the final product is at fault, so must the system be that produced it. Do you feel that the entire system of military law fails in its purpose?"

"If the case of Pomeroy is a sample, I do."

"His case is typical."

"Then I am forced to conclude there is no possibility of justice under military law, sir. No man accused—guilty or not—can hope for fair treatment or a fair trial."

"Thank you, lieutenant," the general said. "You may go."

Pete Cameron felt as if the floor had been jerked from under him. He'd been prepared for anything but cold dismissal.

"But, sir!"

"We've gone from Pomeroy to a consideration of the entire system of military law," the general said. "I have your opinions on each point. That should suffice, lieutenant."

"Sir, what are you going to do?"

The general's quiet voice was edged. "I'm going to dictate a full account of this conversation. A copy will be sent to every man concerned. A copy will also be sent to your commanding officer, with my recommendation that proper disciplinary action be taken against you."

"That doesn't matter, sir." Pete's voice was hoarse. "It's Pomeroy. That man's life is ——"

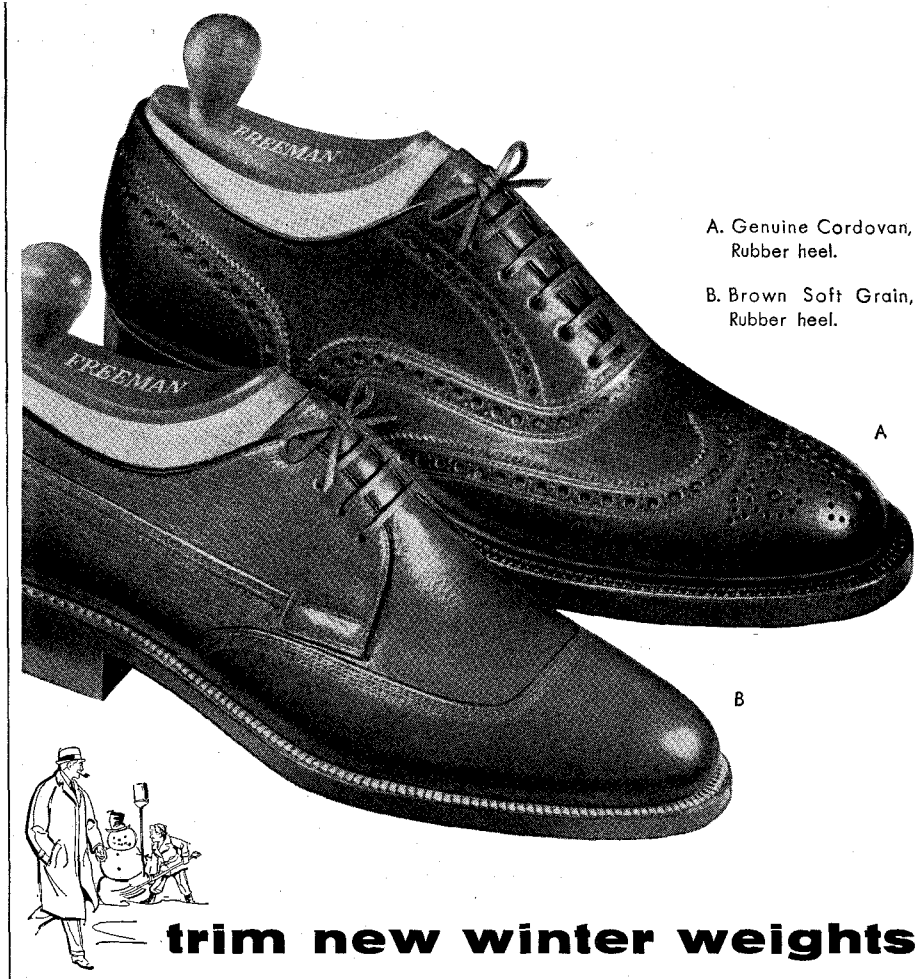
"Attention!"

Pete stiffened in his chair. "Sir, I ——"

"I'll have you on your feet at attention!"

Pete came to his feet and came to attention. Rigid and silent, eyes fixed on nothing. It was forever before he heard a curt, "Dismissed!"

There was no argument left in Pete. He executed a staggering right face and stumbled down the (Continued on Page 63)



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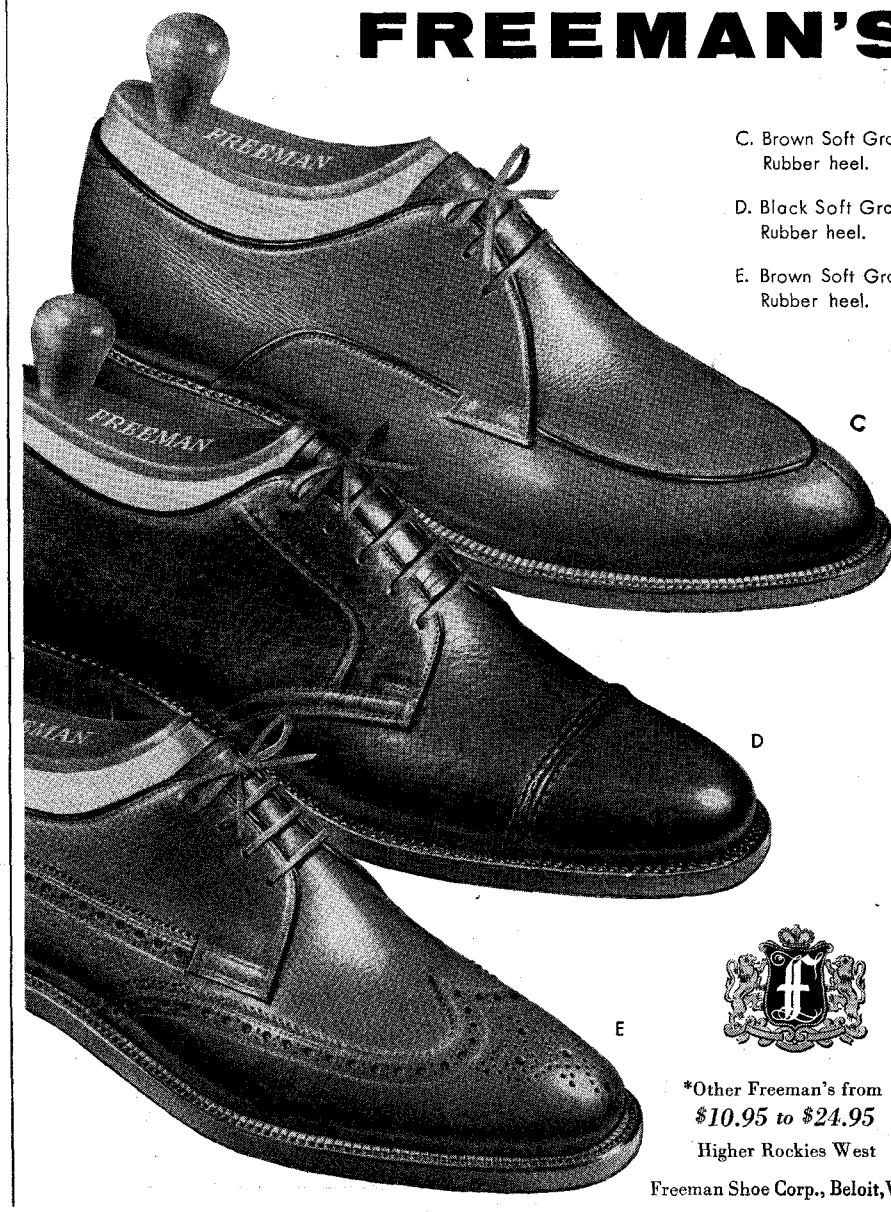

C. Brown Soft Grain, Rubber heel.

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E. Brown Soft Grain, Rubber heel.

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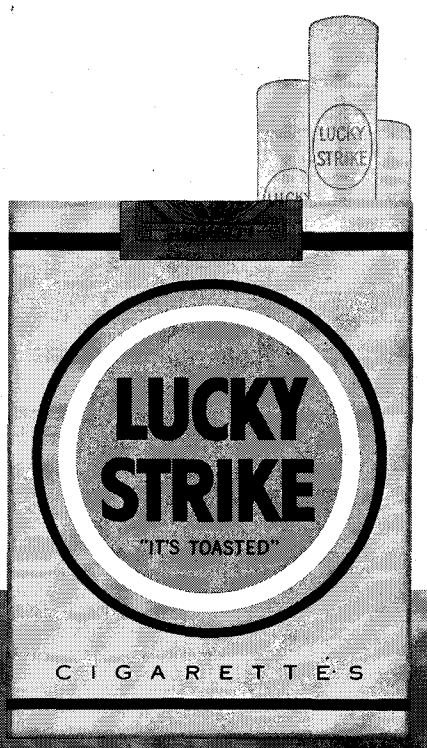
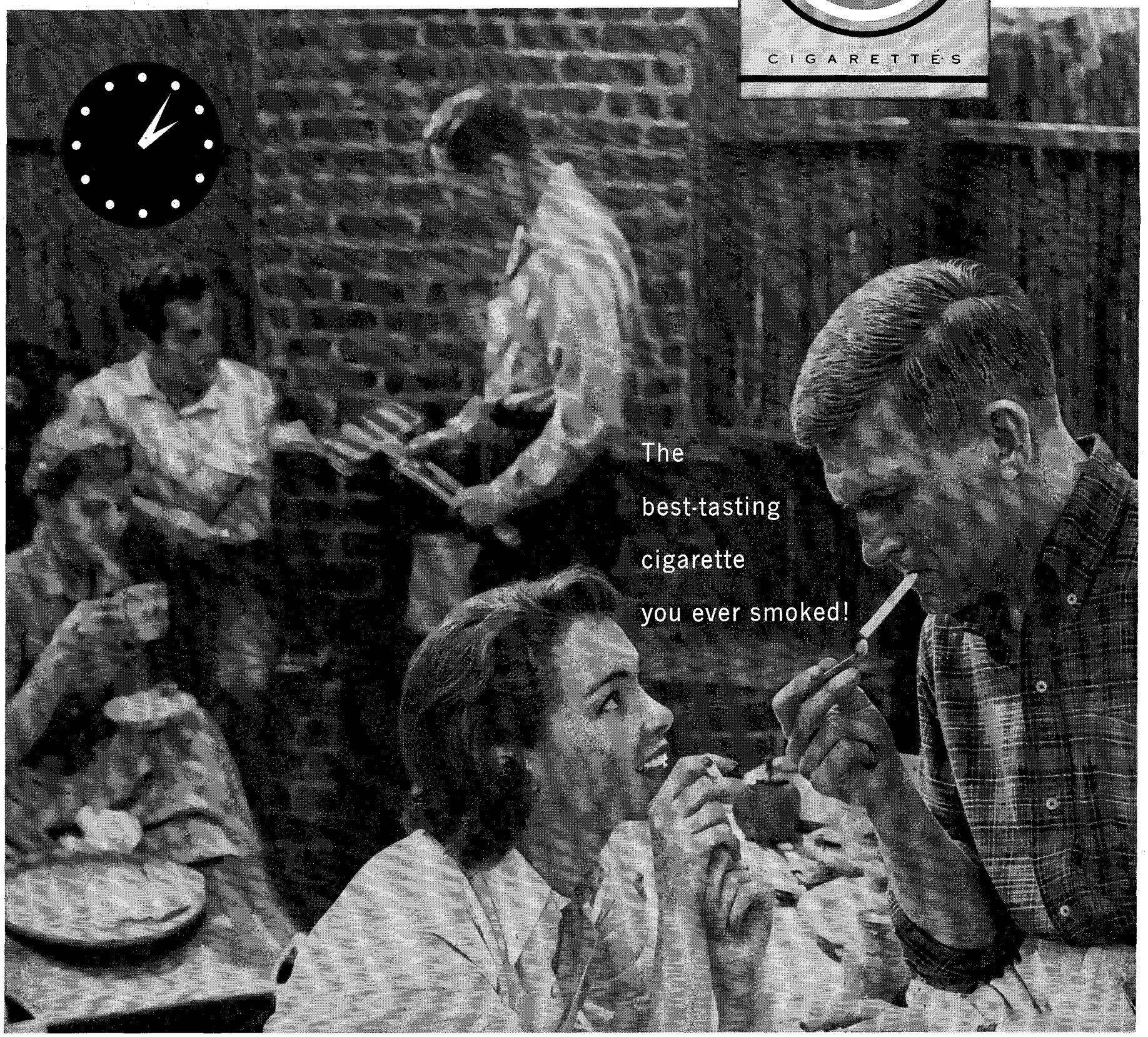


"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!



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(Continued from Page 61) corridor to the bar. The bar was crowded with men in uniform. He didn't notice their stares or realize a stool was vacated so he could have a seat at the bar. Presently, a tall glass was set before him.

"On me," the bartender said. "The major, here, bets me you fall on your face before old Cut-Throat lets you go."

"Thanks," Pete said. "I can use this."

The talk picked up along the bar. A second lieutenant in a hassle with the commanding general—every soldier in the crowded hotel had stopped to look and listen. Opinions of Pete varied. He heard several.

"Medal of Honor," a slightly skished captain said. "Hang it on him for courage above and beyond the call of duty. Then shoot him."

"You know what they'll do?" a private said. "They'll give him one of them big deals like you see in the movies. Everybody on the parade ground. Drums rolling. The lieutenant stands at attention. Somebody strips his uniform—bars, buttons, shoulder straps. Then out he goes, all by himself, out the gate, into the sunset." The private had a drink. "Yes, sir. Always wanted to see one of those. Should be real gay."

Pete thought he would go along with the private. The big deal, at least, and a real gay time.

Dear Anne: I'm sorry to report, your soldier went to battle against superior forces. He overextended himself; he was enveloped. Somebody should have told your guy a general doesn't get to be a general because he's got a head full of rocks. This one's got a mind like a bear trap. . . .

Like many another married man in the Army, Pete felt himself to be only half of the whole, responsible to the other half for all his actions, owing her a full account of each day's work, good or bad. It had become habit to think of events in letter form, making a mental file until he found time to write. Until now, his letters had been filled with cheer and accomplishment. This one, he thought, would read like doom.

It appears the best I can hope for is a request for my resignation for the good of the service. Conduct unbecoming an officer, insubordination—they've got a dozen to pick from.

Now her face appeared before him. He was glad to see her. A lovely girl, only twenty-one, but a full and understanding woman. Light brown hair, dark brown eyes, a warm mouth. She had a smile for him. She always had a smile for him. Even on the day he'd told her he'd asked for active duty she'd smiled. Never mind that there'd been a shine of tears in her eyes.

"You feel you should," she said. "And I'm not surprised you feel that way. You come from a family with a military tradition, remember?"

That tradition. The Cameron blood held a strain of Indian—Sioux Indian, the family said. When he'd told Anne about it, Pete had spoofed her with a tale about a great-uncle of his who'd had his horse shot from under him by General Custer at the battle of Little Big Horn in '76. Fella named something Beaver, he'd said. A junior-type chief in Sitting Bull's army. The story might have been true—no one could prove it wasn't—but true or not, it'd turned out to be a happy contrivance.

A pair of people losing a year-old home needed a bumper to hold away the hurt. Pete's distant uncle was all Anne's zany imagination needed. Over wine and spaghetti one night, she'd given the uncle a name. Chief Happy Beaver. And a description—a little on the tubby side, sort of shapeless, his eagle feather always askew, his breechclout always slipping.

"Sounds like me," Pete said.

She laughed, "Well, what d'you know?"

They'd really bounced it then. Happy Beaver was no sharp soldier. An earnest, eager sort of guy, always trying, never doing anything quite right. A sad-sack redskin, Uncle Happy Beaver, second-lieutenant type.

"Buy you another?" the bartender said.

"Thanks, no," Pete said. "One's my limit."

The stockade was set in a floodlighted area about a mile from the main gate. Pete Cameron nosed his jeep against a whitewashed rail and cut the switch. He crossed the parking lot to the orderly room. A Pfc sat at a desk inside the door. Sgt. Clifford Kennedy was standing on a chair, adjusting the sweep of an electric fan.

"Lieutenant," he said. "Hot enough for you?"

This one had walked out of a recruiting poster—flat belly, big shoulders and brown, brown hide. Golden fuzz on the backs of his hands, blue eyes and close-cropped hair. And very GI—glittering shoes, gleaming brass and a belt trimmed to exactly the proper length. His hard-pressed suntans had been tailored to fit only a little more loosely than his skin.

"I guess you want to see your boy," he said.

"Yes," Pete said. "And I'll have a 'sir' from you."

"Yes, sir, lieutenant!"

There was not quite derision in Kennedy's voice. But neither was there fear or true respect. Kennedy was an old soldier. He knew how far he could go in the baiting of a green officer; he went exactly that far. And Pete was green. More than that, Pete was trying to prove in court that Kennedy was a liar—knocking himself out, Kennedy's bold eyes said, against a better man.

"Take you in myself," he said. "Sir."

They went past armed guards—maximum security, two keys for every door—and into the stockade proper. Kennedy's voice held a needle.

"Goin' to put me on the stand tomorrow, lieutenant, sir?" he asked. "Goin' to give me another rough time?" And his tone said that nothing Pete could do would bother him.

"You'll see tomorrow," Pete said.

He set his jaws against anger. He was not going to let Kennedy provoke him. But he wondered what a man like this thought about in the dark hours of the night. He was trying to lie a man to the gallows—did it worry him? Probably not, Pete decided. Kennedy had the tender conscience of a snake.

They entered a building that stood alone in the center of the stockade, bathed in glaring light. Pvt. Alan Pomeroy's cell was fashioned of heavy steel mesh, a metal box set within a wooden box. The mesh walls made it easy for the guards; they could watch the prisoner without moving from their chairs. Pomeroy was lying on a rumpled cot, his hands beneath his head. He sat up when he heard the key rattle in the lock.

"Tell the guard when you want out—sir," the sergeant said.

"All right, sergeant," Pete said.

Pomeroy stared at Pete. "What're you doin' here?"

"I came to talk to you, Alan."

"Ain't that nice?" Pomeroy said. "Grab a chair by the TV set. I'll have the missus bring you a schooner of beer."

He was a twenty-year-old, out of the slums of a seaport city. He wore fatigue pants and wooden shower clogs. He had dark hair, a sweat-oiled olive skin and dark, angry eyes. He'd fought as a welterweight and looked it—tough face, bent nose, scar tissue swelling his brows. Pete could have wished for a defendant a little less rugged, a little less male. This one looked like a man who could kill a girl as Shirley Dolan had been killed. But appearance does not make a killer.

Pete leaned against the cage wall. "I stuck my chin out today. Yours too. Maybe I did some good, maybe not."

"So what's the scoop?"

Pete told him exactly what had happened at the general's table. When he had finished, Pomeroy's mouth was hard, flat.

"Why the hell'd you do such a thing?"

Pete said, "I hoped it would help."

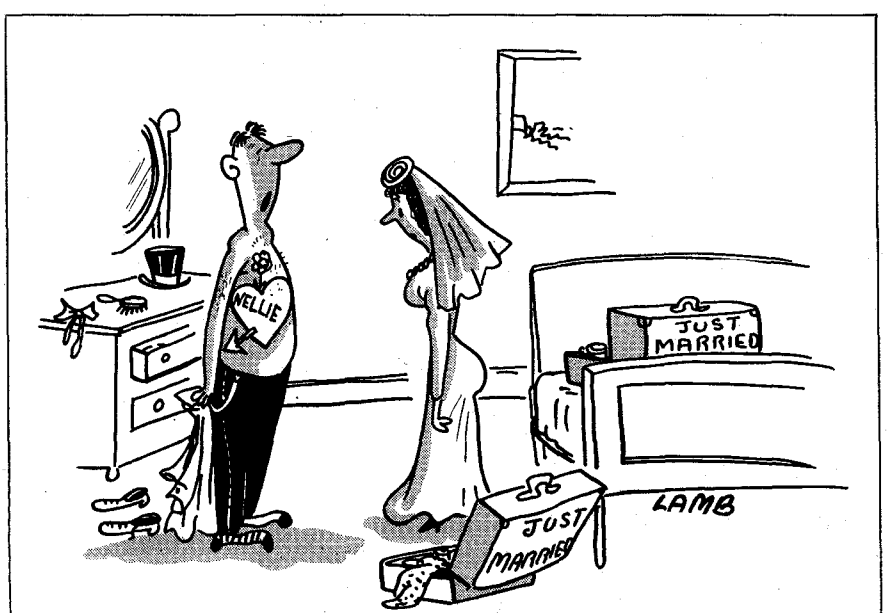
"I could 'a' told you better." Pomeroy was on his feet, his naked chest close to Pete's shirt. "If you thought a stinkin' second looey could jaw at a two-star general, you're the world's biggest chump. To that guy, you're the same kind of dirt I am to you."

"You're wrong, Alan."

"Wrong, am I?" Pomeroy's mouth twisted. "They got me measured for a rope, ain't they? What'd I do? Nothin'. Not a thing. But I'm a lousy buck private, see. I'm dirt. What's a buck private in this man's army? Hell, y'can always draft another one."

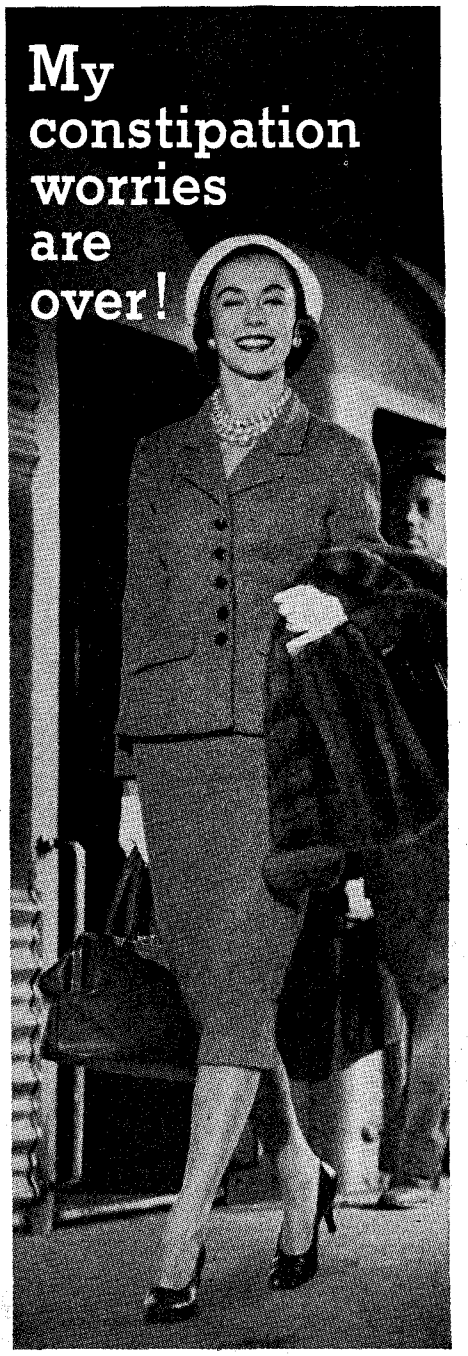
Pete said, "Listen to me, Alan."

"When I come into the Army they give me the big pitch," Pomeroy said. "It's goin' to be tough, sure. But one thing I can depend on is Army law—everybody gets a fair shake. What a joke!" His laugh was ugly. "I'm in (Continued on Page 66)



"... the cutest little airedale you ever saw ... she saved my life once ... pulled me out of a churning river!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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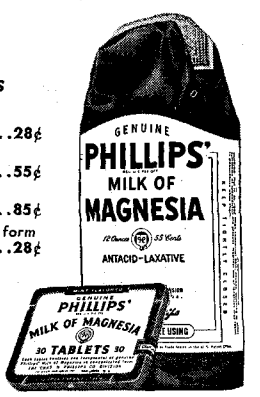

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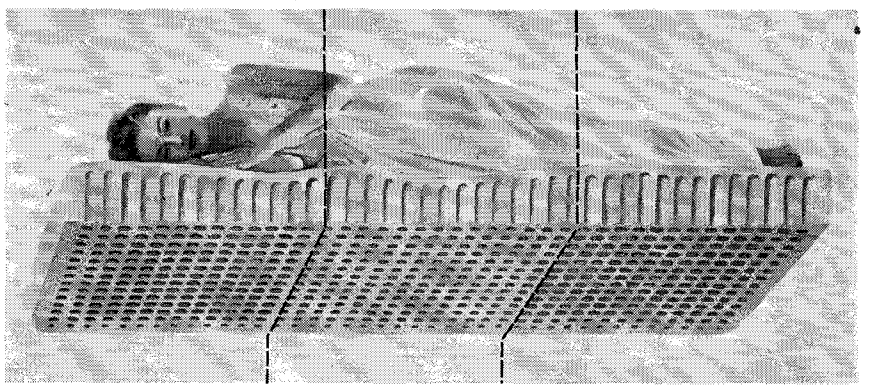

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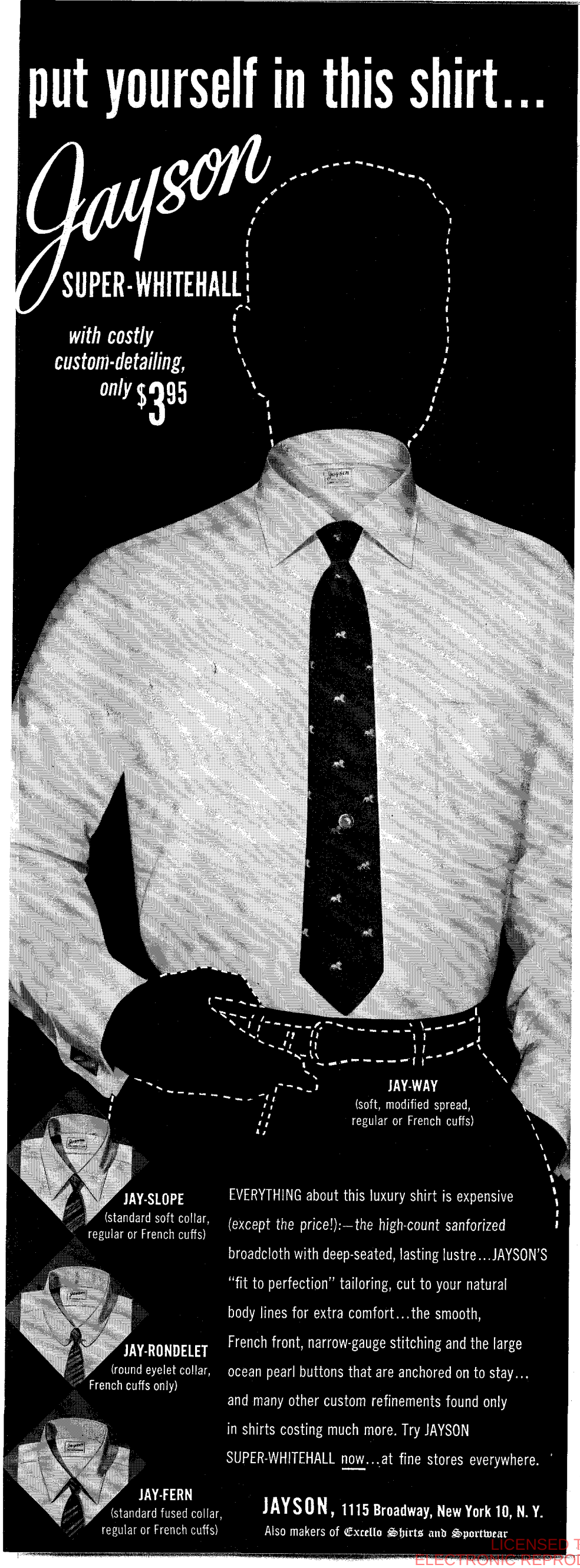
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(Continued from Page 63)

the park, waitin' for my missus to get off work. Doin' nothin', hurtin' nobody. Next thing I know, a couple of MP's jump out of the brush and beat the livin' hell out of me. Did I kill anybody?"

"I know you didn't."

"Who else knows? Them fatheaded judges? You're nuts if you think so. The sergeant and the corporal say I killed the babe, an' they got stripes. Army law—bull!"

"The trial isn't over yet, Alan."

"So what're you goin' to do tomorrow?"

Pete rubbed a hand over his tired, sweating face. "I don't know if I'll be there, Alan. I'm not even sure the trial will go on. I hope not. I hope I've set wheels turning that will get you a mistrial. Any kind of a delay will help." He met Pomeroy's eyes. "Whatever happens, I'll do my best."

"Then I'm for the rope!" Pomeroy pivoted away.

Pete stood looking at the oiled, muscled back. He was sick at heart. What could he say? A raw deal was a raw deal.

"Do me a favor," Pomeroy said. "Go into town and see my old lady. Give her a snow job, see? Get her braced for what they're goin' to hand me tomorrow. Give her the dope y' gave me—this trial ain't the end of it; it gets reviewed all the way to the President. Lay it on thick. Let her think I'm a sure winner next round. Will you do that for me?"

"I'll do it."

Pete called the guard. He was outside the cage when Pomeroy came to the wire, hooked his fingers there. Pomeroy had a hard grin for Pete.

"Don't let it get you," he said. "You can't win 'em all."

There was a foul-up at the main gate. Civilian and military vehicles, outbound, were piled up in three long lines. Pete, heading for King City, found himself inching along behind a weapons carrier. He could see flashlights and white helmet liners up ahead—teams of MP's giving each outbound vehicle a fast and thorough shakedown.

"What's the trouble?" Pete asked.

"More stuff missing from Quartermaster depot," an MP told him. "Oil this time. Tires, sugar, butter—all the time something. Beats the hell outa me where it gets to. Ain't comin' through here, I'll tell you that!"

"But they chew you just the same?"

"They do that, sir. They really do."

The Eat-Rite's neon sign went out as Pete reached the door. The proprietor, a fat man in sweat-soaked white, let Pete in and then pulled down the blinds. The place wasn't much—a counter, a dozen tables, a row of booths.

"In the kitchen," the proprietor said.

She was sitting at a bone-white work table, a mug of coffee in her hand. The coffee was gray and cold.

"Hello, Jenny," Pete said.

Jenny Pomeroy was a good-looking kid, but just a kid. Eighteen, maybe; but not a day older. A tired eighteen.

"How—how is he?" she asked.

"I don't have to tell you," Pete said. "You know him."

She nodded a weary head. "Yes, I know him. I know how he is out there in jail. He's mean. Dirty mean and swearing. He gets that way when somebody picks on him. And when he's scared. But he's not like that, really. Not inside."

"I know that, Jenny."

"He's a softie, mister." She looked at Pete, her small chin quivering. "He'd give you the shirt off his back."

"Yes, Jenny."

"He made good money, fightin'," she said. "Where is it? Gone; but we didn't spend it. Anybody sick, anybody out of a job—go see Pommie. Anybody that knows him'll tell you. Ask 'em."

"I don't have to."

"How can they say he killed her? Pommie was a fighter, mister. He earned us a living, fighting. He knows what can happen when you hit somebody. Pommie hit a girl? He'd cut his hand off first. Ask anybody."

"He didn't kill her, Jenny."

"Those MP's say he did. They're lyin', mister. That's the last thing a guy like Pommie would do." Her eyes came up. "Why are they lyin', mister?"

"I wish I knew," Pete said.

"Nobody tells a lie for fun," she said. "Even a little lie, a person's got a reason for tellin' it. Sayin' Pommie killed somebody when he didn't, that's a big lie an' needs a big reason. Like what? Pommie never done anything to those guys; he hardly even knew 'em." She shook her head, her voice fading. "Why would they lie like that about somebody they hardly know?"

"I can't answer that," Pete said. "Jenny, listen to me. A conviction in this trial isn't the end. It will be reviewed. You mustn't give up hope. In the Army, a case like this can go clear to the top. To the President.

GIVE NOW
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It's every soldier's right. And it doesn't cost him a cent."

"Y'know something, mister?" She was staring at the table. "Pommie was real proud to be a soldier. Best Army in the world, he said. Sometimes I wondered if he loved the Army more'n he did me, the way he talked. I'll bet they never get a guy that tries harder. So look what the Army did to him. How about that, mister?"

"Jenny," Pete said, "it isn't finished."

Her head sank to crossed forearms. Her small shoulders sagged, her voice was an empty whisper. "You can give that to the birds, mister."

Dear Anne: Did you ever want to turn in your membership in the human race? Did you ever feel so ashamed you wanted to find a place where no one would know you'd ever been a human being, capable of lies and cruelty and giving pain? I did. I have in my mind a picture of a small girl in an outsized uniform that will live with me forever.

There was a spill of light on the steps of the orderly room of the casual-officers company. First Sgt. Samuel Yarnall sat in that light, face to the cool wind, a cigarette in his hand. He was a tall, lean, redheaded man, fifteen years in the service, thirty-two years old. He had big hands, big feet, big ears. A first sergeant of a company of officers needs special abilities: strength, quiet authority and tact. Yarnall had them all. He watched Pete Cameron walk out of the night into the company area.

His voice was quiet, chiding, "Chin up, lieutenant. Shoulders back."

"Hello, sergeant," Pete said. "I'm a lousy soldier."

"From what I hear," Yarnall said, "you been a bad kid."

"Word gets around fast."

"Gets to me, anyway. My big ears, I guess. Ain't much happens on this post I don't hear about." He made room on the steps. "Rest your feet, lieutenant. Have a smoke."

"Am I in the doghouse?"

"No orders, if that's what you mean."

"What do I do tomorrow?"

"In the Army you follow the last order till you get the next one. Soon as I get the order to put you under barracks arrest, I'll let you know.

(Continued on Page 68)

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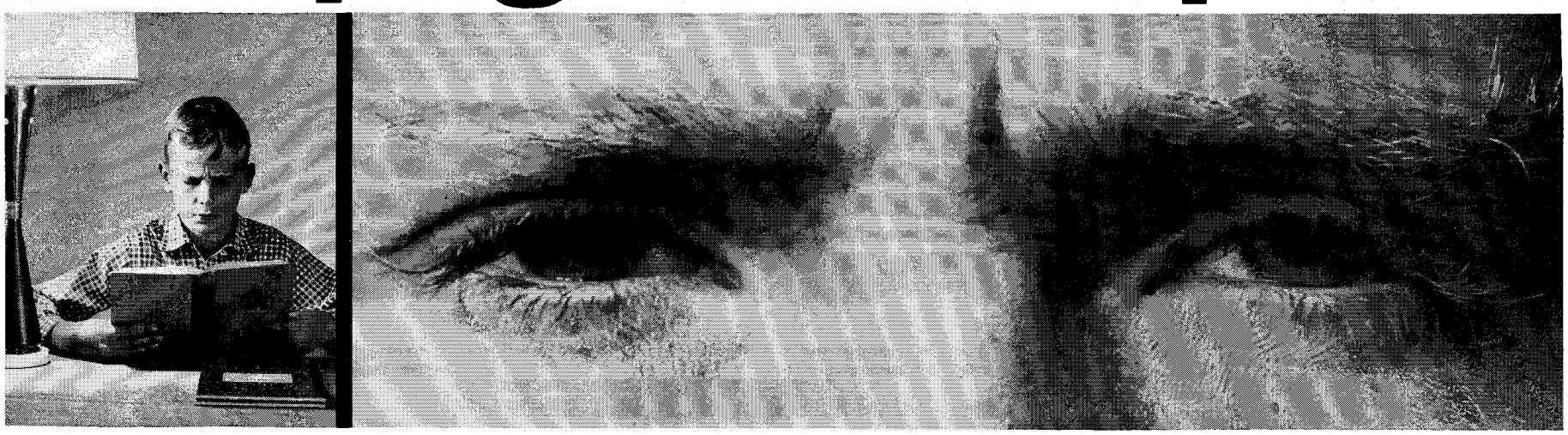
stop glare squint



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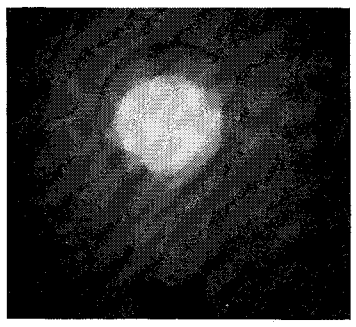

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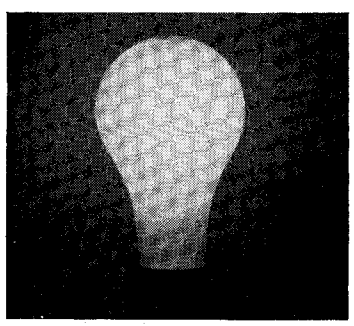

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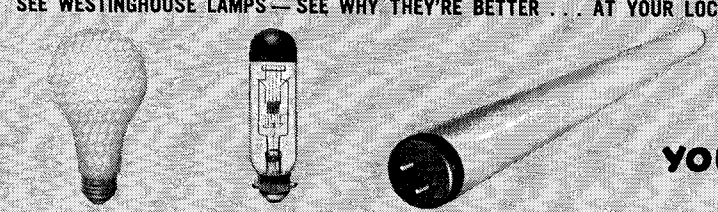

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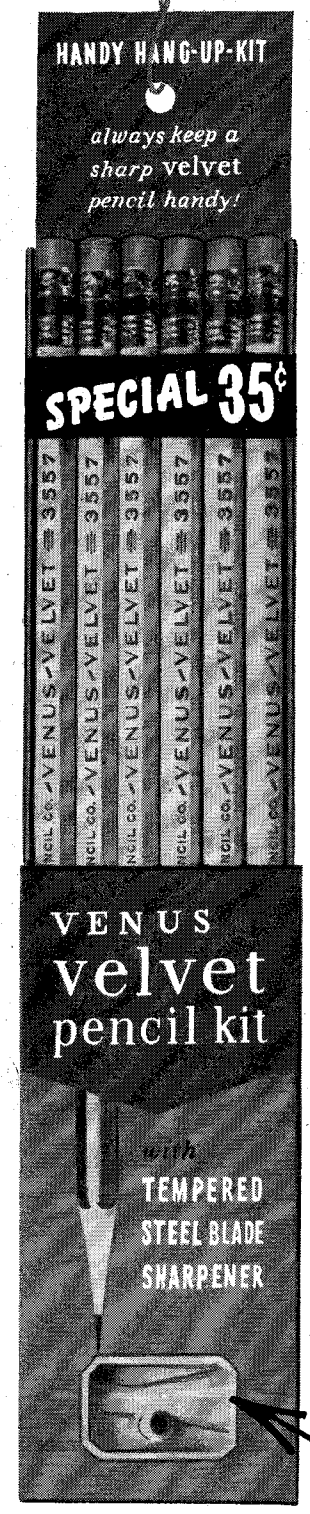

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(Continued from Page 66) Meantime, you keep goin' like nothing happened."

"Arrest," Pete said. "Sounds rough."

They talked about Pete's meeting with the general, the why of it, the result of it. Yarnall made a few pointed remarks about the military future of a man whose head held chowder instead of brains. Grim, he said. And they talked about the trial, the members of the court, Kennedy, Wirth, Pomeroy and Jenny. Yarnall had one firm opinion.

"Colonel McVey's a lot of soldier," he said. "I served under him once. He'll do, lieutenant."

"Granted he's a good soldier," Pete said. "He's still got no business presiding at a general court-martial. Not trained for it." He snapped his cigarette away. "Kennedy and Wirth are lying. Since I'm the only man who believes that, it's up to me to prove it. And I've got an idea—about as wild as an idea can get. See what you think, sergeant. If it makes sense, maybe you can give me a hand."

"Shoot, lieutenant," Yarnall said. And when he'd heard Pete out, he nodded a sober head. "Could be," he said. "There's hardly anything that can't be, in the Army."

"Will you give it a whirl?"

"Why not?" He flipped the gold bar on Pete's shirt collar. "My stripes don't mean a bit more to me than that bar does to you," he said. "I been a buck private three times."

The sun came up the next morning the same as any other day. Pete and 1st Lt. Hugh Bevins, the assistant defense counsel, went to the mess hall. Hugh Bevins was a fair-haired lad, tall, good-looking, easy-going. He was two years older than Pete, an apple polisher by his own cheerful admission. Very little help, but a good guy. Pete looked in at the orderly room on the way back from mess. Sergeant Yarnall lifted his shoulders—no orders yet.

"Still early," Bevins said. "Got to pick the firing squad. Got to issue rifles and ammunition. Takes time."

"Quit it," Pete said.

They went back to their quarters. Bevins stretched himself comfortably on his bunk. Pete paced and smoked. His eyes kept straying to the P.A. box on the wall. The call would come over that. "Lieutenant Cameron, report to ——"

"What you'll hear," Bevins said, "is the tramp of boots. Fall out, lieutenant! Fall in! Hup, hup, hup . . . halt! Bandage? Cigarette! I hope you'll face the end with courage, m'boy."

"Keep it up," Pete said, "you'll get a fat lip."

"Would you strike a superior officer?"

"Yeah," Pete said. "If he's a guy I can lick."

A little before nine, they did hear the tramp of boots, one pair. It was the motor-pool corporal, bringing the key to the jeep.

"I get the picture now." Bevins said. "and it's better this way. More dramatic. They're going to shoot you on the courthouse steps."

"O.K.," Pete said. "Then I'll know."

But there was no firing squad waiting at the barracks where the general Court was sitting. The trial was going on—prejudiced or not—the general hadn't turned a hand. Pete parked the jeep.

"How about this?" he said.

"Rough." Bevins' voice was sober now. "You got out of line, and for that you should lose your head. But I'd have sworn you'd get the kid a new trial. Even a whisper of prejudice should be enough for that."

"Not in the Army," Pete said.

The courtroom was plain. Scrubbed floors, unfinished walls, bare windows. The bench was at the far end of the room. Desks for the prosecution and defense were near the walls. The Court stenographer and law officer each had a desk and chair. The witness stand was a plain oak chair. Three rows of benches had been placed well back for spectators.

The trial counsel—the prosecutor—and his assistant were at their table—Capt. Frank Tingley and 1st Lt. Eric Speer, both serious and capable. They nodded at Pete and Bevins. If they'd heard of Pete's talk with the general, they kept it from their faces.

The court reporter, Pfc. Paul Vanderhoof, came over to talk to Pete. Vanderhoof was a twenty-year-old with thick glasses and a shy grin. Another of Personnel's best-availables, his shorthand speed was a bare sixty words a minute. He wanted Pete to check a couple of points in his transcription of yesterday's notes.

"Will you take it slow today, sir?" Vanderhoof asked.

"I'll try," Pete said. "If I go too fast, sound off."

"Thanks, sir. I'm a real snafu, I guess."

"You're doing your best, that's all you can do."

Pomeroy was brought in between two guards. He slid into a chair beside Pete. He was neat in fresh suntans, his hair was wet from combing. Young, but all man, the best material for a soldier—strong and quick, born with a tough courage and a stubborn loyalty. But he was not a good soldier now. His dark face was ugly, his eyes were bitter, his mouth curled.

"You look like the guy I had yesterday." His eyes went around the room. "Looks like the same trial too." His eyes came back to Pete. "How about that, baby? Maybe you was bullin' me about tellin' the general."

"I told you the truth," Pete said. "Nothing came of it."

Pomeroy's laugh was ugly. "You'n' me, a couple of punks. You don't rate in your league any better'n I do in mine. Who's gonna listen to us? A general? Nuts!"

"The trial's not over, Alan."

"The hell it ain't! It was over the day it started. That's the Army, Jack. So you're innocent and they're gonna hang you—take it up with your chaplain!"

"Easy, Alan!" Pete said. "Easy."

"Easy, he says!" Pomeroy's voice was thick. "Relax, he says." He put a rough hand on Pete's arm. "I ain't gonna take it layin' down, see? Nobody hangs me without a fight!"

"Ten—hut!"

Pomeroy broke it off as the members of the Court and the law officer took their places at the bench. Lt. Col. Oliver McVey, President of the Court, sat in the center, a white-haired, thin-mouthed man, who wore thick-rimmed glasses. Maj. James Banzer, short, red-faced and thick-necked, sat at his right. Capt. William Lawson, a mild, soft-voiced shadow, sat at his left. A second captain and three lieutenants filled the rest of the chairs. Seven career soldiers.

Pomeroy had been staring at the Court. Now he looked at Pete. "Do these guys know you blew your top to the general?"

"They should," Pete said. "There's been time."

"Great!" Pomeroy said harshly. "You told the (Continued on Page 75)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Biff, charged with robbery, was sentenced to twenty years. Soon thereafter, police linked him to an old murder. He was tried again, convicted, and condemned to hang. His lawyer thereupon rushed into court to stop the execution.

"You can't hang Biff, your honor," he protested. "You've already sentenced him to serve twenty years for robbery and he is legally bound to do so. He is not only willing—he insists upon serving out his time. Hang him after that, if you must, but his robbery sentence comes first."

"State law says that a man convicted of murder shall be hanged within a 'reasonable time' after his conviction," the prosecutor replied. "It is just too sad for Biff that the law conflicts with his newly acquired zeal to serve out his prison term."

If you were the judge, would you defer Biff's hanging?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

They hanged poor Biff without waiting twenty years to do it. The court said, "It is the rule that a convict, although serving his sentence, may be tried and sentenced for a crime committed either prior or subsequent to the conviction under which he is enduring punishment."

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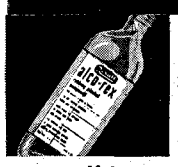

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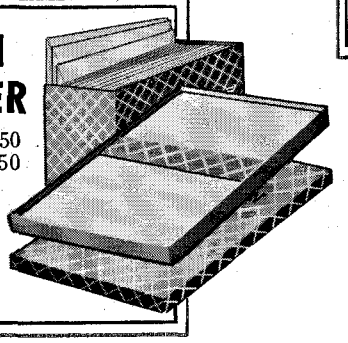

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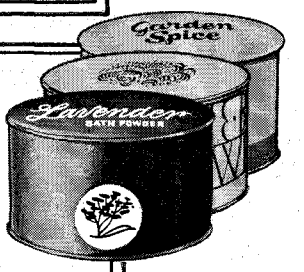

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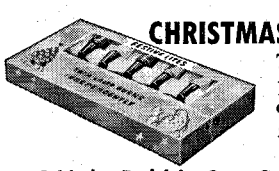

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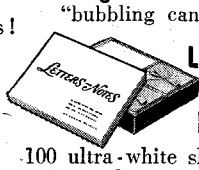

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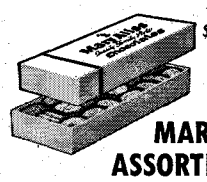
CLIFTON FEVER THERMOMETER

Accurate and easy-to-read. Choose from oral or rectal types, each in plastic case.



2 lb. $2.50 Value Now **$1.59**

MARY ALISS ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

Choice centers covered with rich dark or milk chocolate.

ELECTREX HEATING PAD

Save $1.80! It's wet-proof, 3-speed; has green flannel cover.

$5.49 Value, Now **$3.69**

☐ **Men's Nylon Stretch Socks.** Fit all sizes from 9½ to 14. In your choice of assorted patterns and colors. 98¢, now **2** pairs **$1.39**

☐ **Nylon Stretch Bobby Socks.** For misses and ladies. Fit all sizes from 7 to 11. In a wide choice of all popular dark or pastel solid colors. 79¢, now.....**2** pairs **$1.01**

☐ **Cannon Dry-Fast Turkish Towel,** thick, heavy terry cloth; popular 20"x40" size in choice of lovely colors. Now....**2 for 99¢**

☐ **Cannon Dry-Fast Wash Cloth,** 12" square in colors to match towels above..**2 for 29¢**

☐ **Cannon Dry-Fast Dish Cloth**..**2** for **27¢**

☐ **Cannon Dry-Fast Dish Towel.** Made of long-wearing, lint-free cotton ...**2 for 49¢**

☐ **Golden Wand Lint Brush**....**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Leather Key Case.** Genuine leather in smart finishes and colors with snap-over fastener and 6 key hooks. Now..**2 for 30¢**

☐ **Pocket Knife.** Hand-edged, high carbon steel blades. Choice of style and handle, each 3" to 3¼" in length. Now..**2 for 80¢**

☐ **Scout Flashlight Battery,** leakproof, standard size. A 15¢ value, now.....**2 for 21¢**

☐ **Christmas Tree Icicles,** 60 long lead foil strands. Buy early and save!....**2 for 13¢**

☐ **Air Refresher,** 5-oz. Aerosol. Quickly counteracts kitchen odors, smoky atmosphere, etc. with fresh aroma..**2 for $1.29**

☐ **Moth Fume Crystals,** pound....**2 for 80¢**

☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Toothpaste,** sweetens breath, leaves mouth refreshed. No "ammoniated after-taste".....**2 for 61¢**

☐ **Rexall Milk Of Magnesia Tablets,** for relief of acid-upset stomach and constipation. 36 in pocket-size tin. Now..**2 for 29¢**

Rexall drug products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR ONE PENNY MORE SALE STORES EVERYWHERE

EVERY ITEM IN THIS SALE IS REGULAR GUARANTEED REXALL MERCHANDISE

Use this ad as your shopping list and order in advance if you wish. Your Rexall Druggist will gladly lay away your order to be picked up any time during Rexall 1¢ Sale.

REXALL PANOVITE WITH MINERALS

One daily capsule supplies more than your minimum daily requirement of vitamins A, D, B_1, B_2 and C, plus B_6, B_{12}, calcium pantothenate, niacinamide and 11 important minerals — including iodine and iron. Bottles of 100 capsules. Stock up!

Reg. $4.95
2 for $4.96

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL

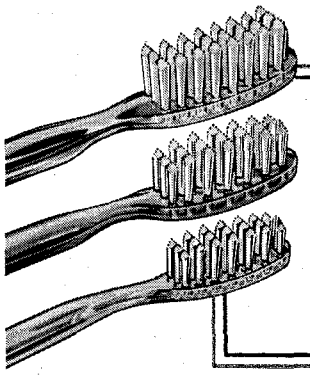
Reg. 69¢
2 for 70¢

For quick relief of sore, aching muscles due to over-exertion or exposure. Refreshing, stimulating. Full pints.

REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES

Reg. 43¢
2 for 44¢

Two types — children's and adults'. Firm, yet pliable. Bottles of 12. Stock up now and save.

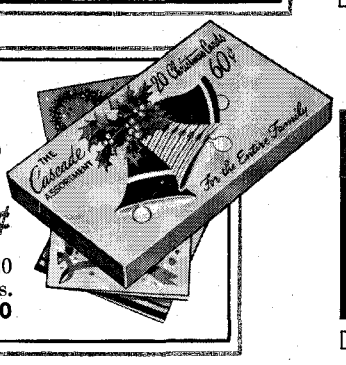


KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES

Fine quality nylon-bristled brushes in your choice of several colors, medically-approved styles.

Reg. 39¢ **2 for 40¢**

CASCADE CHRISTMAS CARDS

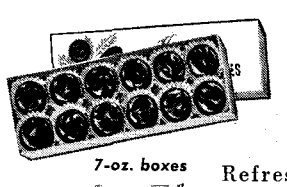


20 different, colorful cards. *Reg. 60¢* **2 for 61¢**

De Luxe Christmas Cards. 20 exquisite, extra-large cards. Regularly $1.19....**2 for $1.20**

...BUT VALUES TOO GOOD TO MISS!

Coffee Patties, ½ pound....**2 for 76¢**
English Rum and Butter Toffee, 7-oz. window boxes, now just.....**2 for 50¢**
Bag O'35 Pops, now just....**2 for 49¢**
Vanilla Fudge Cups. 15.....**2 for 59¢**



CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT PATTIES

7-oz. boxes
Now **2 for 76¢**

Refreshing creamy mints coated with fine bittersweet chocolate.

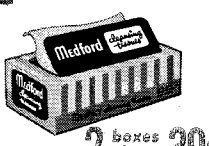
Chocolate-Covered Cocoanut, Butterscotch Cream Patties, 7-oz. boxes, now just **2 for 76¢**

Pr., $1.09 Value Now
2 pairs $1.51

SPUNTEX NYLON HOSIERY

51 gauge, 15 denier—plain or dark seams. New, lovely shades.

60 Gauge, 15 Denier, Pair $1.29 value, now.....**2 pairs $1.76**



MEDFORD FACIAL TISSUES

2 boxes of 300 **39¢**

White—soft, yet strong. Stock up ahead and save.

Now **3 giant tubes 89¢**

REXALL pH7 TOOTHPASTE

With anti-enzyme factor. Choose with or without chlorophyll.

REXALL MINERAL OIL

Gentle laxative action. Non-fattening.

Pint, 85¢ Value Now **2 for 86¢**

Quart, $1.25..**2 for $1.26**

59¢ Value Now **41¢**

REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS

Flexible adhesive bandages. Plain or mercurochrome.

- ☐ **Rexall Rex-Seltzer.** Effervescent, alkalizer, aspirin tablets give quick relief from discomfort of colds, simple headache, neuralgia, muscular lumbago and muscular aches and pains. Also relieve the discomfort of sour stomach, heartburn or flatulency due to excess acid. 25-tablet bottles, **2 for 59¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Camphorated Oil** is an excellent rub and counter-irritant for sprains and bruises, and for stiff, aching muscles due to overexertion or exposure. Full U.S.P. purity and strength. 4-oz. bottles.....**2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Ointment.** Protective application and healing aid for cuts, chafing or minor burns. 1-oz. tubes, **2 for 32¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Zinc Oxide Ointment** helps promote healing of chapped, chafed or irritated skin or minor burns. Soothing and protective. 1-oz. tubes.....**2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Epsom Salt.** For temporary relief from ordinary constipation. 25% solution makes an effective wet dressing for relief from minor skin irritations, burns and bee stings. Pound boxes, now.....**2 for 46¢**
- ☐ **Rexall B-Complex Capsules,** valuable diet supplement in conditions due to a deficiency of Vitamin B. Contains important vitamin B factors plus calcium pantothenate. Bottles of 100.....**2 for $2.60**
- ☐ **Rexall Tiny Tot Baby Oil,** 6 oz.; or **Lotion,** 6 oz.; or **Cream,** 2 oz.....**2 for 58¢**
- ☐ **Cascade Filler Paper,** 180-sheet packs. Wide or narrow-ruled; 5-hole punch to fit 2- or 3-ring binders. 50¢ value..**2 for 79¢**
- ☐ **Playing Cards,** single decks for bridge, poker or pinochle, now.....**2 for 96¢**

STOCK UP ON THESE FAMILY REMEDIES

☐ **Rexall Rex-Rub** helps relieve muscular aches and pains caused by over-exertion and exposure. Stimulating, greaseless solution. 6-oz. bottle, 89¢, **2 for 90¢**

☐ **Rexall Chlorophyll Mouthwash** has foaming action that gets where your toothbrush can't. Sweetens breath. Pint, 79¢, now **2 for 80¢**

☐ **Rexall Eyelo Eyewash** soothes, cools and cleanses. Reduces irritation caused by wind, dust and bright sun. With unbreakable eye-cup. ½ pint, 69¢, **2 for 70¢**

☐ **Rexall Petrofol** mineral oil laxative. Gentle, tasteless and non-habit forming; mechanical action relieves constipation quickly. Pint, **2 for 60¢**

- ☐ **Rexall Aspirin.** No finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price! Bottle of 36 five-grain tablets, regularly 27¢..**2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Mucilloid Bulk Laxative.** Gentle, effective, non-irritating. Provides both bulk and lubrication for relief of temporary constipation. Contains Nature's hemicellulose. Does not affect digestion. Easy to take; mix with water, milk or fruit juices as directed. Pound, regularly $2.79, now..**2 for $2.80**
- ☐ **Rexall Gypsy Cream For Irritated Skin.** A soothing, protective lotion that gives quick, effective relief from the discomfort of sunburn and other minor skin irritations. Contains no grease, so can't stain clothes. ½ pint, regularly 69¢, now.....**2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Sweet'n-ets Sprinkle** sugar substitute gives all of the taste, none of the calories. 2¼-oz. sprinkle-top shaker contains the equivalent of 200 teaspoonsful of sugar. Regularly 65¢, now.....**2 for 66¢**

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

☐ **Rexall Rexillana For Coughs.** Highly effective in relieving dryness, tickling and discomfort of coughs due to colds. 4 oz., regularly 59¢, now...**2 for 60¢**

☐ **Rexall Aspirex Cough Drops.** Contain aspirin to relieve pain of minor throat irritations and distress of coughs due to colds. 15¢....**2 for 16¢**

- ☐ **Rexall Antihistamine Tablets For Colds.** Give quick relief from the sneezing and misery of colds and hay fever. 15, **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Aqueous Nose Drops.** For quick, effective relief from the "stuffed up head" that usually accompanies colds. Makes breathing easier and relieves irritation of the mucous membrane. 1-oz. bottle, regularly 49¢, now.....**2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Mi-31 Throat Tablets.** Relieve irritation. Antiseptic. 24, 25¢, now..**2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup.** Soothes minor bronchial irritation, relieves coughs due to colds. ½-pint bottle, regularly 89¢, now, during sale.....**2 for 90¢**

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE 1¢ SALE BARGAINS →

Rexall

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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STATIONERY SAVINGS

☐ **1. Satin Stripe Stationery.** New pastel blue paper with faint watermark stripe. 48 single sheets and 24 matching envelopes, regularly $1.00, now.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **2. Parchment Notes.** High quality, distinctive paper with dainty gold and blue design. 20 french-fold notes, 20 envelopes, regular $1.00 box, now.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Needlepoint Stationery.** Has full color picture top of needlepoint design. 72 large sheets, 36 envelopes, reg. $1.50, **2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Embassy Boxed Stationery.** 24 sheets have dainty embassy crest; 12 plain sheets with 24 matching env. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **White Mist Parchment.** New Sno White Parchment paper. You get 30 large Forsythe sheets, 24 envelopes. Reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Scalloped Gold Stationery.** White vellum, with die-cut scallop effect, gold-bordered edges. 36 sheets, 24 envelopes, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Tradition Linen.** Rich, extra-heavy, large white paper—60 sheets, 36 envelopes, in gift box. Regularly $1.50, now....**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Fashion Flair Stationery.** Edges and envelope flaps have fashionable red plaid trim. 36 sheets, 24 envelopes..**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Speedlines, Air Mail.** 80 white sheets; 30 envelopes with printed lining. Airmail stickers included. $1.00 box, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Royalton Writing Paper.** Distinctive white paper with faint watermark. 20 single sheets, 20 envelopes, smartly boxed. Regularly 85¢, now.....**2** for **86¢**

☐ **Little Friends Notes.** Box of 12 notes, all different, gold-treated and lithographed in 6 colors on white vellum paper, 12 envelopes. Regularly 60¢, now.....**2** for **61¢**

☐ **3. Cascade Retractable Ball Pen,** with chromed satin finish and new streamlined features found on more expensive pens. Regularly $1.89, now.....**2** for **$1.90**

☐ **4. Elite Linen Tablets.** Ruled or unruled linen-finish paper in choice of note-size or letter-size pads. Reg. 25¢ tablets, **2** for **26¢**

☐ **5. Elite Linen Envelopes.** Social size, to match above paper. Reg. 25¢....**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Continental Sketches.** New! Beautifully *illustrated with world-famous points of* interest from water color drawings. 24 French-fold notes and envelopes, $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Shadowline Paper.** Popular new "shadowline" effect on fine quality white paper. 40 large flat sheets with 20 envelopes. Regular $1.00 box, now.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Woodland Notes.** New, original Woodland designs reproduced in delicate pastels. Box of 12 french-fold notes, 12 envelopes, regularly 60¢, now.....**2** for **61¢**

☐ **Retractable Ball Pen.** Quality pen in choice of smart colors; gold trim on cap or clip. New, non-smear ink. Uses BB refill. Regularly $1.29 each, now....**2** for **$1.30**

☐ **"All-In-One" Ball Pen Refill.** Fits more than 150 pens—including all leading brands. Choose blue, black, or red. Stock up! Regularly 49¢, now.....**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Cascade Lead Pencils,** reg. 5¢...**2** for **6¢**

☐ **Air Mail Tablet.** Cockle-finish onion skin, unruled. 6"x10". Regularly 25¢..**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Commercial Envelopes.** 6¾ size, white. Jumbo packs, regularly 10¢ and 25¢ each, during sale only, **2** for **11¢** and **2** for **26¢**

☐ **Commercial Envelopes,** No. 10 (lg. size) white envelopes, reg. 15¢ packs..**2** for **16¢**

SHAVING NEEDS

☐ **1. Rexall Ready-Shave.** Push-button Aerosol. 10 oz., $1.00.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **2. Rexall Shave Cream.** 2¾-oz. regular or 2½-oz. brushless. Reg. 43¢...**2** for **44¢**

☐ **Lavender Aerated Shave Cream.** Regular or menthol. 10-oz. Aerosol..**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Lavender After-Shave Lotion.** Pleasant, brisk fragrance. 4 oz., reg. $1, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **3. Rexall Shaving Lotion.** Spicy, masculine fragrance. 6 oz., reg. 59¢...**2** for **60¢**

☐ **4. Klenzo Lather Brush.** Fine bristles cased with pure badger. $2.50, **2** for **$2.51**

☐ **Rexall Bay Rum.** Bracing after-shave lotion. Pint, regularly 59¢.....**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Permedge Razor Blades.** 20 double or 18 single edge, reg. 49¢ pkgs. .....**2** for **50¢**

Important Note: *The items listed in this advertisement are regular, guaranteed Rexall products—freshly stocked by Rexall Family Druggists for this great money-saving event. Only the increased volume resulting from the 1¢ Sale enables them to offer you such quality at such tremendous savings.*

GET TWICE AS MUCH FOR REXALL 1¢ ONE CENT

AT REXALL DRUG STORES

FAMILY NEEDS

☐ **1. Atomizer** for perfume or cologne. Lovely, rich colors with 24K gold-plated metal trim. Gift-boxed. $1.50, **2** for **$1.51**

☐ **2. Victoria Hot Water Bottle.** Standard 2-qt. capacity, red. $2.69.....**2** for **$2.70**

☐ **Victoria Hot Water Bottle.** 2-heat type, one side smooth, the other finned. Red, high quality rubber; molded in one piece. Regularly $3.19 each, now....**2** for **$3.20**

☐ **Victoria Syringes.** 2-qt. fountain, $3.00, **2** for **$3.01**; combination...**2** for **$3.60**

☐ **Columbia Household Gloves,** natural latex, non-slip finish. Reg. 69¢, **2** for **70¢**

☐ **Plastic Shower Cap.** Reg. 29¢, **2** for **30¢**

☐ **Klenzo "Cellulite" Sponge,** extra-rugged for scrubbing, dishes, etc. Choice of 4 smart colors. Regularly 35¢ each.....**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rex-Ray 9-Ft. Extension Cord.** 3-way tap. Brown or white. Reg. 79¢.....**2** for **80¢**

☐ **Elkays Wickstyle Household Deodorant.** Pleasant-scented. 6 oz., 59¢.....**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Mothproofer,** 12-oz. Aerosol, **2** for **$1.96**

☐ **Monreale Olive Oil,** finest quality, imported—for cooking, dressings, etc. 12-oz. bottle, reg. $1.19, now.....**2** for **$1.20**

☐ **Ash Tray,** bean bag type, $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Shoe Laces,** Trim-Tie, 27" long; black, brown or white. Reg. 10¢ pair...**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Key Chain.** Gold color, watch-fob type with novel "old time" decoration, 98¢, **2** for **99¢**

☐ **3. Rexall No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant** deodorizes, cleans, disinfects—all at once. Economical (use one gallon water to 4 tablespoons disinfectant). Non-corrosive, non-caustic when used as directed. Pint bottle, regularly $1.19.....**2** for **$1.20**

☐ **Flashlight,** 2-cell with chrome plated steel case. 3-way switch. Reg. 89¢....**2** for **90¢**

☐ **Men's Leather Watch Straps** by Hamilton. Pigskin or calfskin, reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Sportsman Pipe.** Imported briar; choice of finish, regularly $1.00.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Nylon Bath Brush.** Extra-soft nylon bristles; lustrous plastic back and handle. Regularly $1.50.....**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Klenzo Nylon Hand Brush.** Sturdy nylon bristles. Regularly 50¢, now....**2** for **51¢**

☐ **Klenzo Nylon Military Hair Brush.** Fine, long-lasting bristles, reg. $2.00, **2** for **$2.01**

☐ **"8480" Emery Boards.** Strong, flexible. Regular 15¢ packs of 10, now....**2** for **16¢**

☐ **"8480" Nail Clipper,** Reg. 49¢, **2** for **50¢**

☐ **"8480" Tweezers.** Shiny forged steel in 3 styles. Regular 25¢ each.....**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Pocket Lighter,** reg. $1.98....**2** for **$1.99**

☐ **York Plastic Billfolds,** men's, women's; smart styles, colors. Reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Safety Pins,** reg. 10¢ bunch....**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Tiny Tot Lollipops,** cluster of 6. Assorted flavors, safety handles. Reg. 10¢, **2** for **11¢**

☐ **Men's White Handkerchiefs**..**2** for **26¢**

CHRISTMAS WRAPS

☐ **Wide Rayon Ribbons.** ⅝" x 15 yds. in colors, some striped, reg. 25¢...**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Deluxe Christmas Gift Paper.** Fine quality papers with high-styled holiday designs. Package of two big 20" x 30" sheets, regularly 25¢ each, now.....**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Aluminum Foil Gift Wrap.** Choice of colorful designs. 20"x 70" roll, **2** for **51¢**

☐ **Curling Tie Ribbon,** 25¢, Christmas colors..**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Rayon Ribbon Hanks,** 9 ft. each, regularly 10¢, now.....**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Seals, Tags, Cards,** reg. 10¢...**2** for **11¢**

BEAUTY BUYS—STOCK UP NOW AND SAVE

☐ **1. Adrienne Sequoia Pine Soap** with lanolin. Box of 4 cakes, $1.39..**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **2. Dainty Deodorant Cream.** Odorless anti-perspirant, 1⅛-oz. jar, 49¢..**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Lavender Soap with Lanolin.** Especially recommended for dry skin. Four 4½-oz. cakes, regularly $1.39, now...**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Adrienne Dry Skin Soap** with lanolin. Exceptionally mild soap. Box of 4 cakes, regularly $1.39, now.....**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Adrienne Rose Geranium Soap** with lanolin. Box of 4, reg. $1.39...**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Lavender Cologne Deodorant.** Fresh fragrance. 4 oz. Reg. $1.00....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Lavender Cologne Stick.** Light, dainty fragrance. Reg. $1.25.....**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Lavender Deodorant Talcum** with Hexachlorophene, 3⅛ oz., reg. 60¢....**2** for **61¢**

☐ **Adrienne Woodsy Cologne Stick,** new refreshing scent. Reg. $1.25...**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Adrienne Sequoia Pine Bath Oil.** Softens water. 6-oz. bottle, reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **3. Dainty Deodorant Stick.** No waste, no muss. 2½ oz. Reg. $1.00.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **4. Dainty Mist Spray Deodorant,** 1½-oz. plastic squeeze-bottle. Reg. 75¢, **2** for **76¢**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Cologne.** Delicately scented. 3 oz., reg. $1.00.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Powder,** after-bath refresher. 4-oz. can, reg. 60¢....**2** for **61¢**

☐ **Adrienne Deodorant Lotion,** with light fragrance. Regularly $1.00...**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Mascal's Hand Lotion.** Smoothing, softening. Pint, regularly $1.00.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Ilasol Hand Lotion.** Non-sticky, fast-drying. 8-oz. bottle, regularly 89¢, **2** for **90¢**

☐ **Adrienne "All-Purpose Cream,"** 3½ oz.; **Cold Cream,** 3 oz.; **Cleansing Cream,** 3¼ oz.; or **Hand Cream,** 4¼ oz. Each, regularly $1.00, now.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **"8480" Talcum.** Soft, fragrant, absorbent talc. 1 lb., regularly 75¢.....**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Velour Powder Puffs,** 3", 15¢, **2** for **16¢**

☐ **Foam Rubber Powder Puffs**...**2** for **11¢**

☐ **5. Adrienne Colognes.** Choice of Woodsy, Floral or Exotic Essence—each delightful, distinctive. Reg. $1.25 ea.....**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **6. Adrienne Garden Spice Cologne Stick.** Garden fresh; subtle, spicy fragrance. 2½ oz., regularly $1.25.....**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Adrienne Garden Spice Cologne.** Same lovely fragrance for your dressing table. Regularly $1.50.....**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Adrienne Liquid Cleanser.** Deep, deep cleansing cream in new, neat liquid form. Regularly $1.50, now.....**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Adrienne "Magic Tone" Liquid Rouge.** Smooth one drop on each cheek with finger tips. Blends evenly for radiant, youthful glow. Regularly $1.00, now...**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Rexall Theatrical Cleansing or Cold Cream.** Favorites of theatrical profession. 1-lb. jar, regularly $1.25 each..**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Rexall Antiseptic Deodorant Talc,** absorbs perspiration, helps prevent chafing. 9-oz. can, reg. 59¢.....**2** for **60¢**

☐ **7. Adrienne Perfumed Bubble Bath.** Box of 20 packets—4 each of 5 lovely fragrances. Softens water. Regular 75¢ box..**2** for **76¢**

☐ **8. Adrienne Indelo Lipsticks.** 6 flattering shades plus exciting "goes-with-all" Magic Red (the color adapts to your lips for perfect blend). Reg. $1.00 each..**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Indelo Lipbrush,** reg. 75¢, now **2** for **76¢**

☐ **Helen Cornell Bubble Bath.** Luxuriant, lasting bubbles. Reg. $1.00....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Helen Cornell Hormone Cream.** Contains 10,000 International Units natural estrogenic hormones per ounce. 2-oz. jar, regularly $1.50, now.....**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Adrienne Face Powder.** Choice of 4 shades in Regular or Compressed. Each, regularly $1.00, now.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ ***Adrienne Powder Puffs.*** *Choose either:* Compressed Puff, reg. 15¢, **2** for **16¢;** Velour Puff, reg. 25¢, **2** for **26¢;** or "Prim-puffs," package of 6 puffs in assorted colors, regularly 10¢, now.....**2** for **11¢**

← Be sure to check preceding pages again—don't miss any bargains!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PENNY MORE SALE EVERYWHERE

NOW! 6 BIG SALE DAYS

MONDAY	OCTOBER 17
TUESDAY	OCTOBER 18
WEDNESDAY	OCTOBER 19
THURSDAY	OCTOBER 20
FRIDAY	OCTOBER 21
SATURDAY	OCTOBER 22

HAIR GROOMING NEEDS

☐ **1. Combs** in every size and style. Now, **2** for **11¢**, **2** for **20¢**, **2** for **26¢**, **2** for **30¢**

☐ **2. Lavender Shampoo.** 6 oz., **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Helen Cornell Shampoo.** 4-oz. jar Cream Shampoo or 8-oz. bottle Liquid or Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. Reg. 98¢, now....**2** for **99¢**

FOR MEN

☐ **Rexall Antiseptic Hair Tonic.** Helps control dandruff. 5 oz., 69¢, now....**2** for **70¢**

☐ **Lavender Cream Hair Tonic** with Lanolin. Non-drying. 6 oz., 1.00, now...**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Lavender Hair Dressing.** 4 oz...**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Lavender Hair Oil.** 6 oz., $1..**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Rexall Hair Oil.** 5 oz., 49¢, now **2** for **50¢**

FOR WOMEN

☐ **3. "Stardust" Professional Hair Brush.** Nylon bristles in colorful back, **2** for **$2.01**

☐ **Helen Cornell Hair Nets.** Snug fit, choice of 7 shades. Reg. 10¢, now.....**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Helen Cornell Hair Rinse.** 8 oz., **2** for **99¢**

☐ **Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen,** 6%, 20 volume. 4-ounce bottle, 21¢, now **2** for **22¢**

☐ **Helen Cornell Hair Bandeau, 2** for **40¢**

☐ **Klenzo Hair Brushes,** half-round, professional, club styles, Reg. $1.00..**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Purse-Size Hair Brush.** Glossy nylon bristles. Reg. $1.00, now...**2** for **$1.01**

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☐ **1. Klenzo Dental Plate Brush.** Choice of colors, white nylon bristles. 59¢, **2** for **60¢**

☐ **2. Rexall Dental Floss** in acetate vial with cutting edge. 30 yds. 25¢, now...**2** for **26¢**

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☐ **3. Rexall Milk of Magnesia Toothpaste.** Neutralizes mouth acids, has calcium carbonate to provide fast, safe polishing action. 3¾ oz., **2** for **40¢**; 5½ oz., 49¢..**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Rexall Dental Plate Cleaner.** 4 oz., **2** for **61¢**; 7½-oz. self-acting type, now **2** for **70¢**

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☐ **Rexall Vitamin B_{12} Concentrate.** 100 10 mcg. tablets, reg. $2.30....**2** for **$2.31**
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☐ **Rexall Thiamine Hydrochloride Tablets.** 25 mg. 100, reg. $2.98, now...**2** for **$2.99**

☐ **3. Rexall Brewer's Yeast Tablets** provide B_1 and B_2 at low cost. Bottle of 100, reg. 59¢, now **2** for **60¢**; 250, 98¢....**2** for **99¢**

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☐ **Rexall Panovite Capsules.** One a day provides more than M.D.A.R.* of vitamins B_1, D, A, B_2 and C, plus B_6, niacinamide, calcium pantothenate. 100, $3.10, **2** for **$3.11**

☐ **Rexall Percocod Tablets** ("Vitamin Candy") for children. Two pleasant-tasting tablets a day supply more vitamin A and D than a teaspoonful of cod liver oil. Bottle of 110, regularly 98¢, now.....**2** for **99¢**

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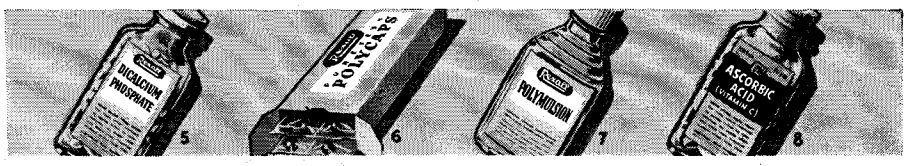

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☐ **8. Rexall Ascorbic Acid Tablets.** 100 mgms. 100, reg. $1.98, now....**2** for **$1.99**

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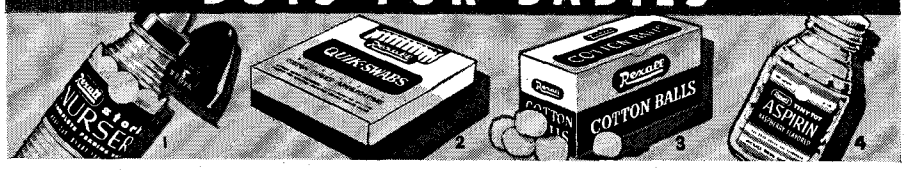

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☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Solution.** 4-ounce bottle, regularly 25¢, now.....**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Rexall Tincture Benzoin Compound.** For relief of minor irritations of bronchial tubes and larynx. 1 oz., 39¢, now.....**2** for **40¢**

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☐ **Rexall Essence of Peppermint.** Soothes upset stomach. 1 oz., 45¢.....**2** for **46¢**

☐ **5. Rexall Quik-Snips.** Tiny adhesive bandages for small cuts and bruises. Especially fine for children's fingers. 36, 39¢, **2** for **40¢**

☐ **6. Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape.** Waterproof, and flesh-colored. Far less irritating to the skin than ordinary tape, because adhesive is made by an exclusive Rexall process. And it sticks better, too. ½" x 10 yds. or 1" x 5 yds., 39¢, **2** for **40¢**; Tri-Wide—3 widths on one spool, so you always have the right width handy. Each spool regularly 59¢, now.....**2** for **60¢**

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☐ **Rexall Castor Oil** relieves constipation. Has a sweet, nutty flavor. Full U.S.P. purity and strength. 3-oz. bottle, reg. 45¢, **2** for **46¢**

☐ **Rexall Glycerin.** 3 oz., 67¢, now **2** for **68¢**

☐ **Rexall Cold Sore Lotion.** ¼ oz., **2** for **30¢**

☐ **7. Rexall Hygienic Powder.** Makes an excellent cleansing lotion. 6 oz., **2** for **76¢**

☐ **8. Rexall Peroxide Of Hydrogen.** 3%, 10 volume. A cleansing solution for cuts, abrasions, etc. Often checks cold sores in early stages. Relieves itching discomfort of non-poisonous insect bites. Pt., 45¢...**2** for **46¢**

☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tablets.** Bottles of 100: ¼ gr., **2** for **36¢**; ½ gr., **2** for **46¢**. 1000: ¼ gr., **2** for **$1.09**; 1 gr. ....**2** for **$1.50**

☐ **Rexall Quick-Acting Plaster** relieves minor muscular aches caused by over-exertion, exposure. Regularly 59¢, **2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall White Petrolatum.** Salve for cuts, scratches. 1-oz. tube, reg. 24¢, **2** for **25¢**

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(Continued from Page 68)

general they're no stinkin' good. That ought to help me a lot, huh?"

Pete shook his head. "You know better, Alan."

"Sure." His hand closed hard on Pete's arm. "An' I know somethin' else. You got guts. Nobody makes you weasel—not me, not anybody. You do what you got to do and take your lumps. I'll go the road with a guy like that, win or lose."

A gavel rapped. "The Court will come to order."

The room became still. Colonel McVey studied the papers before him, then removed his thick-rimmed glasses. He looked at everyone in the room, he looked at Pete last of all. His gaze was level and cold. Yes, Pete decided, the colonel had heard from the general.

The law officer said quietly, "Proceed with the defense, lieutenant."

A faint sigh went through the courtroom. They'd all been braced, Bevins more than any. Pete turned to him.

"Any suggestions?"

"Tuck in your tie," Bevins said. "Go with God."

Pete got to his feet. Now he was faced with it—the last battle. He couldn't prolong the trial another day; today he won or lost. And today he was empty-handed. Kennedy and Wirth were lying. To win an acquittal, Pete had to break their testimony. How do you break a lie? How do you drag the truth from clever men? With what weapons? Pete wiped sweat from his hands and shook a sudden panic from his mind.

"Corporal Wirth," he said.

Wirth came in quickly, a sight to gladden the heart of any commanding officer. Suntans spotless, brass polished, shoes gleaming. He was lean and hard-bitten. A trace of a smile pulled at his lips as he sat down. Then his expression changed and he became a man with an earnest desire to help, a soldier doing his duty—and a liar by the shine in his eyes.

"Do you know the penalty for perjury?" Pete asked.

"Dishonorable discharge, sir. Five years' imprisonment."

"Keep that in mind," Pete said.

He shaped his questions carefully, hunting for character flaws, weaknesses—anything at all that might be used to impeach Wirth's testimony. A tedious task, geared to Vanderhoof's painfully slow shorthand, blocked by a dozen sustained objections. And a waste. Wirth's answers showed him to be a good, clean, red-blooded American boy.

Pete examined Wirth's relationship to Kennedy. Were they friends? Close friends? No. Corporal and sergeant in the same MP company, that was all. Had Wirth known the deceased, Shirley Dolan, personally? Yes. Date her? No.

"Remember the penalty for perjury, corporal," Pete said.

And Wirth grinned. "Well, I tried to date her, sir. But she always said no. Is that better?"

Laughter in the courtroom. The gavel rapped.

Pete went on to the night of the murder. Wirth's duty, his reason for being with Kennedy, his identification of Pomeroy, before and after the crime, the arrest of Pomeroy, the condition of Pomeroy's face, knuckles and clothes—Pete went into each point minutely, and gained nothing. This was all old ground; Wirth's answers did not change. It was hard, grueling work for Pete, fun for Wirth. And boring for the members of the Court. A lieutenant sat with his chin on his fist—asleep, Pete was sure. Another stared at the ceiling. The others doodled or scowled at Pete. Colonel McVey alone followed the testimony with an alert eye. Pete finally dismissed Corporal Wirth. A noon recess was called.

After lunch, Pete called Sergeant Kennedy to the stand. He'd called Wirth first, feeling Wirth was the lesser man, the one more likely to break. Kennedy was a bull for strength, confident and clever. When the course of Pete's questioning became clear—the same course he'd followed with Wirth—there was a rustle of real resentment in the room.

Pete went stubbornly on. The stifling heat of the room, the impatience of the trial counsel, the incisive voice of the law officer, sustaining against him, warning him, blocking him, added to the anger swelling in his throat—anger born of frustration, of knowing he was losing a fight that should be won.

"Shirley Dolan was your girl, wasn't she?"

"No, sir," Sergeant Kennedy said.

"How often did you date her?"

"I dunno exactly. Maybe a dozen times."

"Were you intimate with her?"

"No, sir. Just friends."

"Repeat that answer, sergeant. I want no mistake."

"I object!"

The objection was sustained. This was old ground, the law officer said, already thoroughly explored and found barren. There was no reason, at this point, to defame or try to defame the good reputation of the deceased.

Sergeant Kennedy was staring at Pete, derision plain in his eyes. He had just lied

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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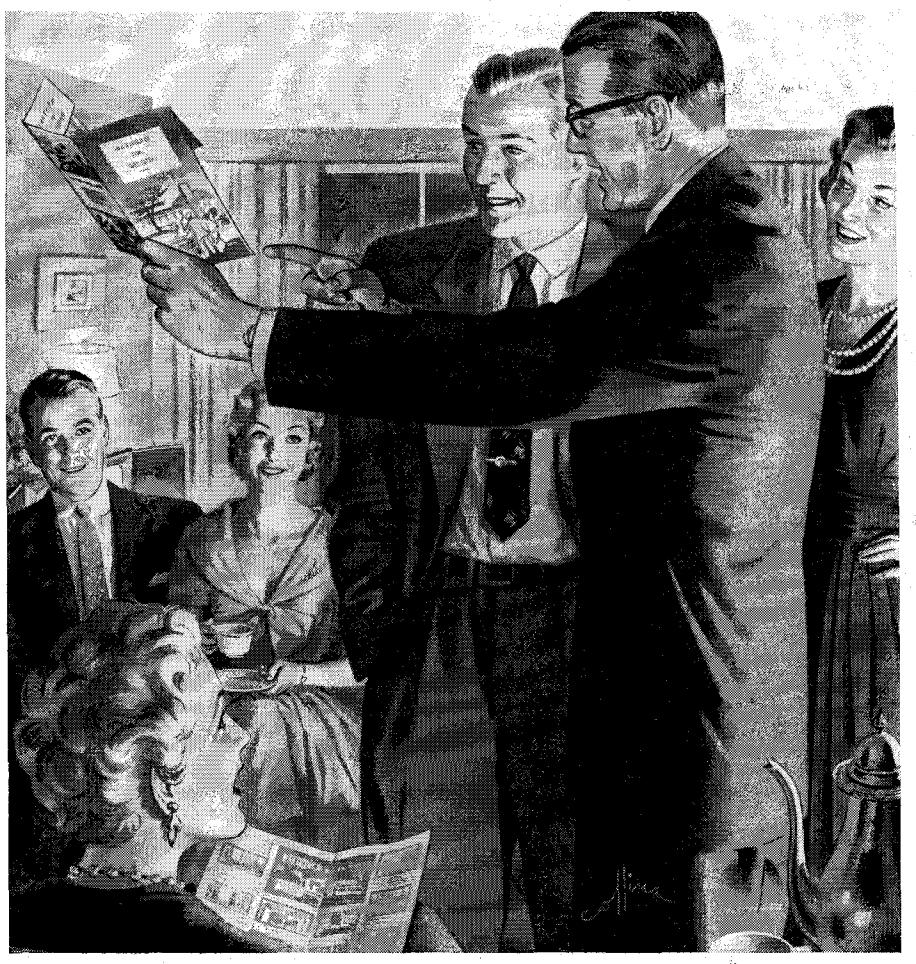

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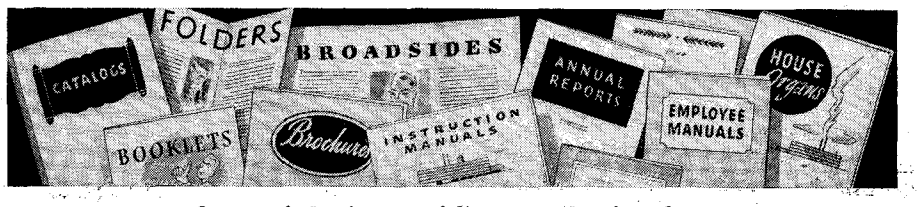

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again, his eyes admitted it. His eyes were defying Pete to prove the lie or even to be heard in this Court. Pete's mind fogged with red anger. He faced the bench.

"If the Court please," he said hoarsely, "I'm here under orders to do everything humanly possible to free the defendant. An innocent man. I demand the right to follow orders. I demand the right to secure him justice!"

"Is he not getting justice?" the colonel asked.

"There is no justice here!" The words burst from Pete's lips; he could not call them back. "This is not a fair trial; this is a comedy of errors. The defendant was falsely accused. The witnesses against him are guilty of perjury. Corporal Wirth lied. Sergeant Kennedy is lying now!"

Pomeroy was suddenly on his feet, yelling, "Y'damn right he's lying! The dirty, rotten son ——"

And the room exploded. Pomeroy's outburst startled the lieutenant whose chin had been propped on his fist, his chair went over with a crash. The trial counsel was up, loudly protesting; Pomeroy tried to shout him down. The colonel's gavel pounded.

Vanderhoof's thin voice rose in a wailing plea, "Slow down! Slow down! I can't keep up!" And Pete Cameron stood stricken and stunned—he had touched it off.

Pomeroy went suddenly berserk. He leaped the defense table and charged Sergeant Kennedy like a thrown lance. Pete's wild grab missed. Pomeroy hit Kennedy, shoulder to chest, and took him backward over the witness chair. There was murder in Pomeroy's curses, in his clutching hands. A dozen men leaped to break it up. The MP guards waded in, clubs high. Pete closed his eyes to the thud of wood on bone and flesh.

Dear Anne: That wasn't an earthquake you heard, that was the end of the world—Happy Beaver's world, at least. Your man committed a lawyer's greatest sin; he lost control of himself. Bevins will tell you he made military history, the most infamous kind. I will tell you he failed in a sacred trust. The defendant did not go free from his trial . . . he was carried away unconscious.

Pete sat in the jeep, holding his head in his hands. He heard feet on the gravel of the parking area and someone got behind the wheel. It was Bevins, and his voice was tired.

"You're under arrest," he said. "In my custody."

"The trial?"

"Adjourned," Bevins said. "Don't ask me for how long. McVey's too wild-eyed to say. He's burning, Pete."

"Can't blame him. I disgraced the uniform."

"You're no hero, I'll give you that." Bevins got the jeep out of the parking area and on the road. "I hate to say it, Pete, but I think you're finished."

Pete nodded. "I'll lose my commission—for the good of the service. If the colonel wants to be rough about it, he can hit me with a court-martial."

"Could be," Bevins said.

They approached an intersection. A weapons carrier was parked on the far side of it, the man at the wheel was Sergeant Yarnall. He waved them down and came over, tall, big-handed and lean. He carelessly tossed them a half salute, shoved his cap far back on red hair and gave them an easy grin.

"Trial finished?"

"No," Bevins said. "Blown to hell."

He gave Yarnall the story. Yarnall listened, watching Pete's face with a look of wry bafflement.

"Lieutenant," Yarnall said, "whatever am I going to do with you?"

"We can always feed him to the squirrels," Bevins said.

"Yeah," Yarnall said. "Well, c'mon. I think I've got something that'll do a little good."

"He's under arrest."

"Sure," Yarnall said. "You've got to take him back to the barracks. Anybody say which road you had to take? So it goes through town, where's the beef?"

"That's an evasion," Bevins said. "It could cost me my commission. It would certainly block my promotion. I won't consider it." He looked at Yarnall. "Unless you've got something—say, as hot as a sheriff's pistol?"

"Could get our boy outta the grease."

Pete came erect. "Was I right?"

(Continued on Page 78)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We shall meet again when twice the moon has come and gone—that O.K. with you, sugar-lips?"

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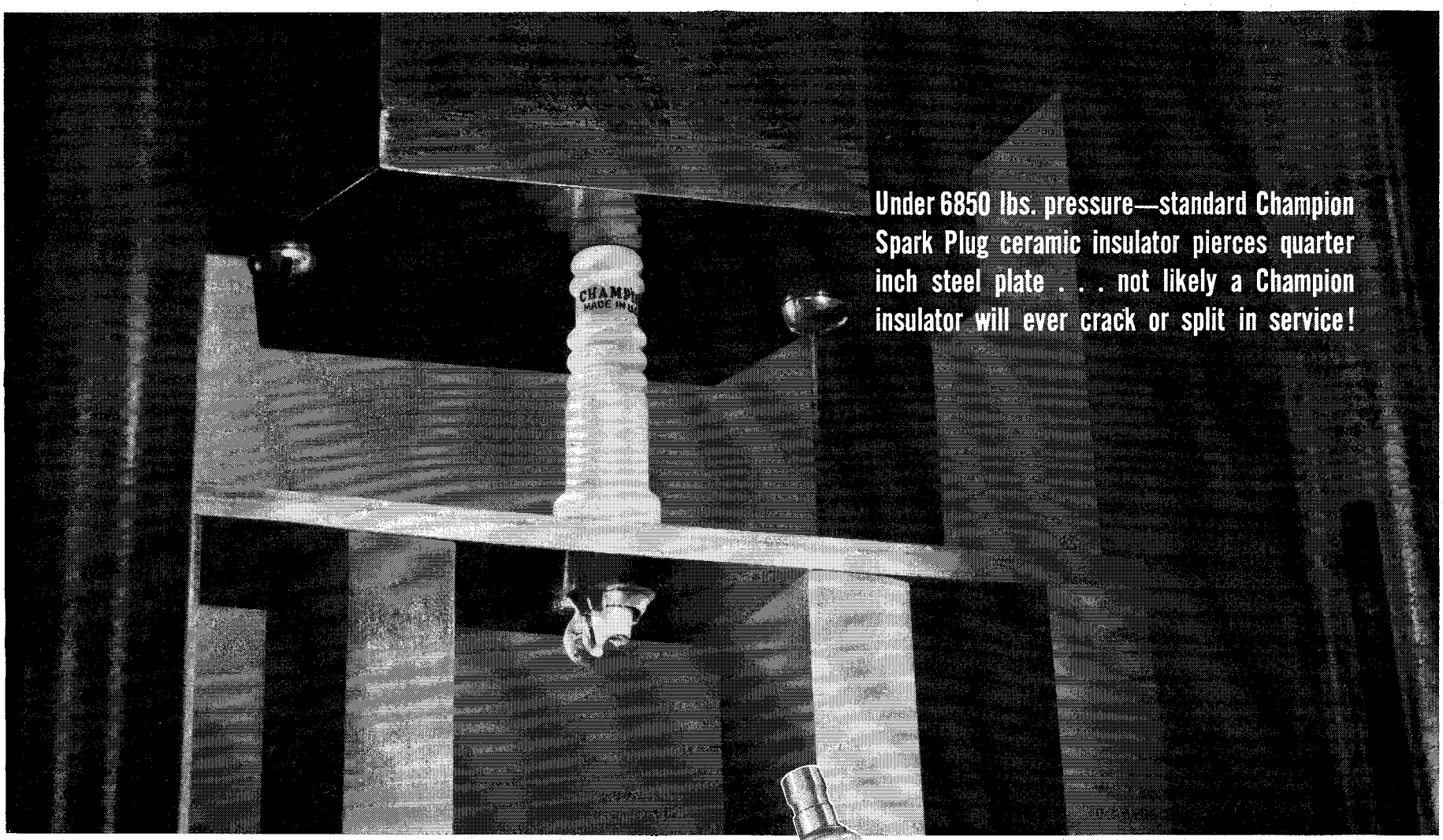
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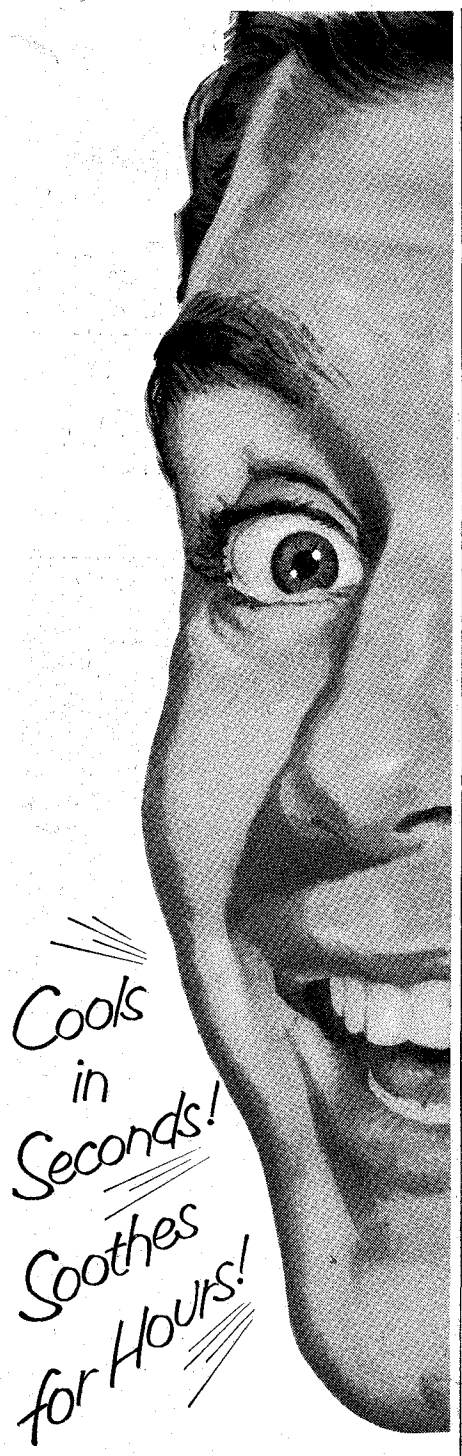

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(Continued from Page 76)

"Looks like," Yarnall said. "We'll know pretty quick."

Bevins said, "Give me some facts."

Yarnall looked long at Bevins. "It's a deal the lieutenant figured out. That's enough. It ain't good for an officer to know too much. Makes 'em responsible, see? Not knowing, you can always pass the buck. Am I right?"

"Depends on the size of the buck," Bevins said. "I got a hunch this's a big one." He got out of the jeep. "And I wanted to be a captain. You don't know how much I wanted to be a captain. . . . C'mon, Pete. We can always join the Navy; they'll take anybody."

They got into the weapons carrier. Yarnall drove. He kept looking at Pete, shaking his head in a kind of baffled wonderment. They were well on the way to town before he spoke.

"Dunno who trained you, lieutenant," he said. "Whoever it was done a lousy job. Me, I'd've hammered a couple of things in your head as soon's I taught you the hand salute. You can't soldier without 'em. It's a little late, but you might as well learn 'em. Number One: Don't buck the Army system! If it blocks you, outflank it. There's a way around everything and everybody. All you got to do is find it. Tear in, head on, with your neck bowed—right or wrong—and you'll end up busted. Every damn time. Y'got that?"

"The hard way," Pete said.

"Here's Number Two," Yarnall said. "In the Army, we got a deal called a 'strategic withdrawal.' You don't only use it in combat. You use it all the time. Whenever you find yourself up against superior forces, make a strategic withdrawal. It ain't a retreat, you ain't licked. You back up, you get more muscle, you tackle it again, maybe a different way—you're still alive, you're still in the fight, see? But stay in there, outmanned and outgunned, and there ain't nothing you can get but clobbered. You lose the fight every damn time!"

"I stayed in," Pete said. "I lost the fight."

"Now you got it," Yarnall said. "Hang onto it and maybe someday you'll learn to soldier."

He stopped at a service station, used a telephone and got back behind the wheel. He finally stopped again on a little-used road on the outskirts of King City where there was only a scattering of houses. A block ahead of them was a long low building. There was no sign on it, but it looked like a warehouse. Yarnall said it was their objective.

"We're busting in," he said. "There's a door in the back, lieutenant"—to Bevins—"cover it and grab anything that comes out. We'll hit it from the front. Look sharp and step lively. There'll be a tussle, maybe a gun or two. O.K.?"

Bevins said, "Give me time to get there."

They gave him time. Then Pete and Yarnall left the weapons carrier. They turned down a driveway that ran the length of the building. There was a loading platform at the far end, a door halfway down. The door was closed. Yarnall broke into a trot.

"Hard and fast," he said.

He was at a full run when he reached the door. His hand flipped the knob, his shoulder hit the wood and the door smashed open. He was through, still running, and Pete was only a stride behind. They were in a rough sort of office, long and wide. There were chairs, a desk, a filing case, a stack of crates and boxes—and three men. A small one sat at the desk, a heavily built one stood in an inner doorway, a dark one used a chair. They were all civilians.

Yarnall picked the big one in the inner doorway, going for him without a pause. Startled or not, the big man knew a fight when he saw it, and met the lunge, driving forward with clubbing fists. Pete took the tougher of the two who were left—the slender dark one, possibly a Mexican; going in with all he had, he swung a hard right, missed, and tangled with the man—tangled, he found, with barbed wire. Slender or not, the dark man had a lithe and vicious strength.

The man at the desk squealed. He was on his feet, short, plump, white-haired. The way to the outer door was blocked by Yarnall and the big man. He hopped away from the desk and vanished through the inner door. No way to stop him. Yarnall and Pete had all they could handle.

Yarnall's going was very rough. The big man was a powerhouse and he was thick-skulled. They were on the floor, a twisting, rolling scramble of thrashing arms and legs.

Pete almost lost an eye to the dark man's hooked, clawing fingers, he caught a driving knee on his hip, he jerked away from rigid fingers seeking his nostrils. A hard right found the dark, snarling face, high; a left missed. They closed and tripped and fell. Pete couldn't hold the twisting, spitting, scratching devil. He squirmed from under Pete. When he got to his feet, he was

The Clinical Reply

By ABIGAIL CRESSON

She catalogued her allergies;
  She told me all her ills;
Exactly what the doctor said;
  The shots she took; the pills.
I made a fatal error;
  I should have said, "Hello!"
Instead I asked, "How are you?"
  And the lady let me know.

in a spring-kneed crouch, an open switchblade knife in his hand.

The blade was death, and Pete knew it. It was held like a sword, belt high, arm coiled, held by a man who knew how to use it. And Pete was afraid. He watched the knife like a bird watching a snake; he got to his feet. His hands were empty, there was no weapon near. And the dark man stalked him, slowly, on the balls of his feet, poised. Pete backed, his mind blind in that moment. The first strike came, a flashing cut from left to right. Pete jerked away. A white-hot iron crossed his chest.

It was only a light cut. It opened his shirt from pocket to pocket and let blood flow from a deep scratch. And it saved Pete's life. When he felt the blade, he lost his fear. He knew how to fight a knife. The Army had spent long hours teaching him. When the blade came again—this time a rapier thrust—he was ready. He twisted around the knife, outside, his hands snapped down and closed on the knife hand, his thumbs to the back. He lifted the knife hand high, throwing it over, whipping it down. The dark man's arm snapped. He screamed like a child.

Pete used his fists then, like hammers, mercilessly, and in a moment beat the man senseless. When he dropped, Pete turned quickly. Yarnall and the big man were still on the floor. Each had a pair of hands on the other's throat, Yarnall's inside, having a little the better of it. Pete took a long stride and kicked the big man in the back of the head. No more was needed. Yarnall got up, swearing.

"I had the guy! Had him cold! I didn't need ——" He stared at Pete's blood-soaked shirt, sobering instantly. "A shiv," he said. "You hurt?"

"A near miss," Pete said.

Yarnall had to see for himself. Then he looked at the knife, at the dark man's twisted forearm. His eyes came back to Pete, a grin building in them.

"Kind of hell on wheels, ain't you?"

Pete felt seven feet tall.

And they heard the sound of far-off sirens. Yarnall swore. "The other guy ——" He lunged for the inner doorway. Halfway through it, he saw Bevins coming down the dim interior of the warehouse with the third man. The plump little man was walking on tiptoes in front of Bevins, one arm out of sight behind him.

"Popped out the back," Bevins said. "Want him?"

"Yeah, man!" Yarnall said. "He's Number One." He caught the plump man by the coat front. "Watch the other two. What I got to do ain't a fit sight for officers and gentlemen."

He hustled the small man back into the warehouse. Pete heard Yarnall's voice snarling, as ugly as a voice could be. He heard the "Smack! Smack! Smack!" of a hard hand beating a face. The beating didn't stop until a thin voice moaned, then cried, then squealed for mercy. The sirens whooped in the drive outside then, tires wailed, doors slammed.

Six men poured into the room, four in uniform, two not. Pete's heart dropped to his socks. The big man with the black brows and heavy jaw, wearing the oak leaf, was Hulshof, the provost marshal at Camp Clements—the boss MP. He had three noncom MP's with him. The civilians were city police. Pete and Bevins snapped to attention. Hulshof's eyes were furious.

"Where's Yarnall?" he snapped.

Yarnall said, "Here, sir."

He came into the room, shoving the plump little man ahead of him. The round face was swollen, bruised and streaked with tears. Yarnall held him by the back of the neck and gave Major Hulshof an easy grin.

"Like I told you on the phone, sir," he said, "we had the range on a nest of thieves. Butterball, here"—he rattled the plump little man—"is the lad who's been buying the stuff we've been missing from the supply depot. Got a lot of it stacked out back. Now he's just beggin' for a chance to tell us who was the head thief of the bunch who stole it. . . . Ain't that so, Butterball?"

"Yes—yes, I'll tell you."

"Give us the name, loud and clear."

"S-Sergeant Kennedy."

Dear Anne: Did you know enlisted men will tell a noncom they know and trust, things they'd never tell an officer? It's a fact. A pair of honest GI's in the Quartermaster depot knew a little and guessed more. It took a man like Yarnall to get it out of them.

And it blew the whistle on Kennedy. Wirth sang like a bird. Kennedy killed Shirley Dolan. Why? She was his girl, almost his wife, and she knew about his thieving. He tried to give her the brush for a girl he liked better, she threatened to talk, he slugged her—and that's the way a murder happens.

Major Hulshof isn't too happy with us. It seems he and his people were also investigating Kennedy and Wirth—how could this happen?—and we grabbed the brass ring one short step ahead of them. I put together Kennedy's lie-without-reason and the theft of the supplies, and Yarnall did the rest. He gives me all the credit. He says I'll need it. In that he's right. Your Happy Beaver still has his misdeeds to account for—the Army exacts a punishment for every crime.

The office of Maj. Gen. Daniel B. Sisson was large, but it was crowded the next morning. Colonel McVey and Major Hulshof were there. Yarnall was there. Pvt. Alan Pomeroy, his head a turban of bandages, stood between Pete Cameron and Hugh Bevins. The general sat at his desk, cold-eyed,

(Continued on Page 81)

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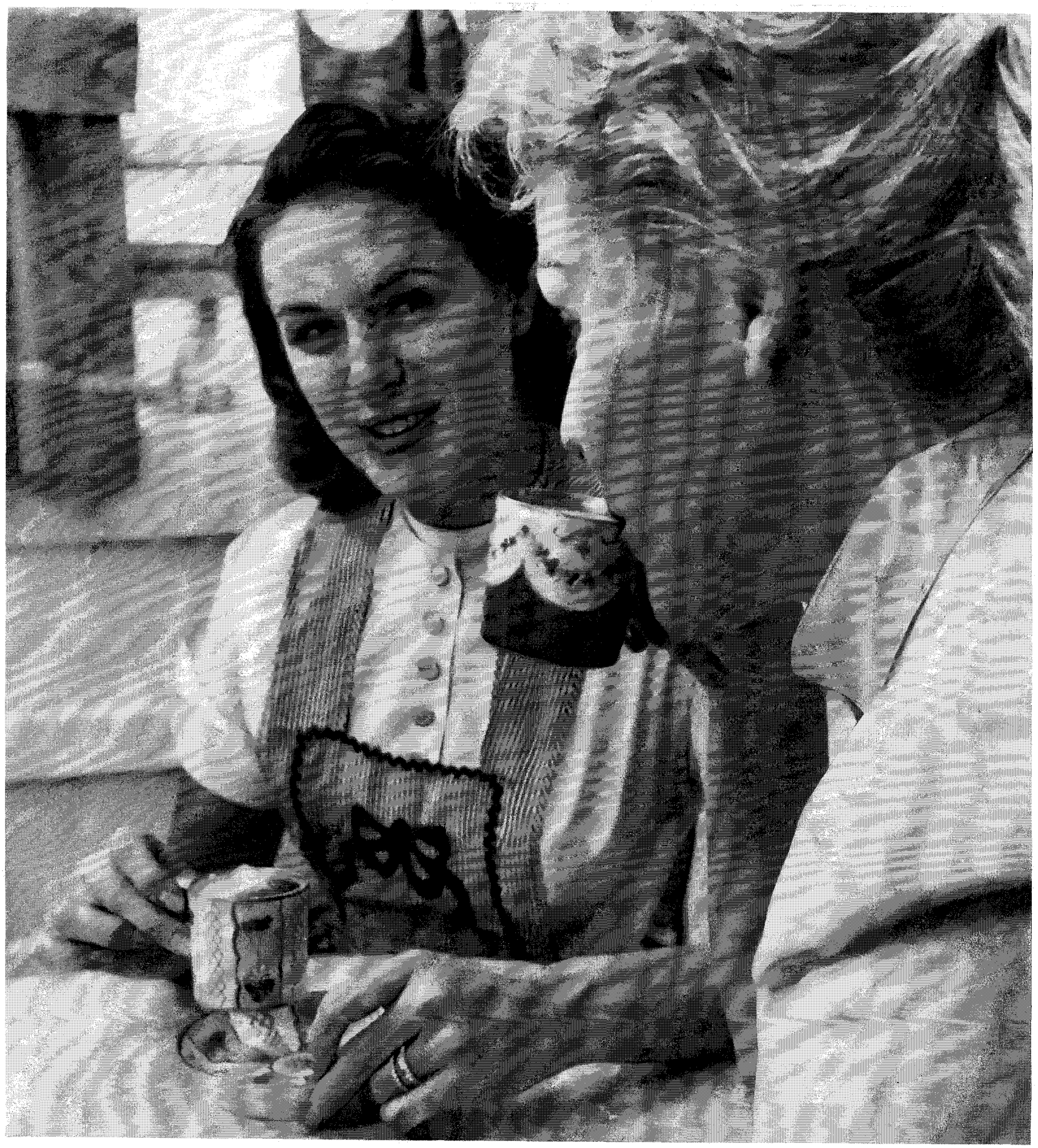

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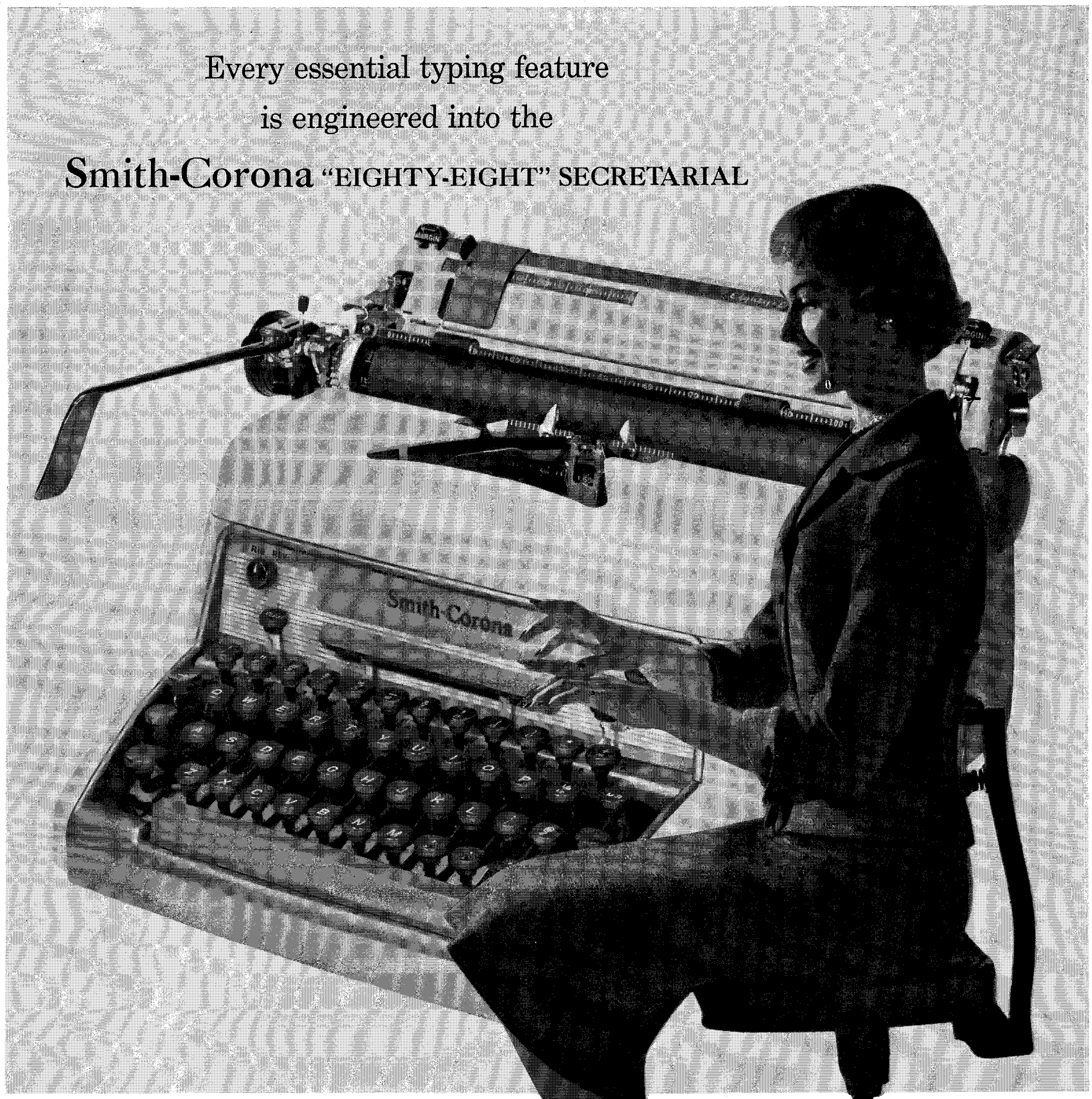

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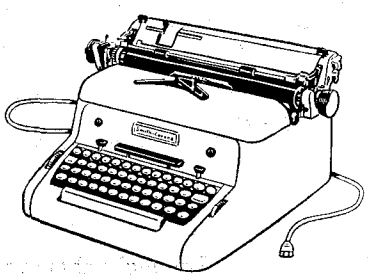

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(Continued from Page 78)

implacable. Now he looked up from the papers he held in his hands.

"Private Pomeroy."

Alan Pomeroy stiffened. "Yes, sir?"

"You've been cleared of the charge of murder," the general said. "As recompense for being unjustly accused, I'm recommending a ten-day leave for you, to begin immediately. Upon your return to duty, you will answer for your conduct at your trial. The charges are: striking a noncommissioned officer, using foul language, brawling and disgracing yourself and the uniform. You will suffer such punishment as your commanding officer may deem just and advisable. Is that clear, private?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"Then you may go."

Pomeroy stood fast.

"Well?" the general asked.

"I'd like to stay, sir," Pomeroy said. "I'd like to hear what kind of a deal Lieutenant Cameron gets, sir. I dunno; maybe I'll have to blow my top again."

"You think well of Lieutenant Cameron?"

"Do I!" Pomeroy said. "Look what he done for me! Saved my neck, didn't he? A lousy buck private. All he got out of it was grief. But he didn't quit. He ——" Pomeroy took a deep breath. "Look, sir, he's the best damn officer in this man's Army—and that's from a guy that knows!"

"A high opinion"—the general's eyes remained cold—"not shared, unfortunately, by his superiors. Stay, then." He put Pomeroy's papers aside. After a moment, he said, "Sergeant Kennedy, Corporal Wirth and others will be charged with murder and other crimes and tried before a military court. Their treatment and punishment, if found guilty, will be in accordance with the military code." His eyes leveled on Pete Cameron. "I'd like an opinion from you, lieutenant. Would you say that Private Pomeroy received just treatment?"

"I would, sir."

"Under military law, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was that possible?"

"Sir, I ——"

Pete set his jaws hard. This, he knew, was the moment for Yarnall's "strategic withdrawal." The general had opened the issue again—was justice possible under military law? Pete had said no before, and what had changed? Nothing basic. And when he looked at the avenues of withdrawal, he found them closed. A man named Pete Cameron blocked each way.

"It was possible, sir," he said, "because Sergeant Yarnall and I were able to prove Kennedy and Wirth were lying, which, in effect, proved the defendant innocent."

"That is correct," the general said.

He had the answer he'd wanted—the issue was still open. Nothing in his manner changed. His gray eyes were still impersonal and cold. He put the papers on his desk, he crossed his hands.

"In fairness to the Court," he said, "I must tell you this. Colonel McVey, the presiding officer, came to me a full day before you did—a full day, lieutenant—to say he felt there was a real possibility that Kennedy and Wirth were lying. Since a verdict of guilty would be based on their testimony, he suggested a thorough investigation of them be made. And since we hold a man is innocent of any crime—and perjury is a crime—innocent until proved guilty, we felt the trial must be continued and their testimony accepted as true and valid until we had evidence to the contrary." He paused for a moment. "Does this indicate to you that Colonel McVey was prejudiced against the defendant, lieutenant?"

"No, sir." Pete faced the colonel. "My apologies, sir."

The colonel's head tipped in a cool nod.

"Major Hulshof," the general said, "made the investigation, at my orders. Kennedy and Wirth serve in his command. He gave them the same scrutiny and treatment he would give to men in any other command. He reached the same conclusion you did, lieutenant, and a little before. Unfortunately, however, his position does not permit him to use Sergeant Yarnall's method of extracting a confession. He was searching for a more legitimate means when you and the sergeant acted."

Pete was sweating now. Plainly, nothing he had done had been necessary. The Army working in its own fashion would have freed Pomeroy in a little more time. The Army methods, then, had proved fit and capable. And where did that leave Pete Cameron?

"I was wrong, sir," Pete said. "In the case of Pomeroy, the defendant was fully protected under military law."

"In the case of Pomeroy," the general said slowly. "Does that imply that you feel justice is not served in every case under military law, lieutenant?"

"It does, sir," Pete said.

"And I agree," the general said. He paused, looking at Pete. A relentless man, a rifle of a man. In a moment, he said, "Are you surprised that I agree, lieutenant?"

"Yes—yes, sir," Pete said.

"And that," the general said, "implies you felt me to be a man with a closed mind, a bigot; if not stupid, at least not intelligent. Because, lieutenant, no responsible officer can deny our system has certain inherent weaknesses—lack of legal training in the members of the board, differences of rank, the requirements of military discipline, to name a few. I like to feel that I am a responsible officer. I resent even an implication that I'm not."

"Sir, I didn't mean ——"

"Let me ask you this, lieutenant," the general said. "If not our way, what alternative? Keep in mind that service in uniform is a unique way of life. Our problems are separate and distinct from those of civilian life, our needs are often peculiar to us alone. Would you suggest a civilian court be attached to every company—how many would we need? Would their lack of knowledge of our special requirements be less harmful than our lack of legal training? Would not just as many injustices be done?"

"Yes. I—I guess so, sir."

"I'll have a positive answer, lieutenant."

"The answer is yes, sir."

"Should we recruit and train," the general asked, "enough graduate law students to serve our every need? One to each company would mean many thousands. Where would we find them? What schools would train them? And if we had them, would they be a practical addition to the services or would they be an overwhelming burden to us and to the taxpayer?"

"It wouldn't make sense, sir."

"An alternative, lieutenant. Offer one."

"I—I haven't any, sir."

"Nor does anyone else," the general said. "Poor as you may feel our system is, we have yet to find one that would serve our purposes with a fraction of our present efficiency. Do you agree?"

"I agree, sir."

"Good," the general said. "Military law has come a long way from the drumhead, lieutenant. Changes are constantly made, methods are improved, new safeguards are developed. I am confident we will stay at least abreast of any other means of justice. Confident, because there are men like Colonel McVey—impartial, fair and intelligent—on almost every board. And because there are men like you, lieutenant, who will fight, if not with discretion, at least with every means available to protect the rights of a man who stands accused."

"Yes, sir," Pete said.

The general lifted his papers. "I've written a report on your conduct during this trial, lieutenant. As you know, it will be attached to your record to follow you wherever you go while in the service. It reads, in part:

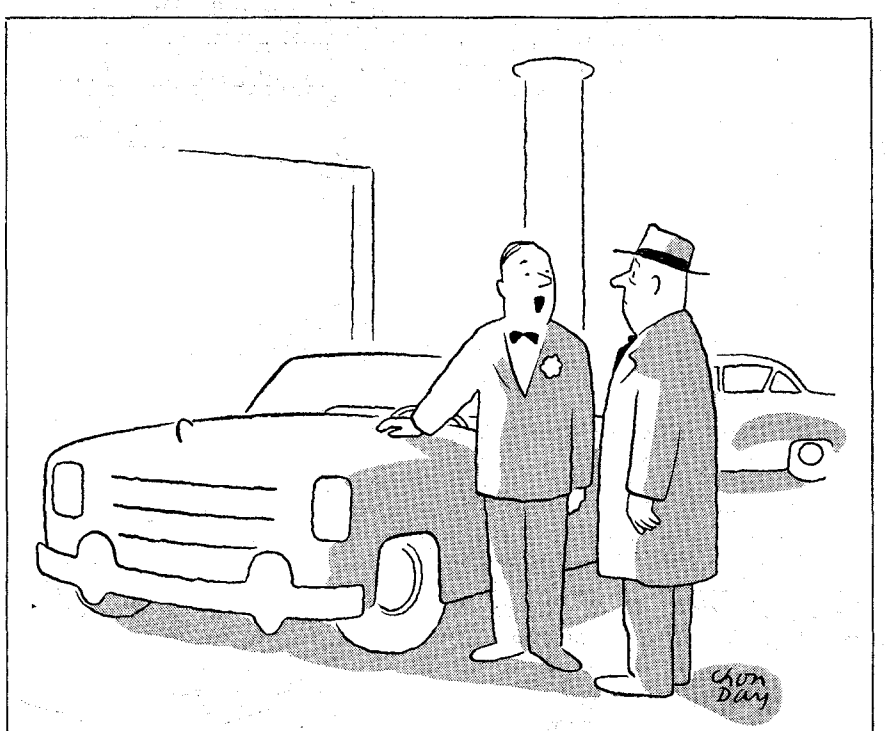
"'This officer has shown himself to be emotionally immature. He gave himself to extreme anger. In times of stress his judgment was poor. He seemed unwilling to admit higher authority or to comply with regulations.'" The general looked up. "There is also a list of specific charges to be acted upon by your commanding officer. Do you wish to protest?"

"No, sir."

Paper clips, Pete thought. *With a report like that on my record, I'll be counting paper clips at the North Pole from now until the ice thaws. I've had it.*

"There are also," the general said, "certain recommendations. Again, in part: 'However, this officer has shown an integrity, a courage, a complete devotion to duty seldom equaled in my experience. I urge his immediate and rapid promotion.'"

Dear Anne: That's the Army—reward for service, punishment for disservice. Well, Happy Beaver's learning—learning it takes a long time to become a soldier. With luck, one day I'll get there. THE END



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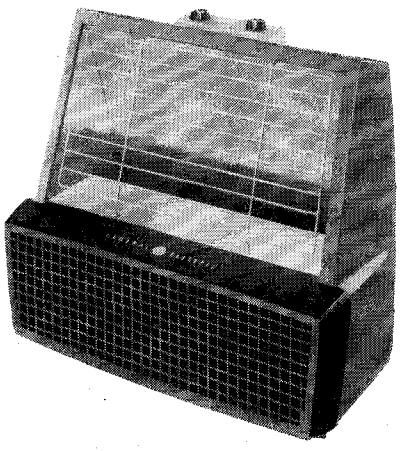

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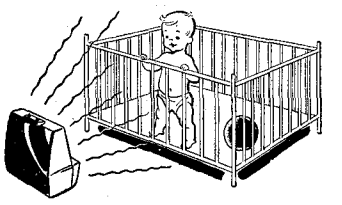

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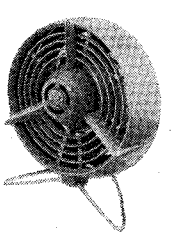

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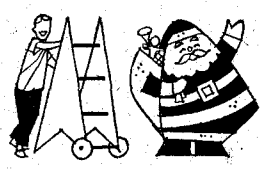

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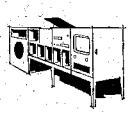

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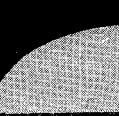

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Tough Job for a Soldier

(Continued from Page 39)

manpower of the Army. The annoyed gaze of the cows could typify the public and congressional apathy which produced a watered-down substitute instead of the adequate reserve bill which President Eisenhower urged. The spooky moonlight suggests the mystery of the atomic future. And the scatteration of the air-borne troops is a reminder of the uncertainties which especially plague any new form of warfare, however carefully planned and rehearsed.

Be it noted, however, that the difficulties and confusions of the Normandy night did not prevent Taylor from accomplishing his mission. The general and the private moved toward the coast, accumulating friends and eliminating enemies as they went. Before dawn Taylor had assembled a considerable and strangely mixed force. By chance he had picked up more rank than firepower. He had with him Brigadier General McAuliffe, later to win fame at Bastogne; Colonels Higgins, Sherburne and Sink; and a raft of lesser officers, specialists and technicians. He was short of what he needed most—riflemen. As he said later, "Never were so few led by so many." But they were good riflemen. One of them, named Danforth, ran into five German soldiers and brought down every one of them with a shot through the head—Taylor says it was the best piece of marksmanship he saw during the war.

Within a few more hours this heterogeneous and hard-fighting group had helped clean the Germans out of Pouppeville and opened the causeway for the 4th Division landing on Utah Beach. For his part in this, and subsequent fighting in Normandy, Taylor was awarded the D.S.C. for extraordinary heroism. He had already won the Silver Star for a secret mission into Rome, and other decorations were to come.

Col. (now Maj. Gen.) Gerald J. Higgins, who was with Taylor at that time, recently gave me some revealing glimpses of the quality of Taylor's leadership.

"Max took over the 101st Airborne at a difficult time. The Normandy invasion was less than three months off. Our old commander, Gen. William C. Lee, who had really created the division, and whom we all loved and revered, had just been knocked out by a heart attack. We had heard this young General Taylor was good, but we were naturally concerned. A new commander usually brings along his own boys for the key spots.

"Taylor didn't bring his own boys. As soon as he arrived, he called us all together and said, 'Let me tell you this. Anybody good enough for Bill Lee is good enough for me.' That won us. It was the right touch, and Max always has it."

On the night before D day, as we have seen, Taylor got no sleep, and the day itself was one of continuous action and turmoil. By evening, Taylor and Higgins, his chief of staff, had set up a divisional H.Q. of sorts at Hiesville. The division itself was still much scattered.

"Now, Jerry," said Taylor, "there's no use both of us worrying all night. I'm going to eat and sleep. Any decisions you make are mine." So Taylor slept soundly through the noisy night, while Higgins, as communications were established, was able to locate most of the division's far-flung units.

"At dawn Max was up," Higgins recalls, "telling me it was my turn for some sleep. He was bright as a dollar, cool, calm and collected, with a manner which spread confidence through the whole command. His mind was clear and fresh for the really important decisions which now had to be made. He was laying his plans for the capture of Carentan, the key spot we needed to link up the forces from Utah and Omaha beaches."

"Cool, calm and collected" is the usual phrase for Taylor. Some, at first meeting, find him "frosty." But all those I have talked to—men who have served with him for many years and including those who have known him since his days as a cadet—say that anyone who thinks Max Taylor is cold "has missed the man." He has an inner warmth which does not display itself in backslapping or effusive words, but comes through gradually from his actions.

"Max doesn't tell his soldiers how much he loves them," said one veteran paratroop officer. "In time they find out for themselves his devotion to their interests. He sets a terrific standard in training, competence and physical endurance. There may be some grumbling at first. Then comes pride in the outfit. Then, when the men see how all this pays off in combat, they really appreciate it. Max, spotting an enemy weak point, will ask tired troops for that last ounce of energy in an evening attack. Next day the men will realize that the objective would have cost many times the casualties if they had waited for the enemy to reinforce."

Max Taylor was born in the small town of Keytesville, Missouri, August 26, 1901. His father was a lawyer. He was an only child. When still very young he went with his parents to Kansas City, Missouri, where

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You can always tell married couples on a picnic. They're the ones who get the food ready.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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he attended the public schools. He admits he was a bookworm; in fact, he was something of a prodigy, graduating with honors from Northeastern High at fifteen. A gangling, studious youth, he did not seem a likely future prospect for the Army's top command, but a military influence was at work. He spent his summers working on his maternal grandfather's farm. Grandpa Davenport was an unreconstructed rebel, a one-armed veteran of the Lost Cause. Like so many old Confederates, he was full of fascinating tales of "the War." Young Max absorbed a taste for the profession of arms which has grown with the years. General Taylor still remembers asking grandpa what branch of the service he was in.

"In the cavalry, my boy," he said, "until my horse died. Then I was in the infantry."

By the time Max entered Kansas City, Missouri, Junior College, America was in World War I. His classmates, two or three years older than himself, were going into the service. He tried to get into the Army by lying about his age. His father intervened and suggested he try for Annapolis. He won the competitive examination, but in the regular examination he foundered on the Strait of Malacca. Then came the chance for West Point. This time he passed his exams and was on his way.

He graduated from West Point in 1922, the youngest member of his class—No. 4 in standing, a scholar and an athlete, a captain of cadets, editor of the Furlough Book, captain of the tennis team. It was an interesting time to be at the academy, with Brigadier General MacArthur as superintendent and such officers on the faculty as Maj. Omar Bradley, Capt. Joseph Lawton Collins and Capt. Matthew B. Ridgway—all of them to be Taylor's predecessors as Chief of Staff.

But the Army officer of that time faced a dim future,

(Continued on Page 84)

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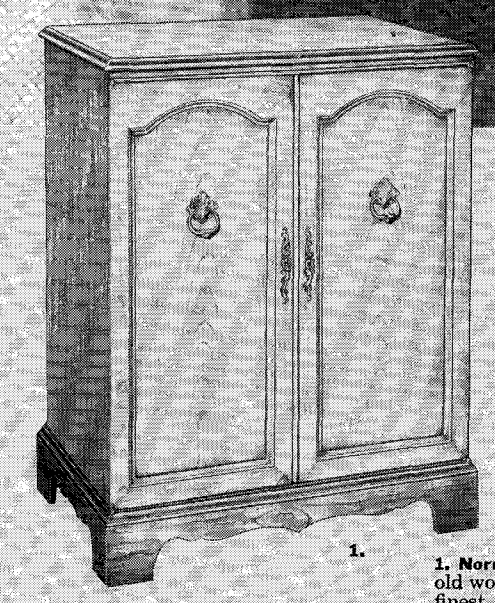

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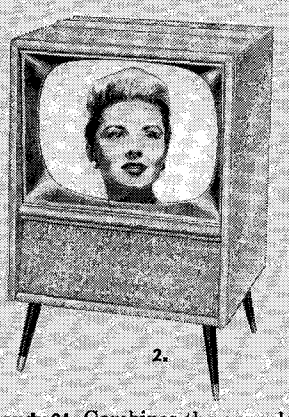

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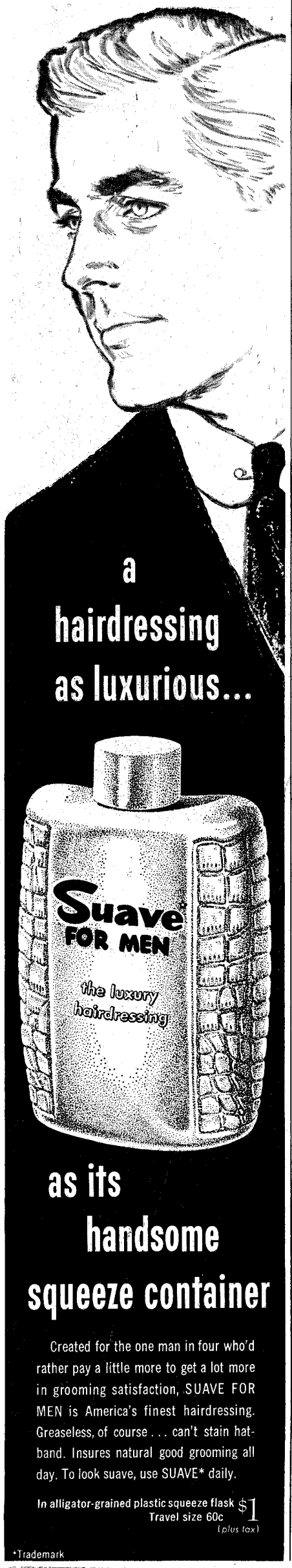
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(plus tax)
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(Continued from Page 82) years of modest pay, slow promotion and public indifference. What was it that kept men of such quality as those mentioned above—not to mention Dwight Eisenhower and young Taylor and many others—in the Army, and enabled them to furnish the leadership they did in World War II? Loyalty and patriotism, of course, but there was another important factor of which the public is little aware. It was the excellent and rigorous system of postgraduate service schools established after the first war by General Pershing at the urging of George C. Marshall. These schools gave officers of brains and ability, from West Point or otherwise, a goal and a stimulus, developing their minds, their skills, their pride in their profession. Eisenhower had been but an average student at the academy; years later, it was his dazzling record at the Command and General Staff School which marked him for high place.

Consider the case of young Max Taylor. After leaving the Point, it was thirteen years before he made captain, five more before he was a major. But during that time he completed the Engineer School, one year; the Field Artillery School, one year; the C. and G. Staff School, two years; the Army War College, one year. In intervening years he was sent to France to perfect himself in European languages—an ability which later was to serve the Army well in a moment of crisis; he taught at the Military Academy; and in the mid-'30's he was assigned to the Orient for three years to learn Japanese, with an interlude as intelligence officer under Vinegar Joe Stilwell in Peking. Incidentally, he wrote a confidential report on the Japanese Army which became required reading after Pearl Harbor.

A turning point in his career came in the spring of '42, when he was serving under General Marshall on the General Staff in Washington. Two generals in the field put in requests for Taylor's services. One was General Stilwell in the Far East. The other was General Ridgway, with the 82nd Infantry Division in Louisiana. Taylor, fluent in Spanish, had served under Ridgway in 1940 on a semidiplomatic hemispheric-defense mission to South America. For some reason still unknown to Taylor, General Marshall struck him off Stilwell's list and soon assigned him to Ridgway.

During 1942 the 82nd Infantry Division became the nucleus for the new, elite, volunteer airborne divisions. Taylor's service with the Airborne is one of the chief prides of his life, but he insists he did not volunteer for the paratroops—just happened into it. "I've always claimed to be one of the sane people in this jumping business," he says. In Europe, Taylor once asked one of his paratroopers why he liked jumping out of planes. "I don't," the man said. Then why on earth had he volunteered for the job, Taylor wanted to know. "I don't like jumping out of planes," the paratrooper said, "but I like to be around people who like jumping out of planes." Taylor shook his hand and said that was the way he felt about it.

The 82nd Airborne went overseas in the spring of '43. During the fighting in Sicily there was some friendly friction between Ridgway and his assistant divisional commander, Taylor. Both are "up-front" generals, who believe there are times when there is no substitute for a commander's presence and personal reconnaissance at the fighting lines. On occasion Ridgway had to order Taylor back to keep an eye on things at divisional H.Q.

In late July, Mussolini was kicked out and old Marshal Badoglio took over the tottering Italian government. In August, while the Allies were preparing for the invasion of Italy, Badoglio began secret negotiations to surrender. During the negotiations the Italian officers suggested a tempting plan. Rome, they said, was only lightly held by the Germans. If the Americans would drop airborne troops into the area, the Italian forces would join with them to drive the Germans from the city. This glittering plan looked good on paper, was adopted by the Allied command, and was set for the evening of September eighth.

But Ridgway had doubts—shared by Taylor—that the Italians could live up to their promises, on which the success of the whole venture hinged. He felt that someone should be smuggled into Rome to size up the situation at first hand. Taylor offered to go, and Ridgway, knowing him to have the qualifications of language, diplomatic skill and cool military judgment, accepted his offer. The higher command at first rejected the idea of the mission, but finally yielded to Ridgway's insistence.

Then secret arrangements had to be made with the Italians. It was the morning of September seventh, only about thirty-six hours before the airborne troops were due to take off, that General Taylor, accompanied by the late Col. William Tudor Gardiner, of the Air Force, set out on one of the most perilous—and useful—missions of the war.

The details of that mission were first fully described in America by David Brown in The Saturday Evening Post of September 16, 1944. It may be well to recall some of the high spots here. Taylor and Gardiner wore their uniforms and insignia of rank, in the hope that if they were captured by the Germans they would not be treated as spies. It was a slim hope. The Nazis in Italy, desperate at recent setbacks, were not likely to heed the niceties of international law. Capture would probably mean the firing squad or possibly torture to obtain their knowledge of invasion plans.

Taylor and Gardiner left Sicily before dawn by PT boat, transferred to an Italian corvette at sea, slipped ashore at Gaeta, and were put into a waiting Italian army ambulance for the seventy-five-mile drive to Rome. The ambulance had semifrosted windows which permitted them to see out without being seen. Along the way they saw German soldiers, and spotted the location of numerous Nazi units. Even today, Taylor says, whenever he sees a military ambulance he wonders involuntarily who might be in it.

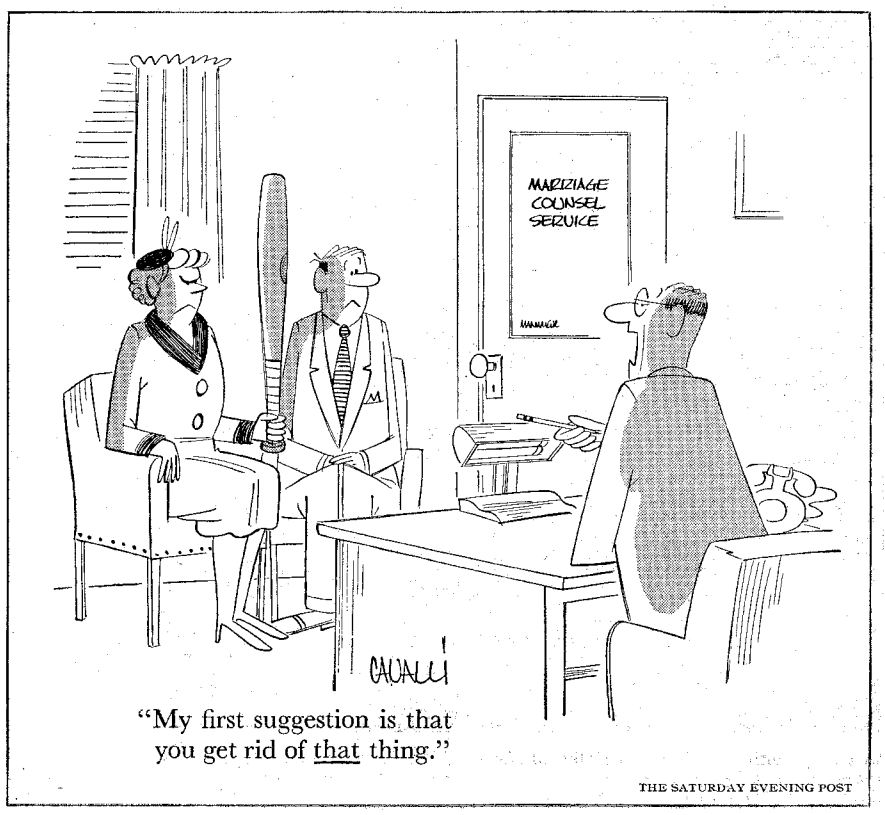
It was after ten at night when the emissaries entered Rome and were spirited into an old *palazzo* opposite the Italian War Office. There they found comfortable quarters and an elaborate feast prepared for them. Their hosts were two Italian staff officers, who obviously did not know about the imminence of the invasion and were in no hurry to get down to business—that could wait till tomorrow or the next day. The maddening thing was that the Americans could not explain the urgency of the situation because of the possibility of betrayal. They choked down the delicious courses, smiling and exchanging pleasantries. It was only later, by dogged insistence, that they were able to have the commandant of Rome, General Carboni, aroused from his bed, and then, after midnight, to have a talk with Marshal Badoglio.

The news was far worse than Taylor had feared. In the last few days the Germans had heavily reinforced the Rome area with crack troops, including elite SS units and Panzer Grenadiers. Moreover, they had practically disarmed the Italian garrisons by cutting off fuel and supplies. Badoglio gave convincing detail on the German numbers, units, artillery and tanks. Lightly armed American airborne troops would be slaughtered.

During the predawn hours of September eighth messages were drafted for transmission to Eisenhower by secret radio. As the morning wore on, Taylor and Gardiner, still sleepless, paced their hide-out quarters, waiting. First they were told that the Italian radio operator had had trouble with the encoding; then that atmospheric conditions were bad. In midmorning Taylor dispatched an additional message of warning. At noon he sent the code message agreed upon for extreme emergency: "Situation innocuous"—meaning emphatically the opposite.

At 3:30 P.M. the emissaries received a message from Allied Headquarters ordering them to return. This told them their messages had been received and heeded; for otherwise they were to have stayed on to join up with the paratroops. Taylor and Gardiner were again whisked into the ambulance, heading this time for an airport. Once on the way they were halted while a long column of German troops moved by—so close that the Americans could have leaned out and touched them. They were driven to a distant corner of the airfield, where an Italian plane was waiting with propellers turning. In a moment they were on their way to North Africa.

After their return they learned that cancellation (Continued on Page 86)



"My first suggestion is that you get rid of that thing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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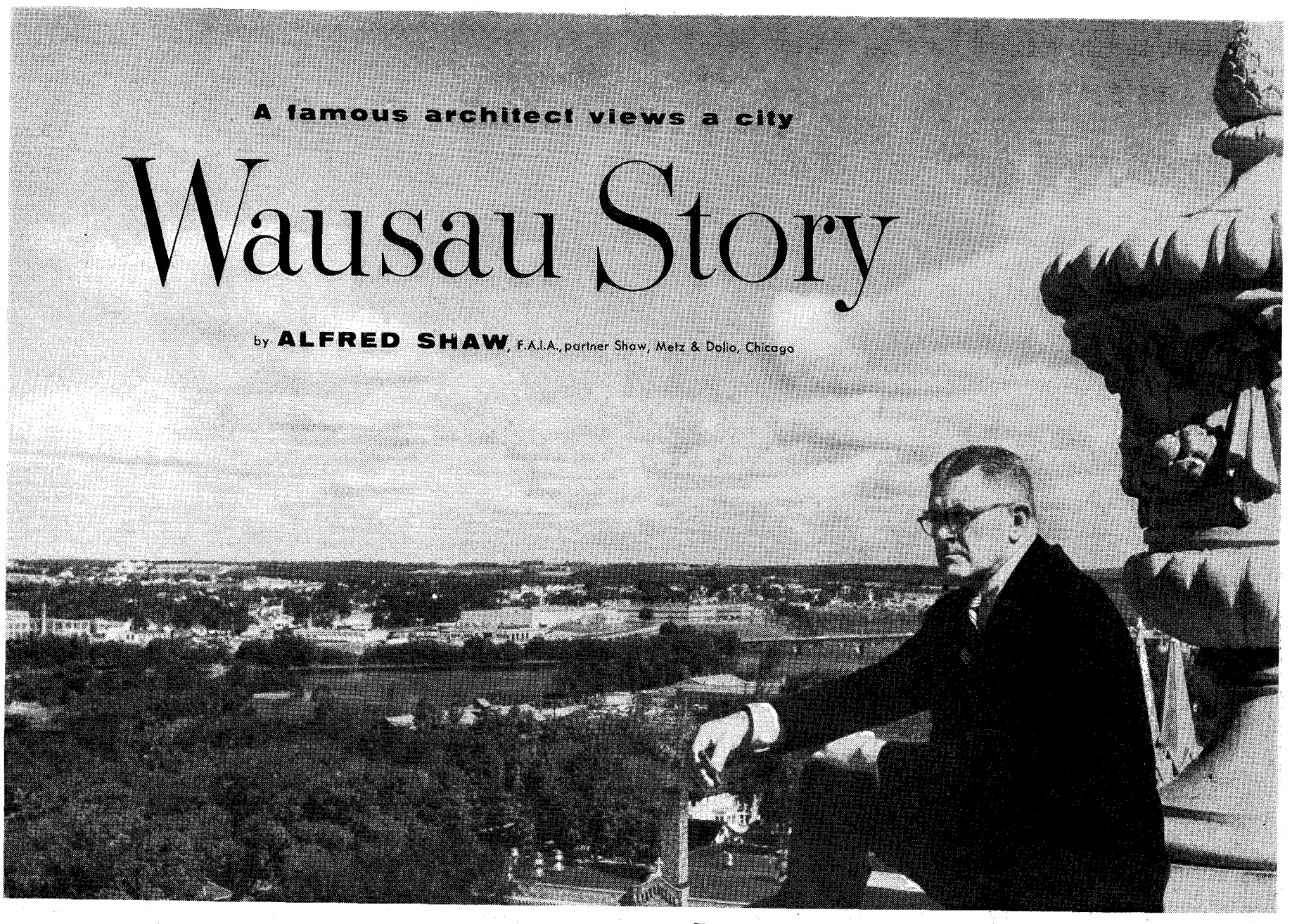
A famous architect views a city

Wausau Story

by **ALFRED SHAW**, F.A.I.A., partner Shaw, Metz & Dolio, Chicago



The view of Wausau from atop the Hotel Wausau interested Mr. Shaw, who not only helped design such buildings as Chicago's Merchandise Mart and Argonne National Laboratories, *but is also a member of the Chicago Plan Commission.*

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN said: 'I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives' . . . and 'live in it so that his place will be proud of him.'

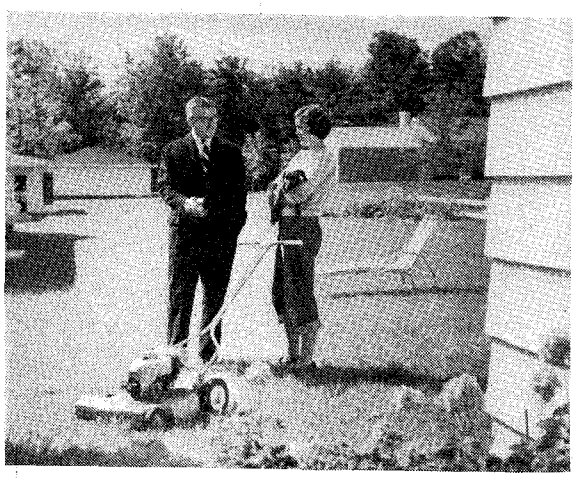
I felt much of this pride in Wausau, as I watched workmen erect a shopping center and church . . . as I talked with young people in their new homes.

Wausau should be proud. It hasn't all been easy.

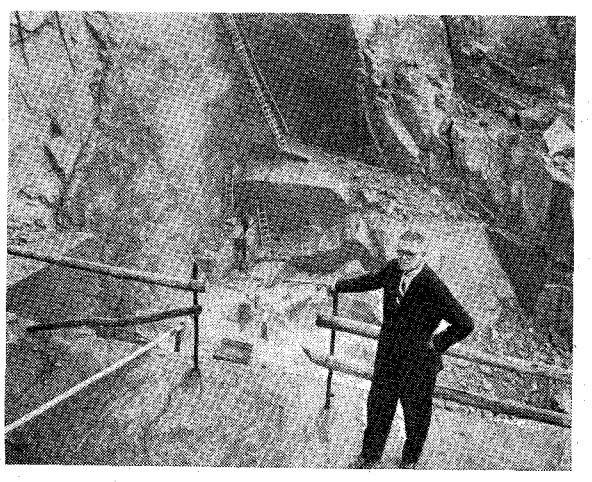
We visited a granite quarry near town, a mammoth pit where the famous Ruby Red granite is mined. There, on the quarry face, I noticed a fine apple tree growing out of almost solid rock. It reminded me of Wausau. A solid background of lumbering . . . hard men, tough timber and machines. And out of it has grown something very good.

When they hauled away the big timber years ago, the people who pioneered in Wausau could have left too. Instead they stayed. They and their children built a new Wausau. They're still at it.

This has meant hard work. It takes hours to cut a single chunk of granite. It takes time, too, for a city to plan and build new industries, schools and subdivisions. Wausau is doing it, and has a Planning Commission to see it's done right. I see now why so many say that the 'Wausau way' is a good way of doing business. It is."



In talking with Mrs. Richard Helke of Wausau, Mr. Shaw remarked: "The back yards of these homes look better to me than many front yards I've seen."



At the granite quarry of Anderson Bros. & Johnson in Wausau, Mr. Shaw is currently a member of the group designing U.S. air and naval bases in Spain.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with."

During his Wausau visit (see story left) Mr. Shaw remarked: "When we finish a building we don't just walk away from it. We keep working until everyone is satisfied."

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Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

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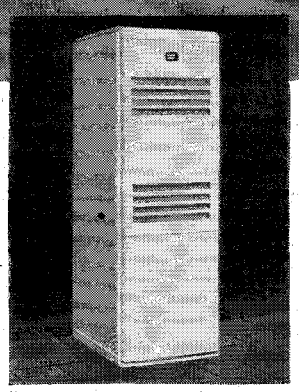

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(Continued from Page 84)

orders had reached the air-borne troops barely in time; some were already in the planes with the engines warming up. But for Taylor's mission, 2500 of our best fighting men would have gone in on the first drop to almost certain destruction; if the Germans had played it cagily other thousands might have followed them into the trap. Later General Eisenhower wrote in his book, Crusade in Europe:

"The risks he (Taylor) ran were greater than I asked any other agent or emissary to undertake during the war—he carried weighty responsibilities and discharged them with unerring judgment, and every minute was in danger of discovery and death."

Following the Italian surrender, Taylor was given the essentially diplomatic job of liaison with the Badoglio government in Southern Italy. A few months later came the assignment to England to command the 101st Airborne, which he led through the fighting in Normandy, Holland, the Ardennes and Germany. His wound, which he got in Holland, was perhaps the least romantic of his experiences. When Jerry Higgins heard his chief had been hit, he hurried to the field hospital. He was shown the chart, which read: "Wound, shell fragment, lacerating, upper thigh, rear." Higgins looked puzzled.

"The general got shot in the tail, sir," a sergeant explained.

The wound was not severe, and Taylor was soon back in action.

Immediately after the war he was appointed head of West Point. Here, too, he was the youngest man in the position since MacArthur. He at once set about modernizing and raising the standards of the curriculum. He called in a distinguished committee of educators, headed by Dr. Karl Compton, for advice. At the suggestion of Eisenhower, he expanded and made more practical the courses in military leadership, introducing a sort of case system to show the variety of situations a leader must face. He also stressed the necessity for the future officers to be able to think on their feet and express themselves with vigor and clarity.

His own talks on leadership were a feature of his regime at the academy. Taylor maintains that the American soldier is the best in the world, if he knows what he is doing and why. He quotes a letter written to Europe by von Steuben during the Revolution: "The genius of this (American) nation is not in the least to be compared to that of the Prussians, Austrians or French. You say to your soldier, 'Do this,' and he doeth it. But I am obliged to say, 'This is the reason why you ought to do that,' and then he does it." Taylor lists the four essentials of military leadership as character and example; devotion to one's soldiers; human understanding; and professional competence.

At the Point, as in his other commands, Taylor insisted on the highest standards of physical fitness. He has been called a nut on this subject, but he has his reasons. He has seen lives sacrificed in combat when officers, in poor condition, broke under fatigue or lost their ability to think straight. He regards an officer out of shape much as you or I might a surgeon with the shakes. He thinks that if the youth of America had been in better condition in '41, our divisions could have been brought to fighting trim months sooner; the war would have been shorter, the casualties fewer. He flinches when he sees a boy take the family car for a two-block drive to the soda fountain. An atomic war, with its paralysis of fuel and supplies, may call for greater physical endurance than the wars of the recent past.

In this, as other things, Taylor practices what he preaches. As head of West Point, in his forties, he was still a fast tennis player. He could take on all comers at squash, and at handball he teamed with old Sgt. Jim Mahan to hold the doubles championship of the post. A hard-sweating hour's workout is still part of his daily schedule.

After three years as head of West Point, Taylor went on to commands in Germany, to staff work in Washington, and then, in February of 1953, to lead the 8th Army in Korea. By now he was marked for top command, but there was still time to stumble among the pitfalls of Korea. There was the bitter and frustrating fighting of the final months of the war; the delicacy and strain of the prolonged armistice negotiations; and the problem of getting along well with that intractable and fiery old Korean patriot, President Rhee—diplomacy's par for the course. At the ceremony activating the 1st ROK Field Army, Taylor pulled a surprise. He spoke in Korean. Rhee looked up as if he could not believe his ears. He had already made a speech, but he was so moved that he got up and made another—of appreciation. We don't say the old rock was softened, but certainly the friendly atmosphere was improved, with him and with all the Korean people.

Afterward an aide told Taylor that his speech had so overwhelmed some Koreans that they burst into tears. "Was my Korean that bad?" Taylor asked.

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Taylor still continues his language studies, which he considers a form of mental recreation. Another favorite resource is his reading, which occupies most of his free evenings. Recently when I called on the charming Mrs. Taylor—they have been married thirty years and have two sons—she showed me a shelf of his favorite books. They included, besides technical books, a set of Shakespeare, a pocket New Testament, Bertrand Russell's Unpopular Essays, Goethe's works (in German), Balzac, Plato, Aristotle, Fraser's Golden Bough, and a book of nine Greek dramas. (Fine light reading for an old paratrooper, yet!)

The period after an armistice is a hard test of leadership, especially with restless Americans in a foreign land. Taylor met it in Korea by keeping his command busy at useful tasks. He maintained combat readiness, and explained why it was necessary. He stepped up the training and formation of new ROK divisions. He established courses—from the three R's to college grade—by which 18,000 of his men and officers raised their educational levels. He devised AFAK—Armed Forces Aid to Korea—by which surplus military materials and GI ingenuity were combined with Korean energy to rebuild shattered communities. It was the kind of practical help Koreans could see and appreciate.

Such is the new head of our changing Army. He succeeds another extraordinary leader, General Ridgway, who fought such a valiant rear-guard action against cuts in the Army's funds and manpower. Ridgway's hard-hitting arguments have left their impact. Aided by this, Taylor should be able to hold the line and, perhaps, win back some of the lost ground by methods of his own. He has always been noted for an ability to get the utmost out of the assets at hand. He still has more than 1,000,000 men, the majority of them volunteers with a far higher re-enlistment rate than any other branch of the service. He has new techniques and weapons and ideas to help compensate for the numerical loss. It is still quite an army, and its new Chief of Staff is quite a man. THE END

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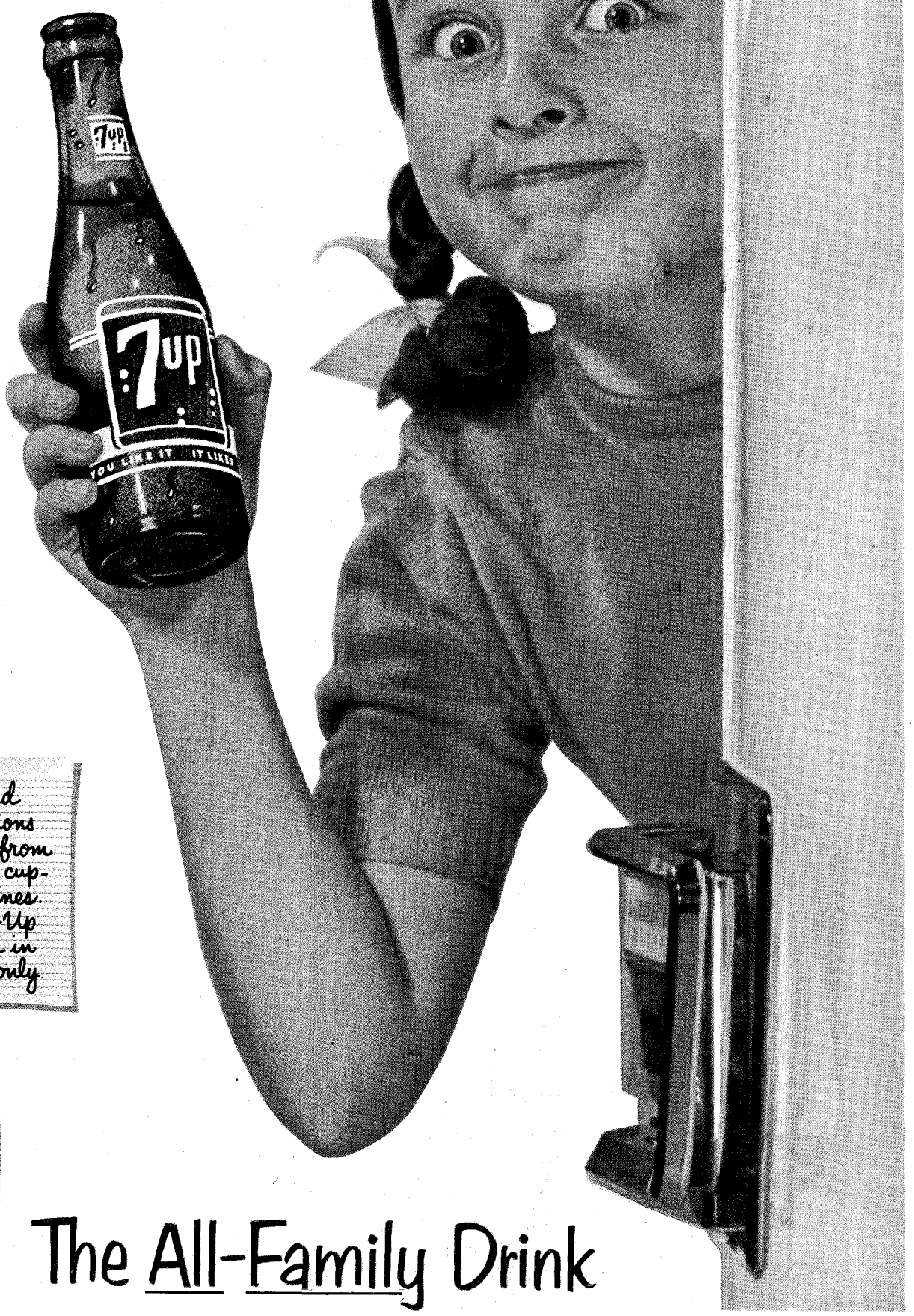

Young thirsts are big thirsts—and nothing really seems to satisfy 'em like sparkling 7-Up.

And almost the best part of it is that youngsters can enjoy 7-Up in midafternoon. It gives them needed energy . . . tides them over . . . but doesn't take the edge off their dinner appetites.

So let Debbie and Donnie enjoy pure, wholesome 7-Up any time they like. And you, Mom and Dad, learn for yourselves what so many *grownups* are finding out: If you want a real *thirst-quencher;* if you hanker for a *cool, clean taste;* if you want a quick, *refreshing lift* . . . Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

Watch "Soldiers of Fortune"!
For exciting adventure, see this 7-Up TV show every week.

Avoid imitations served from taps or cup-machines. Seven-Up is sold in bottles only

7up R

The All-Family Drink

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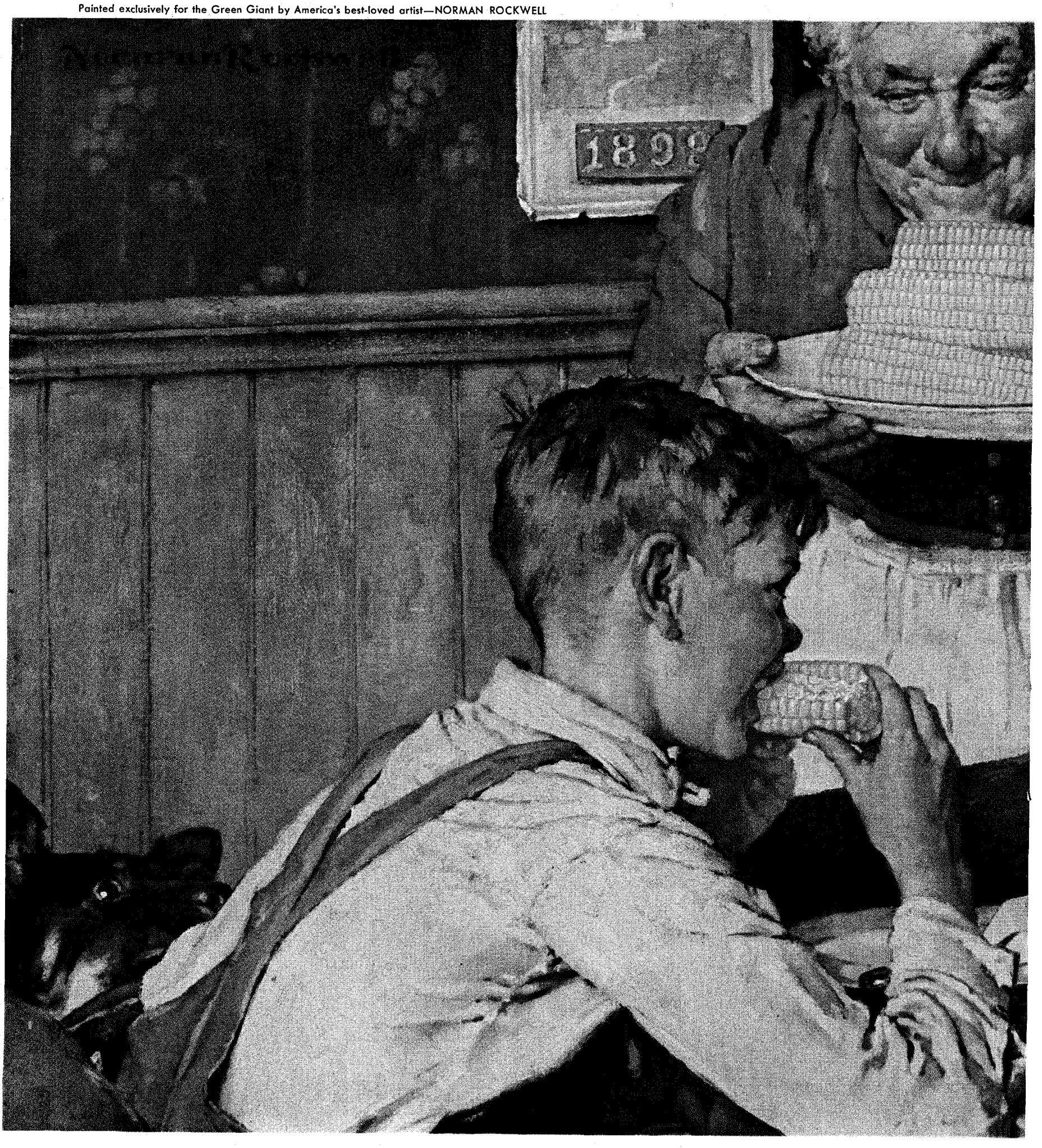
NEW FRESH-FLAVOR PROCESS NI

Painted exclusively for the Green Giant by America's best-loved artist—NORMAN ROCKWELL



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BLETS

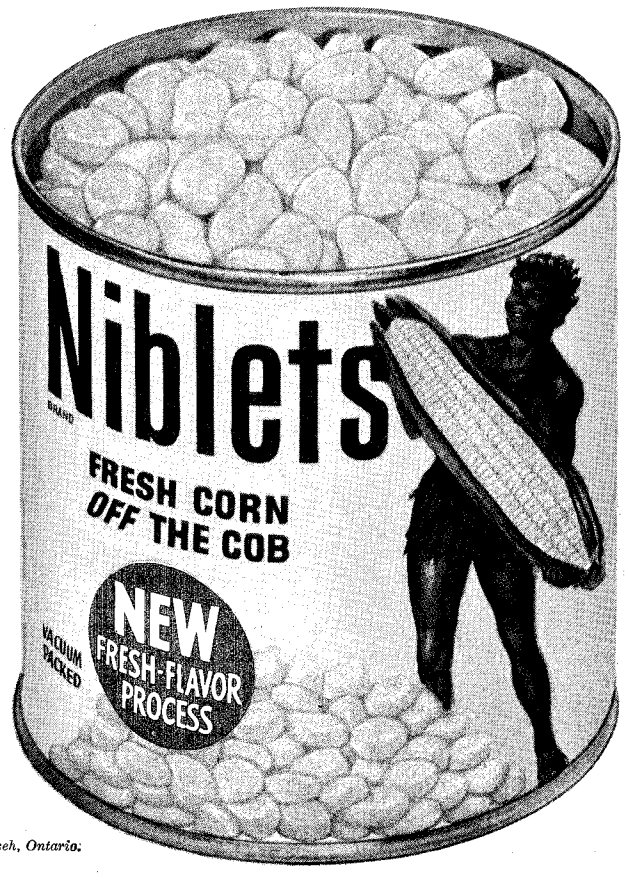
BRAND

Now-corn that tastes this good

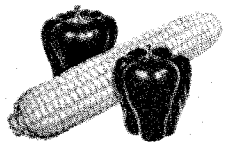
right off your pantry shelf!

New color! New flavor! New corn! The secret is—the Green Giant's exclusive new process cooks Niblets Brand corn 5 times faster than other canned corn. Cooking time at the cannery is 7 minutes—the same as cookbooks recommend for fresh ears. And, of course, new Niblets is packed in vacuum. Result: new natural color, flavor, and crispness found in no other can of corn.

Vacuum-packed to keep every kernel crisp



P.S. Do you know that the Green Giant offers you another treat in corn? It's New Process Niblets Mexicorn corn *with* sweet red and green peppers added. Try it for variety.



Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.
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Famous Sunbeam®
Automatic FRYPAN
with Controlled Heat

See Sunbeam appliances on these great NBC-TV shows:
Sunday Night Color Spectaculars; Milton Berle and Martha Raye Tuesday Night Shows; Dave Garroway's TODAY (morning); Arlene Francis HOME (noon); Steve Allen's TONIGHT (night); Consult your local TV schedule.

YOU GET EGGS LIKE THIS EVERY TIME IN THE SUNBEAM SET AT 300°
EASY-TO-SEE FRY GUIDE
Gives recommended fry temperatures, eliminates guesswork and failures.
EASY-TO-SET DIAL FOR CONTROLLED HEAT
right in the handle. Easy to see signal light goes off automatically when proper temperature is reached.
Sunbeam Frypan available in three sizes: 10½", 11½", 12½".

Because of the Sunbeam square shape, a full half pound of bacon will lie flat in the pan—**will cook flat** because of controlled heat. No curling or overlapping of strips.

Now, with the new Sunbeam Automatic Frypan you can fry and cook at the correct controlled heat every time. The Sunbeam's highly accurate thermostatic control maintains the perfect heat for wonderful cooking and frying results without constant watching. The Fryguide, right in the handle, gives correct temperature. No guesswork. The shortening is always at just the right temperature, resulting in less grease absorption into the food. Plugs into any outlet. The new square shape permits you to cook 20% more in the same area than you can in a round pan. Use anywhere you wish, on any table because of protective bakelite legs. High dome covers of either aluminum or heat-resistant glass are available for fried chicken, roast, etc. See your Sunbeam dealer.

Marvelous New WATER-SEALED ELEMENT

You can immerse the entire Sunbeam Frypan in water up to the control panel for quick, easy washing.

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famous For Sunbeam MIXMASTER, COOKER & DEEP FRYER, SHAVEMASTER, etc.

The Golden Journey (Continued from Page 45)

"It's time we all did some thinking. It's a strange, vicious, elusive, organized dictatorship. They never run for office. They just want to control the politicians, beginning on the lowest levels." He drew a long sigh. "The solution is so simple that it has never been tried, and may never be. It's just this: If one city government from mayor down were completely honest, determined and incorruptible, they could run out every organized vice ring in six months."

"You think so?"

"I know it." He leaned forward, his eyes fixed on Paul's face. "And if I were a young man again, I'd take a try at it."

Paul looked very uncomfortable. All at once the weight of his trouble fell with full force again upon him. Hartwell eyed him keenly.

"My boy," he said, "a blind man could see that you've not been yourself the last few days. Far be it from me to press you, but if it would help to have a confidant, I'm as safe as a sealed tomb—aside from the fact that I care very deeply about all that concerns you."

Paul sat for a moment, silent, and then said slowly, "I am extremely unhappy. It would be an enormous relief to tell you everything from the beginning. I believe I will."

Hartwell did not look at him as he talked. In the briefest possible words, Paul told of Kirkland's original plan, of his own first refusal, of his later meeting with Anne and its strange result. Once started, it seemed easy to confess all, even his love. It was like unburdening himself to a father, and any young man could do that with honor. Besides, there might now be removed from Hartwell's eyes the question which had been there ever since he had first known of Paul's connection with Kirkland.

When he stopped, there was a brief silence. Then Hartwell spoke slowly, "You are truly in love, then, with this girl?"

"I am."

"And this is completely independent of your affairs with Kirkland?"

"Completely. Utterly."

"Then, your path seems to me very blessed and fortunate, if she feels the same."

"But I haven't told you all. It seems she doesn't. At least she sent word two days ago that she did not wish to see me again."

Hartwell drew a long breath. "Is there anyone else, do you know?"

"I'm sure there is not."

"Not likely, in her situation. I think, Paul, there is more to that message than meets the eye. She may only be afraid to let herself go on with this. She will see all the obstacles ahead in a marriage more clearly than you do. Women are wise. As to falling in love with you—I don't see how she could resist you!"

Paul gave a short, bitter laugh. "I'm certainly no prize, compared to her. Well, it has helped to talk about it anyway. I've been pretty pent up. Now just forget all my problems. I'll let you know if things get straightened out, and I'm really very grateful to you for listening, and caring."

"You did me an honor," the old man said. "I'll just add one thing more. Don't give up. And good luck to you!"

They began, then, as though nothing had been said, to talk of other things; and at the last, for the old man left early, their mutual pleasure in the evening.

When he was alone, Paul wondered to himself why the one thing on his mind he had left unsaid was the episode of C and Arno. It was exactly in line with Hartwell's conversation, and yet, he had held it back. Perhaps the reason was an instinctive desire to be sure before he spoke.

For the next week Paul worked by day and followed Arno's list as well as he could in the evenings, putting in a good word for Halsey in those groups into which he quietly insinuated himself. He found himself loafing in corner drugstores, in garages, in poolrooms, in saloons. The pattern was not difficult to arrive at after a few feelers as to party line.

"I'm for Halsey myself," he would say. "Tell you why. The big money's behind Dunham. You know! Barker interests. If they get him elected, big business is going to run this state. Now I want a man who's for the people. Think it over, buddy. Might make a big difference to all of us! Don't forget to vote in the primaries! April twenty-sixth, you know!"

He learned what he had always vaguely known—that he could be all things to all men. The common touch, so to speak, was his possession. It would be even more apparent in the country than in the city. The "cracker-barrel stuff," as Kirkland had called it, was part of his birthright.

And each day he wrote to Anne; each day he phoned without success; twice he had gone to the house, to be met by Hackett, who eyed him strangely, and with a set face told him Miss Anne was not at home.

By Friday he could endure it no longer. He called Kirkland, but was forced to give Miss Sayles the message. Her voice sounded more icy than ever as she reported that Mr. Kirkland would see him at four-thirty.

When he entered the familiar office, Kirkland rose and greeted him stiffly. His face looked haggard and old and gray.

"You've been ill, sir?" The question leaped from Paul's lips.

"No, not ill. Sit down. I've been waiting for you to come. I thought at least an explanation was due me."

"But I can't explain it," Paul said despairingly. "I'm as much in the dark as you are. I've wanted to come to you ever since I got her letter, but I was waiting for you to make some sign. Today I felt I couldn't stand it any longer without talking to you."

Kirkland's eyes were piercing him. His face was frozen with amazement.

"You mean Anne—you mean it was not you who broke with her?"

"Good heaven, no! Is that what you thought?"

"What else could I think? The day after you took her to the theater she told me she wouldn't be seeing you again and didn't want to hear your name mentioned. Don't you see how it looked to me?"

It was Paul's turn to be amazed. "I do see, but you couldn't be more wrong. The evening went much more smoothly, much more naturally than even I had expected. I gave Anne plenty of evidence of how much I enjoyed it. Too much," he added under his breath. "And I was sure she enjoyed it too. The next day her note came. No explanation, but definite, final."

Kirkland sat as though dazed, watching Paul and at intervals saying, "So. So," in a low voice. "Well," he said at last, "I feel as though a weight—one big weight—was removed. The thing left now is to find out why she did this. Did anything else happen which could have upset her?"

"Well," Paul answered, "when we got back to the library ——" He hesitated. "She is—very beautiful and I was holding her in my arms. I'm afraid I did let myself go."

Kirkland eyed the ceiling. His expression was far from condemnatory.

"I guess, then, that was it," he said slowly; "but just what her reaction means, even I would not dare to say. At least, my boy, I'm in the clear now. I know where we stand, you and I, and I can't tell you the relief it is." He sat, thoughtful, and then went on, "My father used to say there were two

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ways to take a fort. One was by direct attack and the other was ——"

"By siege?"

"By withdrawing a little, concealing your forces and keeping the enemy guessing."

For the first time in days, Paul laughed with normal young mirth.

"You're a good ally, sir," he said. "Maybe a little relaxing will do me good just now."

They went on to talk of the coming primary. Kirkland was pleased over Paul's work in the evenings.

"It's the little groups that make up the big ones. Keep it up, Paul. We're pretty safe, but in this game you can't take a single thing for granted. As soon as Halsey has the nomination, you can get into things in earnest. Maybe do a bit of traveling about in this end of the state, at least over weekends."

Paul mentioned in detail the Memorial Day celebration at the Red Stone Mines. "Don't book me up for anything else on that date," he said. "I'm getting quite warmed up over my speech."

"Can you throw in a plug for Halsey?"

Paul shook his head. "I'd rather not. You see, I'm trying to sell them some ideas Johnny Bovard and I both hold about America. Later on I can go to Red Stone and talk particular politics, but not this time."

"Well," said Kirkland, "do as you think best."

Paul thought for a long time that night when he returned to his room; then he wrote another letter. It read:

Dear Anne: Forgive me for everything, including the nuisance I've been making of myself in disregarding your wishes. I will not bother you for some time. Perhaps we both need to relax a little. As for thinking of you, I can't promise not to do that.

Yours always, PAUL.

In spite of the constant deep ache in his heart, Paul found a certain relief in the sudden cessation of his efforts to break Anne's silence. He began to eat and sleep better, to find new mental fertility in connection with his daily work and his outside activities. When Halsey swept the state in the party's primary, Paul had a strong feeling of personal elation. It was as though he, himself, had been advanced, and when Kirkland invited him to lunch with the new candidate, he went with eagerness. He found Halsey a blond, heavy-set, good-looking man of fifty-five, genial, socially polished, with keen eyes and a weak chin.

"Mr. Kirkland tells me you're going to take the stump for me, Devereux. That's mighty kind of you. I wonder if we could outline your program a little right now?"

"Fine!" said Kirkland at once, as Paul hastened, too, to agree.

"Now, as I see it, I've got a good chance of carrying the cities"—he glanced briefly at Kirkland, who nodded—"but my weakest spot may be the country sections, this county for one. My opponent, Thompson, is pretty strong here. So, if you could start work amongst the farmers and the small-town people at this end of the state, it would be fine. By the way, how much time can you give to this?"

"I've got a job, of course," Paul said, "in a law firm, but my bosses know my interest and are disposed to be lenient. I should say I could take off one day each week, and I'm quite willing to use all my summer vacation if necessary—and, of course, most evenings."

"Good! Fine! We'll see you don't lose anything in the long run. Mr. Kirkland has told me of your own ambitions. We'll not forget you!"

So it had gone. Smoothly, pleasantly and completely in accordance with his own desire. The candidate for governor—indeed, one could almost say the next governor—was calling him "Paul," was promising him aid in the future, indefinite perhaps, but still promising.

When he repeated the conversation to Hartwell, the old man pulled his mustache ends down to two parentheses about his chin as he listened to the climax.

"Uh-huh!" he remarked. "First law of politics. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours!"

"Well, what's wrong with that?" Paul asked a bit testily.

"Nothing," Hartwell replied blandly, "nothing at all. So far," he added.

With his summer's campaign work outlined and his vacation to be taken over by it, Paul decided to give himself a weekend out of the city. With the full coming on of May, he had begun to long for the country; besides, he should, he told himself, check on the condition of things at the farm. There was still another reason. In his Memorial Day speech he had used the general theme of the early settlers of America as an introduction; how much better if he could make it personal and explicit. When he had rented the farm to the Oakeses, a kindly, thrifty couple (Continued on Page 94)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A word with your husband, please."

Now the sensational NEW

Sunbeam®

AUTOMATIC

MIXMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

with the exclusive

BOWL-FIT BEATER

and Bowl-Speed Control

The new Model 11 Mixmaster is available in Chromium finish.

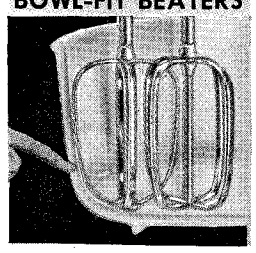
Famous MIX-FINDER DIAL

You have the perfect, scientifically-correct mixing speeds right at your fingertips.

ONLY FAMOUS SUNBEAM MIXMASTER has all the marvelous features that give you higher, lighter cakes—creamier, fluffier mashed potatoes—velvet-smooth icings and sauces—better, easier food-preparing. Mixmaster's larger Bowl-fit beaters • Automatic Bowl-Speed Control • powerful EVEN-speed motor • Automatic Beater Ejector • Automatic Juicer and the famous Mix-Finder Dial are the advantages *you want and deserve* in the food mixer you choose. So be sure the mixer you get (or the one you receive as a gift) is the Sunbeam—the original and the ONLY Mixmaster. There's only ONE by that name. More than 10-million enthusiastic users are its best advertisements.

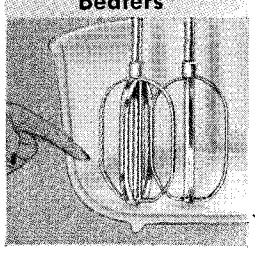
MIXMASTER JUNIOR is available in beautiful chromium

Sunbeam exclusive BOWL-FIT BEATERS



The larger outside Bowl-Fit beater is curved to fit the contour of the bowl, all the way to the bottom. The larger inside Bowl-Fit beater is shaped to cover the flat bottom surface of the bowl, to the center.

Ordinary Beaters



Ordinary mixers have smaller beaters set away from the sides of the bowl. Therefore, most of the batter escapes their beaters—piles up around the sides of the bowl and is never mixed.

Sunbeam MIXMASTER JUNIOR

Just as the famous standard Sunbeam Mixmaster is completely outstanding among regular-size food mixers, the new Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior is completely outstanding in the junior mixer field. Gives more advantages than any other junior mixers with features that save time and armwork.

- BIGGER BEATERS
- THUMB-TIP CONTROL
- EASY BEATER EJECTOR
- CONVENIENT HEEL REST
- HANGS ON WALL

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Famous For Sunbeam TOASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SHAVEMASTER, etc

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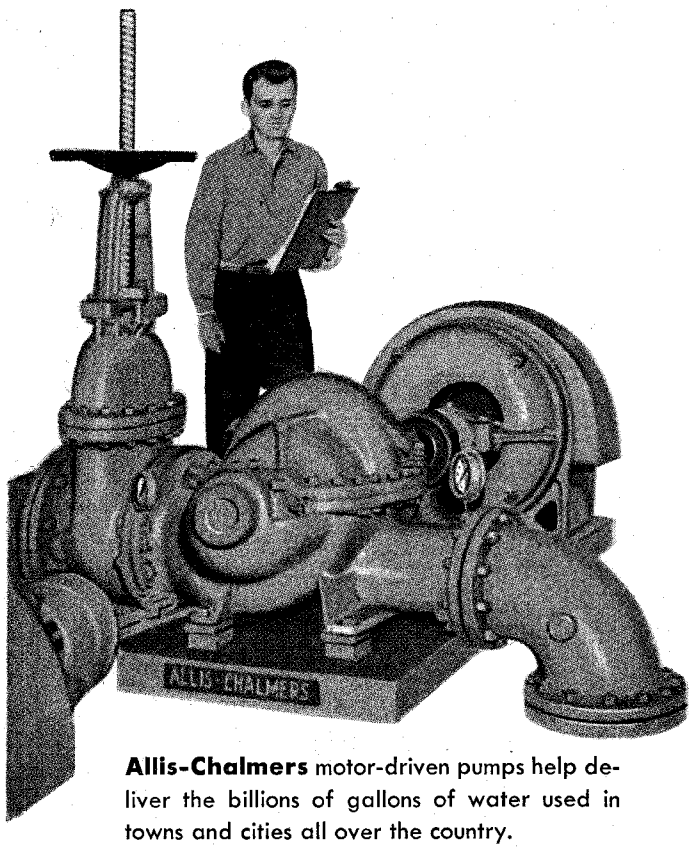
These Allis-Chalmers machines help provide

140 Gallons of Pure Water Each Day

for every man, woman and child!



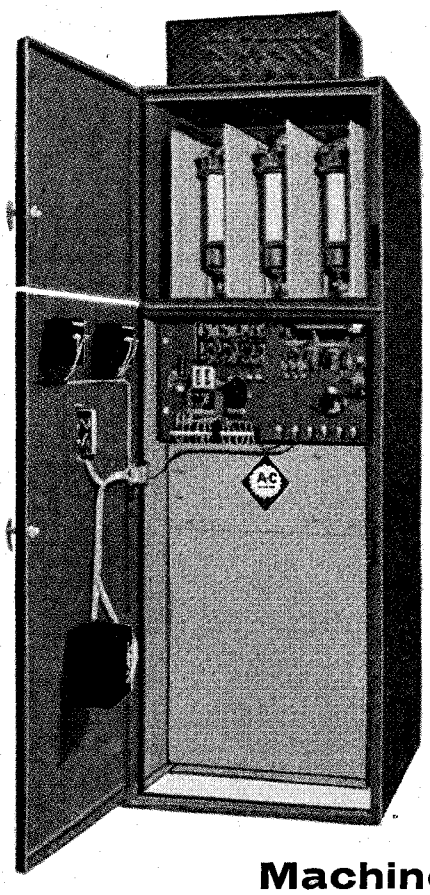
Allis-Chalmers motor-driven pumps help deliver the billions of gallons of water used in towns and cities all over the country.

SIXTY PAILS of water a day! That's the amount the nation's Water Works must provide—every day—for each man, woman and child they serve.

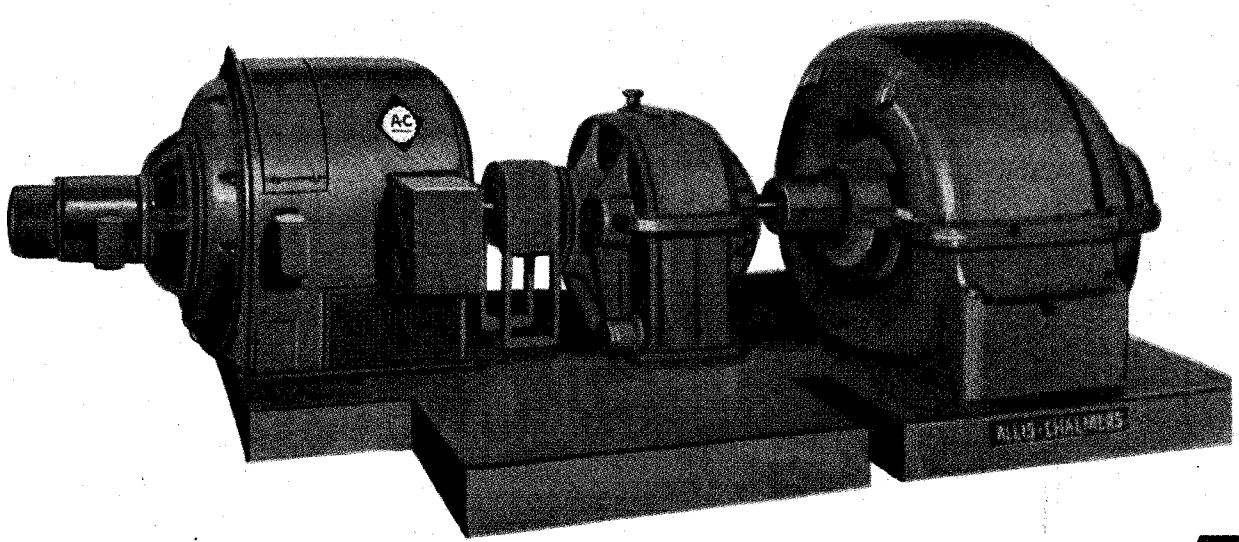
It's a complex job to supply the water we need to live so well—water for our modern homes, our efficient industries, our schools, hospitals, fire departments and other civic enterprises.

Before water is fed into the mains on its way to home or factory it goes through settling, aerating, filtering and chemical processes to assure its clearness, pureness and taste. Powerful pumps like the one shown here made by Allis-Chalmers aid in all of these processes—then deliver pure water to homes, hydrants and industries through vast pipeline systems.

Allis-Chalmers makes a wide range of machinery for public works—including pumps for every purpose and a full line of electric power equipment. All contribute toward healthier, happier living for your neighborhood—better living for everyone! Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



Allis-Chalmers motor starters control the machinery used in both water and sewage disposal works.



Allis-Chalmers motors and blowers provide air used in aeration of water; also help process sewage into usable by-products.

Machine

ALLIS

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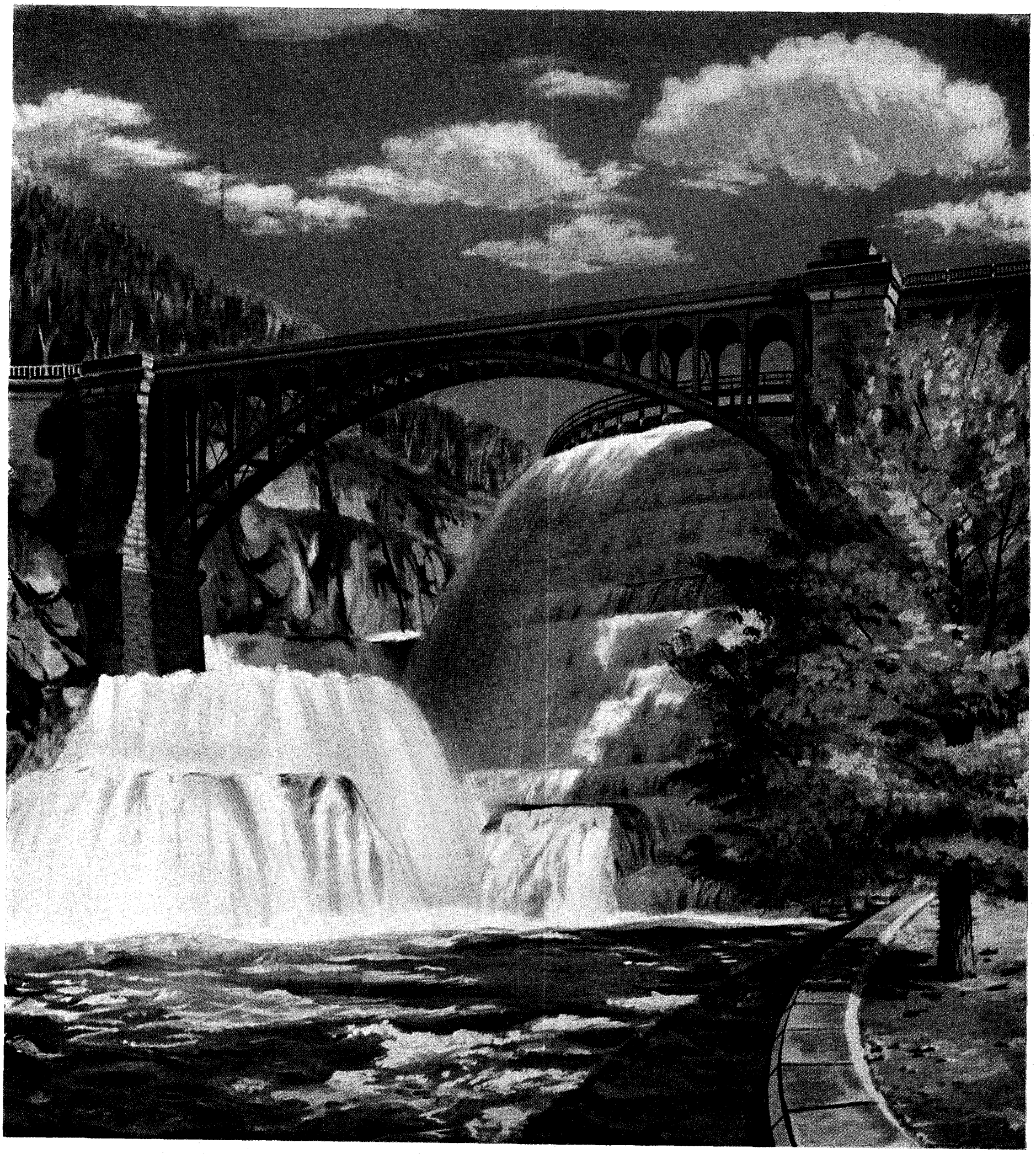

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A slow drip can waste as much as 15 gallons a day. Help your community conserve water!

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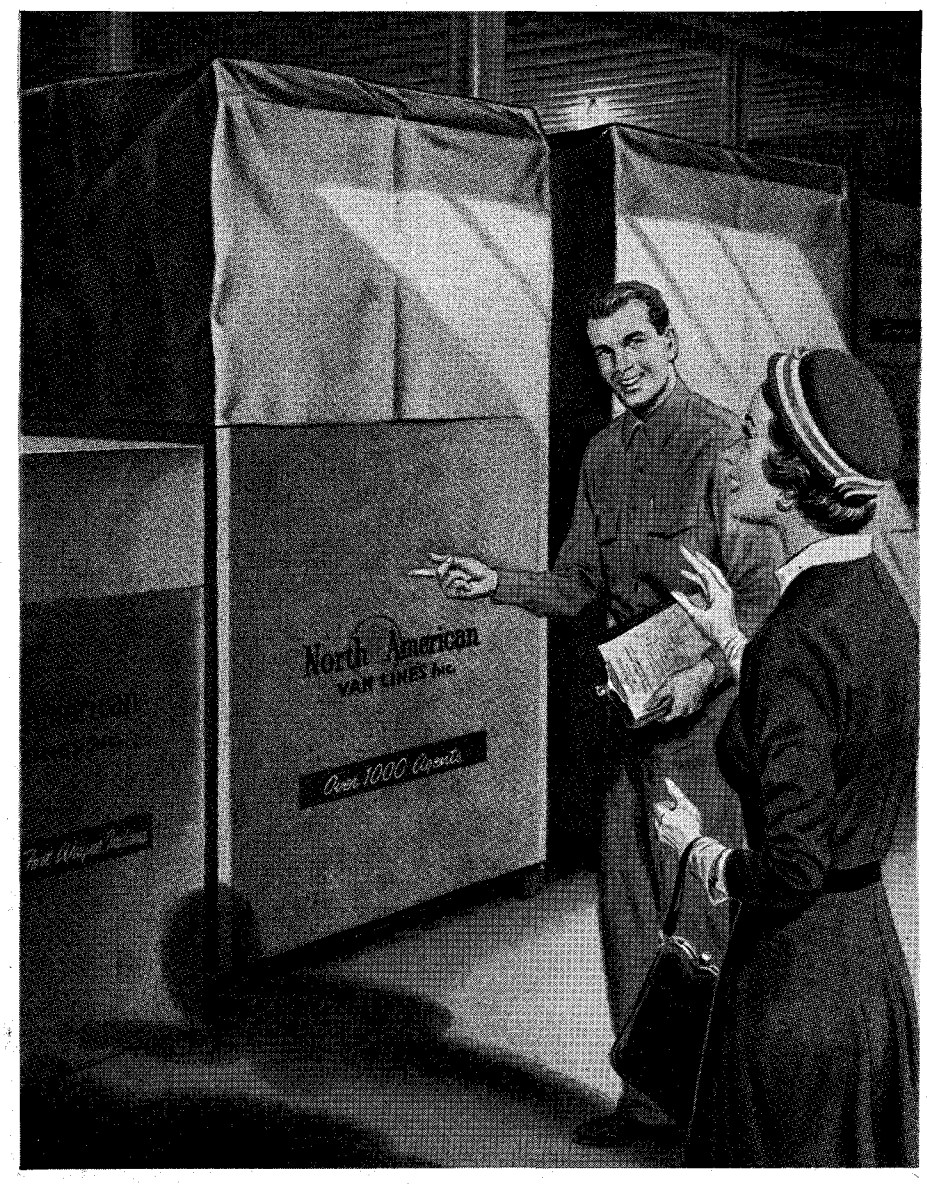

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"Then we decided to move to Texas. I told the storage man and he said, 'We're agents for North American Van Lines, *the leaders in long-distance moving.* We can arrange everything for you.'

" 'See that we get the same quality of service you've been giving on our storage, and the job is yours,' I replied. He promised; so we had North American handle our move. We were extremely pleased with the care they took of all our belongings. Count on us as North American boosters!"

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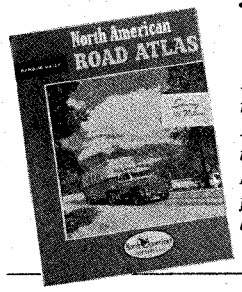
Look for the famous "NAVL OVAL" in phone book under Movers, to get safe, *on-time delivery of your prized possessions* anywhere in U.S., Canada, Alaska or Hawaii. Depend on your NAVL agent for expert packing and storage, too. If employer is paying for move, request North American for a better move ALL ways!

*Name on request.



Free! Giant Road Atlas!

Phone your NAVL agent for estimate on your next move. With it, you're entitled to big Road Atlas free. If no agent is listed in your directory, write NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES, *Dept. SP105, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana, for nearest agent and helpful booklet on moving.*

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THE LEADER IN LONG-DISTANCE MOVING
More Agents in More Cities than Any Other Van Line!
Movers of Household Goods • Office Equipment • Trade-Show Displays

North American VAN LINES, Inc. LONG DISTANCE MOVING

(Continued from Page 91) he had known from boyhood, he had put in the attic a few old pieces of furniture and some of his mother's books and papers. He remembered that she had written at one time a modest little family history of her people, the MacBanes, and he meant to look for it. It might give him just the springboard he needed for his speech.

He saw Kirkland just before leaving, for a moment. He had nothing new to report from home. Anne was quiet, pale and thinner, but made a great effort to sound normal when talking with him. He had discussed it all with Mrs. Catherby, and she, too, was at a loss, for Anne had resolutely refused to confide in her also.

"The trouble is," Kirkland said, "that for as gentle a person as Anne, she has an amazingly strong will. We've got to get round her someway. She's looked really worse since you began your new tactics."

Paul said grimly, "I'll tell you one thing, though. As soon as this speech is off my chest, I'm going back to a direct assault."

"Good boy! Well, have a nice weekend. I've been wondering about getting Anne away for a little change. We have a sort of camp, you know, in the mountains. She's very fond of it. Maybe I can get her up there for a week or so."

"She's told me all about it, and it sounds wonderful. I think your plan is fine, only ——" He looked anxiously at Kirkland. "Only take care of her, sir!"

"You tell me that!" Kirkland burst out, and then laughed as he wrung Paul's hand.

The trip to the farm—the first he had made in his new car—was all pleasure. Gradually, as the miles lengthened, the familiar rise and slope of hills, the wide bright levels of the new wheat, the green and flushing rose of the woods where as a boy he had trapped a possum and found the first arbutus—all this enfolded him and brought at once the sweet pangs of memory.

He drove along the lane at five o'clock, past the old watering trough under the walnut trees, and up to the big clapboard house at the end. It had been repainted last fall by his order, and he noted its white freshness now with pleasure. He climbed the steps and knocked at the kitchen door. It opened quickly, for they were expecting him. Mr. Oakes was calmly cordial.

"Well, Paul," he said, shaking his hand as he transferred his pipe, "'bout time you was showin' up here, ain't it? Been quite a while."

Mrs. Oakes gave him just the welcome he needed. She patted him with motherly affection while her delight showed in her kindly face.

"My, Paul, I'm that glad to see you! And don't you look good, though! Handsomer every time you come. It's a wonder some girl hasn't snapped you up long before this! Now would you like to sit down right here in the kitchen for a minute where we can look at you? You're just a sight for sore eyes. . . . Ain't he, John? . . . We've got a fire in the sitting room, if you'd rather ——"

"This is perfect, Mrs. Oakes. Just let me get the feel of it again. I'll go to the sitting room later. Oh, something smells good!"

"It's fried chicken," she reported, all smiles.

He sat down in one of the wooden rockers in the corner of the kitchen, and drew a long breath which had in it a blood-drop sigh for the past forever gone, and the relaxing peace of the present. Something rich and nourishing welled up within him, drawn from the deep, permanent roots of childhood and youth.

When the early supper was ready, he ate an enormous meal, realizing how desperately sated he was with restaurant fare, and when the big white layer cake and home-canned peaches from the orchard trees appeared, he told Mrs. Oakes solemnly that he craved no more of life.

"You're downright starved, that's what you are! If you'd just come up here for a few weeks, I'd fatten you up. What about your vacation?" Selina Oakes inquired eagerly.

"Come along in harvestin' and I'll give you a job," John said. "An' right now, how 'bout milkin' a cow?"

Paul laughed, "Anything but that," he said, "but I'll watch you do it."

"We only keep two now—just for our own use—an' John does them in a jiffy. Go out along, though, while I tidy up here. You'll want to see the old barn before dark," Selina told him.

As he walked out to it in the gentleness of that hour between afternoon and early evening, he wondered if any farm-bred man ever got over his love for a barn. For this building was at once the countryman's office, the center of his activities, the repository of his wealth, the concrete crown of his labors. He sat on a feed box watching John at his milking.

"At least I can carry the buckets back to the house," he said, "while you finish your chores here."

As he walked back, a pail in either hand, his eyes took in the beauty around him. The old orchard below the barn was clouded over now with the last white of the cherry and pear blossoms and the breaking pink of the apple boughs; above them a new young moon hung like a shaving of silver.

He set his burden down and stood, thinking of his mother. Perhaps he had been wrong in feeling a bitterness because her great gift had not had complete fulfillment. There had always been beauty for her soul to feed upon, and more even than that, there had been other values. The truth came sharply home to him that no place, no profession in itself could effectuate a life; it was the individual perception, the insight, the grasp, the quality of the ecstasy and the pain that made it whole, that filled the cup.

He heard Anne's words again. "Oh, not wasted when she had you!" Then he heard nothing but that voice, he saw nothing but that face looking up to him in its eagerness, its tenderness. The longing for her swept through him like the wind. *Anne. Anne.*

He went on to the house and deposited the milk in the pantry, listening to, but only half hearing Selina's easy chatter.

When the Oakeses had retired at their usual early hour, Paul took a flashlight and repaired to the third floor. Everything in the huge attic was in order, with the stillness of disuse and the repose of the past upon it. He glanced around briefly, and then crossed to the big secretary where his mother's books and papers were. He opened the doors and picked up volume after volume worn from much reading, accented with many underlinings, which he picked out with his flashlight. The last book he picked up was (Continued on Page 99)

Chill Wind

By Loyd Rosenfield

The only time chill autumn winds
Make me dejected, sad and sober
Is when I make the payment on
My air conditioner in October.

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National's De luxe adding machine...

*Live keyboard** with keytouch adjustable to each operator

Saves up to 50% hand motion — and effort! Never before have so many time-and-effort-saving features been placed on an adding machine.

Every key operates the motor—so you can now *forget the motor bar*. No more back-and-forth hand motion from keys to motor bar.

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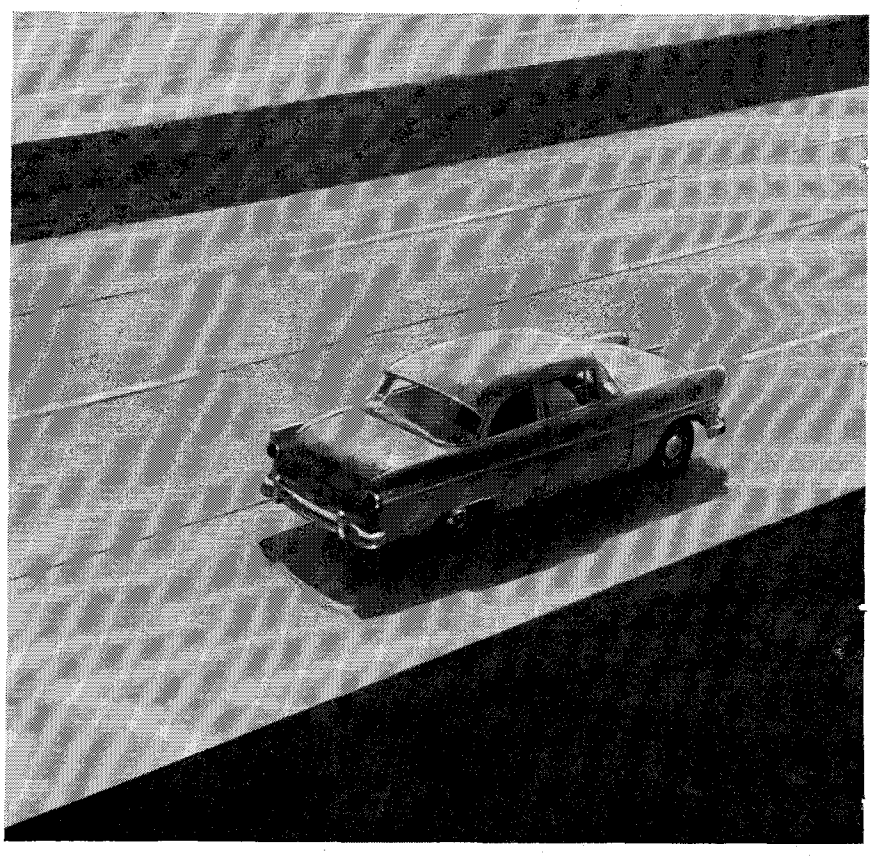
A Tire Scientifically Designed Highway Speeds And Stop-

Get set for a whole series of surprises when you have your car equipped with these fabulous new Dunlop Super Gold Cup Tubeless or Tubed Tires. Smartly styled to enhance the appearance of today's motor cars, their beauty is far more than side-wall or tread deep.

It starts with Dunlop's famed Tension-Free construction that equalizes internal stresses, eliminates high heat-breeding areas — minimizes danger of blowout-born accidents — adds thousands of miles to Super Gold Cup life.

And, finally, the beauty of this tire focuses on a new Dunlop-developed feature destined to make safe-driving history — MAX-GRIP TREAD.



MAX-GRIP OFFERS GREATER SAFETY

Here is grip at its greatest. A tread that takes hold when you "take off." A tread that holds on for dear life to protect *your* life when you bear down on the brakes. A tire that corners with racing tire surety to guard you and your passengers every mile of the way.

RADICALLY NEW TREAD COMPOUNDS FOR GREATER WEARABILITY

New rubber compounding formulated especially for the new MAX-GRIP Tread ends rubber-robbing scuff. Scuff means wear. Dunlop Super Gold Cup Tires are world-beaters for wearability — and that spells economy for you.

THE NEW SUPER GOLD CUP MEANS SILENT CUSHION COMFORT

Super Gold Cups are better balanced. They roll smoothly, quietly, bringing new car-handling comfort to drivers. They take trip-weariness out of travel. You and your passengers ride relaxed on Dunlop Super Gold Cups with Tension-Free construction and MAX-GRIP Tread.

In sum, Dunlop Super Gold Cup Tubeless Tires are the latest development of the longest tire-building experience in the industry. Incorporating new advances in rubber compounding, in Nylon or Super High Tenacity Rayon cord construction, and in tread design, they offer you silent operation, increased comfort, plus greater safety and far greater value for your tire dollars.

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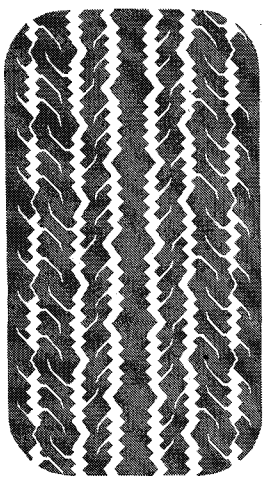

To the right you see MAX-GRIP Tread as it rolls along the highway — a picture of ruggedness in rubber. To the left is the "footprint" of MAX-GRIP Tread when you accelerate or apply the brakes. Thousands of scientifically angled tread insert slots open wide to provide more gripping edges. Every individual traction unit grips the road like glue. They wipe wet pavement dry. Wear-breeding scuff ends. Skid danger is nipped in its tracks. You get maximum stopping and starting power — maximum control of your car — maximum safety for you and all who are riding with you.

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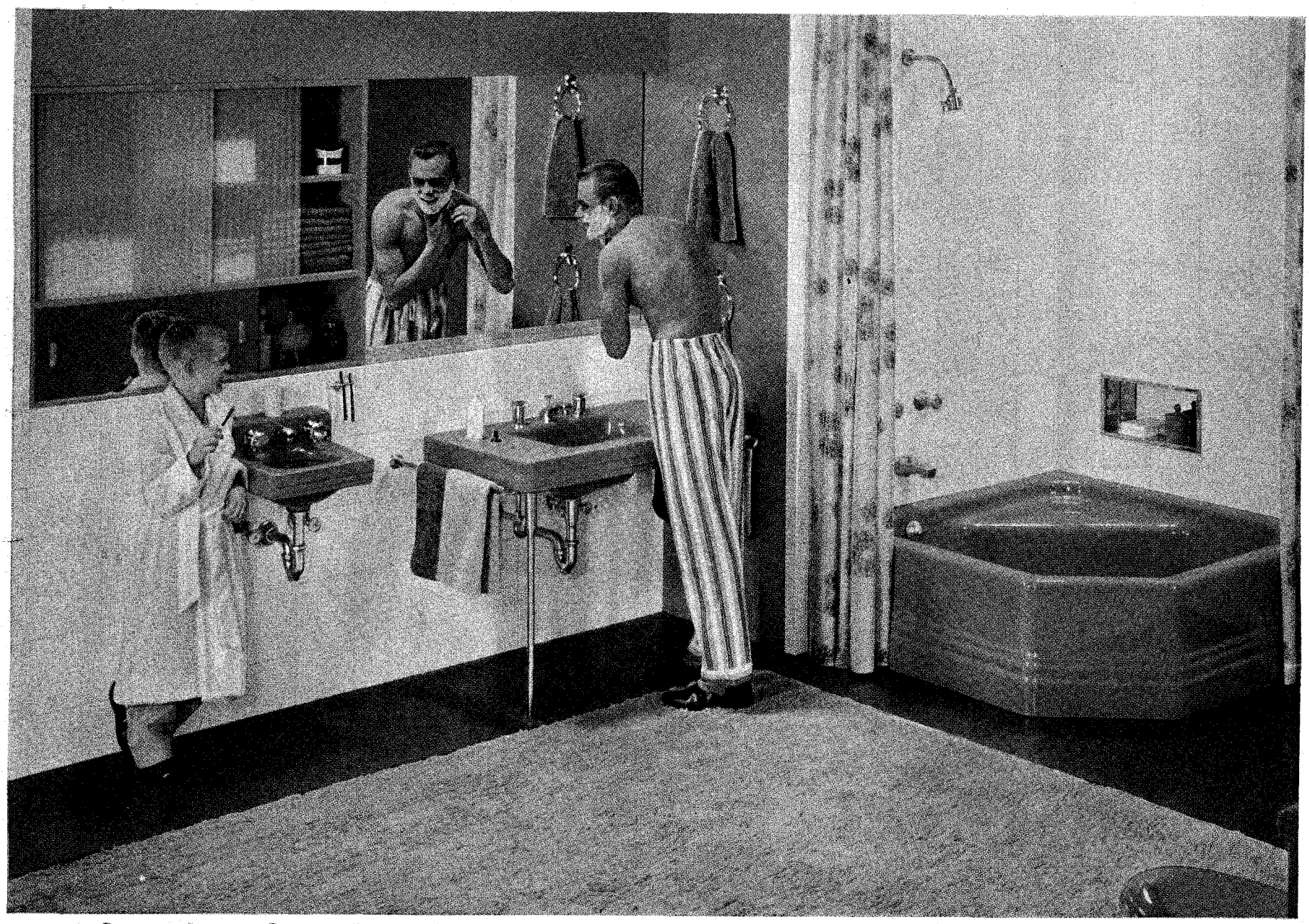
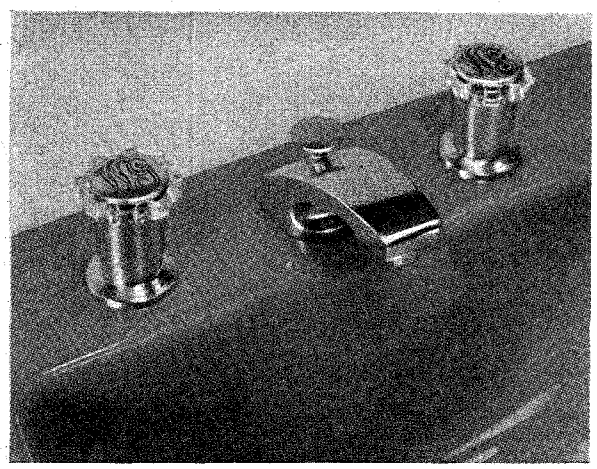


Firm-grip handles in clear crystal or these five colors add a smart accent to the new Monogram fittings.



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Ask your men! They'll go for the added convenience and beauty of this new

American-Standard Bathroom

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Best of all, these quality bathroom fixtures can be yours for as little as $6.28 a week.* See them at your American-Standard retailer's. He is listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "plumbing fixtures" or "plumbing supplies." Or mail the coupon for helpful booklet. Plumbing and Heating Division, American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp., Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

*PLUS INSTALLATION

AMERICAN-Standard
BATHROOMS

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(Continued from Page 94) a small one, much worn and annotated. It was selections from the works of Stevenson, and one line, carefully underscored, struck him with violence. It read "The lie of a good woman is the true index of her heart." He put the tiny volume in his pocket for later consideration.

At last, in a drawer, he found the real object of his search. It was a notebook with the words, A Brief History of the MacBane Family, written on the cover. With the notebook in hand, he went back down the stairs to the sitting room. He drew the light nearer and began to read:

"The first of our family to come to America was John MacBane, a Scot, who with his wife, Isabel, arrived in Philadelphia, after a rough four-weeks crossing on April 5, 1774. These facts are set down in an old Bible, which used to be in my grandfather's possession. I still recall the brief notation underneath: 'Infant child died at sea'."

Paul read on, absorbed. The record dealt mostly, of course, with genealogical data, but in between were inserted stories of pioneer days handed down from father to son or taken from old diaries and letters which had been borrowed from here and there. These were dramatic breaks in the steady pattern of developing a vast new country.

At the very end there was a paragraph written in fresher ink and with a hand not quite steady. It was his own war record, ending with the line: "He is now looking forward to the profession of law as a career. May God bless him in it."

Paul's eyes were moist as he closed the notebook and sat thinking. This that he had read was not merely a family history; there was in it the story of America itself. And only here could such a saga have been written. There they were, his forebears—the pioneer, the minister, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the mason, the farmer and the judge, ordinary men most of them, but strong, determined builders of a nation. And he was of their breed.

At last he put out the light and started upstairs, carrying the notebook reverently. He would take it with him and keep it always.

When he was ready for bed, however, it was the small Stevenson volume he took out and looked at again. He read the underscored line again: "The lie of a good woman is the true index of her heart."

He got into the big walnut bed and lay thinking in the dark. Could it be —— Oh, dared he believe it? That Anne's hard words belonged in this class? "I do not want to see him again," she had told her father. "She does not wish to communicate with you in any way," Miss Davis had reported.

He was all at once very still and relaxed. The faint bay of the dog over the hills only served to accentuate the lenitive quality of the quiet. A peace flowed over him. Coming weeks might prove this new interpretation to be a mistaken one, but for this night under his own roof, this tender, brooding springtime night, he was going to rest in hope.

A bright May morning Arno rose early and spent the better part of two hours in dressing. He tried on three shirts before one suited him, and then was lost in endless consideration of neckties. The bright red, which he favored, was so striking that it would at once arouse the suspicions of Sayles, and he wished to avoid that. It was necessary to play along with her.

At last he settled upon a light blue with a red-diamond design. He tied it nattily and watched his reflection in the mirror with a certain complacency. Not bad, eh? Especially to call on a girl who couldn't expect anything better.

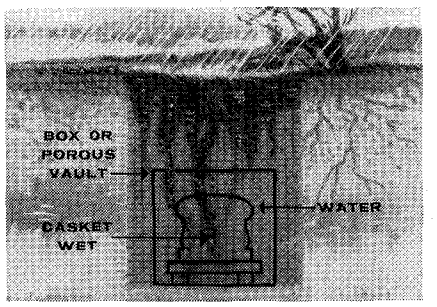
Ever since the day he had learned from Kirkland that the doctors had said Anne would never walk again, a great determination had become fixed in his heart. Fate had played into his hands. From a height at which he could only regard her with hidden and impossible longing, she had been suddenly brought down by her incapacity to his own level. Even, judged by old Water Street standards, below it. She was helpless and he was a man, virile and vigorous. If he was willing to marry her as she was, wouldn't she have everything to gain? Every girl wanted to marry. This was his honest appraisal of the situation.

In spite of his inner elation and resolve, he had let weeks go by before gathering his courage to do anything about it. After long thought, he had decided to work it through Kirkland himself. So, a few days

"It all started with little tropical fish."

When you are the one who must know "what to do"

Who can know *when* someone dear will lose a loved one and look to you for strength and gentle understanding? She will look to you to be sure everything is done as it *should* be done. There will be so many difficult decisions. And one decision you will make with utmost *confidence* is the choice of a Clark *Metal* Grave Vault. For you know the faithful protection the Clark Metal Grave Vault provides against water in the ground. And you know how comforting that knowledge can be throughout the years.



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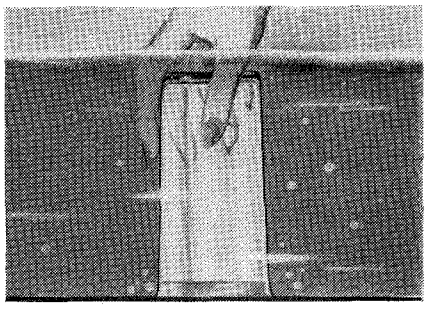
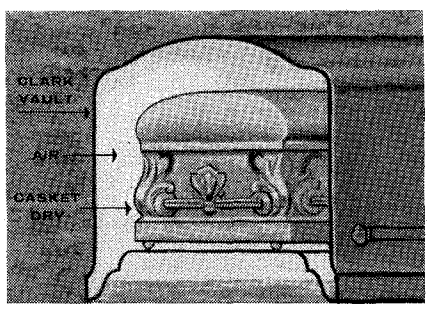
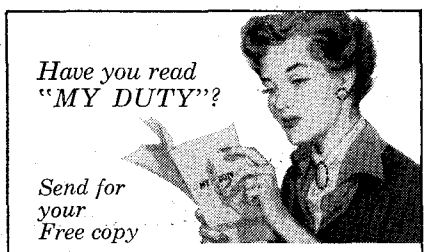


2. You've seen what happens when you turn a tumbler upside down and put it under water. The air trapped in the glass holds back the water . . . keeps it from rising inside more than a fraction of an inch.



3. Just as the tumbler holds back water, so does a stately Clark Vault. Its enduring metal sides and top form a one-piece, air-filled dome to keep water from reaching the casket over which it is placed.



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ago, after Sayles had left the office, he had approached the chief.

"You know," he began, praying the red would not come up in his face, "I keep thinking about Miss Anne's—trouble. I'd like to take her a few flowers someday. Do you think she'd see me? Around five, maybe?"

The chief had looked at first startled and then greatly touched.

"Why, that's very good of you, Arno. Of course, she'll be glad to see you. I'll speak of it to her tonight. I appreciate this myself, Arno."

"Just let me know the day and I'll be there."

So this afternoon had been set and he hadn't been obliged to arrange it himself, thereby perhaps saying the wrong thing. He had ordered the flowers a day ago. They would be ready for him to pick up at four-thirty. Nothing but the best for Anne, and, besides, it would do no harm to show her he had money too—that he wasn't merely a hireling, but a man in his own right. At the thought of the money, however, he instinctively drew his hand across his brow. That last set-to with Camponelli had been a close shave for him, all right. Before that, everything had run as smooth as silk, except for two uncomfortable questions. Once the chief had said to him, "Say, don't you realize these fellows will have to shake down more for us if they expect to get their men elected?" And Camponelli: "Look, how much do you gougers think we'll stand for?" Along the way, Arno's various bank accounts had swelled slowly but perceptibly. Well, he had things under control for the present.

When he reached the office that morning, Sayles took one look at him and her eyebrows all but met her hair.

"Well, where do you think you're going?" she said. "To the Wentworth tea?" She glanced down at the social page of the morning paper.

"Oh, I might look in and give them a break. And what's wrong," he added, "in wearing a clean suit once in a while?"

Sayles eyed him with an admiration which did not escape Arno. He had always enjoyed feminine approval.

"You look pretty snappy, I must say."

"Well, thanks, and the same to you."

You had to keep old Sayles buttered up.

He went out at four, as he often did on various confidential errands, while she was closeted with the chief, and this time made his way to the florist's. The box was large, and so was the bill. Very. But Arno paid it with a flourish.

He managed to arrive at the Kirkland home at exactly five. "For afternoon calls with or without invitation to cocktails five has become the generally accepted hour." So said the etiquette book which had recently become his nightly fare.

Anne was seated in a low chair beside a table, with a book in her lap, and Arno's heart turned completely over as he looked at her. She was thinner than when he had last seen her as she ran down the stairs that winter night in her red dress, and a little older looking, maybe, but oh, she was lovely. Not like any other girl he had ever seen. Sort of delicate and beautiful, like something a man's hands could break the way he would a flower stalk.

"How do you do, Arno? Father told me you were stopping in today. This is nice of you."

He was shaking hands, his face, he knew, red as a turkey wattle. He could smell a sweet scent as he bent over her. It seemed to come from her hair. It, at least, was just the same. Goldish, with a shine on it.

"Well, how are you, Miss Anne?" he heard his voice, a little too big and heavy. He was holding his box awkwardly, and suddenly laid it on her knee. "I just brought you a few flowers."

He stood while she undid the string and took off the lid. Within, ranged row on row, were white orchids! Her amazement was unfeigned.

"Arno! Oh, you shouldn't have done this! Why, I've never seen so many in all my life!"

"You haven't?" Arno asked delightedly.

"No, they're incredible! What a gift! How can I thank you?"

She looked up at him then, and he backed away a little. He must watch himself or he might spoil everything. Her eyes ——

"Oh, it's nothing," he said. "I'm glad you like them." He couldn't keep the pride, though, out of his voice.

"I'll ring for my nurse and get her to arrange them."

Anne was looking back now at the orchids, still with a rather stunned expression.

"Would you want to pin one on?" asked Arno eagerly. "Or a couple maybe?"

"Of course," Anne agreed. "It's so wonderful that these are white. I have a regular thing about purple orchids. I don't care for them."

"You don't?" Arno was overcome with relief, as one who has been too near a precipice. For he had thought first of the purple, and had chosen the white only because they were more expensive. "Well, I'm glad you like these."

Miss Davis entered, introductions were made, and Anne selected one orchid, which she fastened to her dress, and handed the box to Davy with a steady countenance.

"Perhaps a wide, low glass bowl, and when they are arranged, would you please bring them back here? . . . And oh, do sit down, Arno," she added, as Miss Davis left the room with her exotic burden. "I suppose you and father are busy running things as usual."

"Well," Arno said, his confidence returning, "we manage to keep pretty busy. Just got our man nominated for governor. The chief—I mean your father—he's always got a few tricks up his sleeve. I mean in a nice way, that is."

Anne laughed, and Arno felt a tremor go through his body. *Steady,* he thought, *don't go and give yourself away too soon.*

"I must tell father how loyal you are! Have—have you any new bright lights showing up in the political field?" she asked, looking carefully at the bowl of orchids which Davy was placing on the table beside her.

Arno was pleased. It was a lot easier to talk to her than he had expected, and she evidently was impressed with the flowers.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess young Devereux is about the only new one your father's got under his wing right now. Ever heard of him?"

"I—yes, I have," Anne agreed. "How's he doing?"

"He seems all right, though we still don't know too much about him. He's the kind that gets in the social swim sooner or later, gets married, and then, as likely as not, his wife won't like the political mix-up. She'd rather he stuck to law and made some money and stayed home nights. You know? I just think he's not the type you can depend on for our business. Of course, time will tell."

(Continued on Page 103)

The Perfect Squelch

Bob was a very junior executive in the Canadian branch of a large British firm. But having visited the firm's London offices, he never tired of talking about his close association with the senior executives over there.

Even while lunching in the firm's cafeteria, he bored his fellow workers by droning on about the vast superiority of the senior management's dining room in England. "You can't imagine how much better it is than this place," he said finally. "There's really no comparison. And, of course, I was right there with all the big guns of the company."

As Bob paused momentarily, one of his fellow workers spoke up. "I do hope," he said in an anxious voice, "you remembered to serve from the left and take away from the right."

J. G. Cudlip

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THE MODERN RICE

One chang
any meat-and-gravy man will like!

Any woman can cook it fluffy every time

Guaranteed to cook up fluffy every time—or your money back. In fact, we guarantee you can't cook it any way but fluffy. It never gets gummy, even after days in the refrigerator.

Today's vital generation is discovering Uncle Ben's, the modern rice. Rich in vitamins and minerals, fewer calories per average serving.

In your heart you know it. You married a meat-and-gravy man who likes substantial meals and plain cooking. (And your children take after him.)

So tonight you're going to serve up some savory pot roast, plump pork chops, or a steak (if it's the day after payday) and go heavy on the gravy.

How are you going to ring in a change now and then? How are you going to keep him slim and trim without his howling that you're starving him to death?

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF RICE?

Now don't go saying "That starchy stuff—it's fattening and hard to cook. Anyway, it would never satisfy *my* husband."

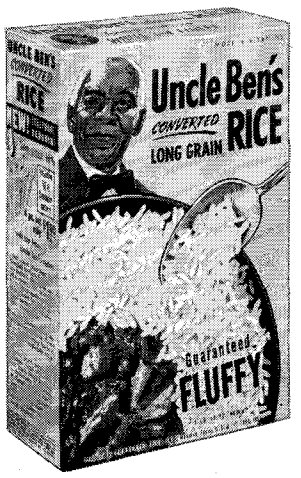
Now there's a new modern kind of rice . . . Uncle Ben's. To quote a leading national magazine, Uncle Ben's is "*a white rice that's a complete food.*"

That means Uncle Ben's is extremely rich in all the B vitamins and minerals you find in unpolished rice. And unpolished rice is the good basic food that mankind grew up lean and tough on when history was young.

CHEFS AND NUTRITIONISTS AGREE

The country's nutritionists look on this new modern kind of rice as one of the great food developments of the century.

Its cooking qualities are so unusual that the country's leading chefs have made Uncle Ben's the standard rice in such elegant eateries as the Pump Room in Chicago and the Brown Derby in Hollywood.



EACH GRAIN SALUTES YOU

YOU CAN'T FAIL TO COOK IT RIGHT

But you don't have to be a fancy chef to handle Uncle Ben's. It cooks up fluffy every time. We guarantee it. Each grain stands apart. As we say in our slogan, "Each grain salutes you."

All in all, Uncle Ben's makes it mighty easy for you to look like a mighty smart member of this new slim, trim generation. You get vitamins and minerals, you get less calories per average serving, you get a substantial food that's just made to go with meat and gravy.

Why don't you try this modern rice with the sunny-colored grains that always cook up soft, white, and fluffy? The name is Uncle Ben's.

Uncle Ben's
CONVERTED LONG GRAIN RICE

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Ponderosa Pine WOODWORK

• AND WESTERN PINE ASSOCIATION

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(Continued from Page 100) "Have you seen any evidence of—of what you fear?" Anne asked, very carefully.

"Oh, I don't know anything about his private life. He runs around a lot with Johnny Bovard, and he's in the social top drawer all right. And I've seen him out with Johnny's sister. Good-looking girl. Well, just surmise on my part, that's all."

Hackett came in with a tray and put it down condescendingly. There was more chat over the drinks, and then Arno noticed that Miss Anne looked tired and very white.

"I guess I'd better be on my way," he said suddenly. "Hope I haven't stayed too long."

"Not at all," Anne said, forcing a smile. "And I do thank you for the orchids. Wait till father sees them!"

Arno left in a near ecstatic state. It had all gone so much better than he had even dared to hope. Why, he could talk to her almost as easy as to old Sayles! He hadn't said anything about going back. He'd let things ride for a little while.

When he was gone, Anne sat very still in her chair, staring at the spot where Arno had been sitting. So she had been right in her recent thinking about Paul. She had guessed it even before this man had pointed it up with his own observations. She should not be surprised. She was only thankful—oh, so thankful that she had taken the initiative when she did. Now, at least, she had her pride left, intact, un-

●

Let no man claim he understands a woman until he can tell whether her hat is on straight.

FRANCES RODMAN

●

damaged. Such a small, pitiful residue from the flame, but something.

White, cold, stone-still as an image, her heart dead, she sat on until Hackett brought the phone to her.

"Your father on the wire, Miss Anne."

She stirred and braced herself as she heard his voice.

"Oh, yes, Jimmy."

"Mouchie? I'm at the club. I really should have dinner here with a man tonight. Pretty important. Will you mind?"

An immediate sense of relief ran through her. "Not a bit. I think I'll retire early. From shock. I've had a big afternoon. Your minion called, and guess what? He brought me one dozen white orchids!"

"What the devil ——"

"Yes. Sort of pathetic, wasn't it? But be sure to say the right thing to him tomorrow, for he was so proud of himself. No wonder, at that price! The man means to be kind, Jimmy, I grant you that. Only please head him off if he shows signs of coming again. I couldn't take another batch of orchids."

"You're sure you're all right tonight?"

"Absolutely. Have a good time, Jimmy. See you at breakfast!"

She hung up quickly, before her voice broke. She removed the orchid from her dress and put it in the bowl with the others, then rang for Miss Davis. When she came, Anne motioned to the flowers.

"For some reason, Davy, I can't look at them. Keep any you like for yourself, and then take the rest to the kitchen. I have an idea the girls there would love them, and they shouldn't be wasted. And, Davy, could I have dinner in my room and just stay there tonight? Father won't be home."

Miss Davis looked at her with keen solicitude. "If you wish," she said quietly as she picked up the bowl of orchids.

Paul himself was having a somewhat disturbed mind over Johnny Bovard's sister. He had been invited to dinner at their home soon after he first met Johnny, and it had been a pleasant evening. Janie was dark, vivid in coloring and full of vitality, with a frankness at once disarming and to some degree embarrassing. The dinner had been followed later by a Sunday buffet, and several times now, at Johnny's invitation, he had gone with a group to a night club, always being paired off with Janie, who made it no secret that she liked the arrangement.

One day at lunch with Johnny after he had come back from the farm, he broached his uneasiness.

"Look," he said, "there's something I want to tell you. I'm not just in the open field. There is someone. It may never work out, but at least I'm pretty deeply involved."

Johnny looked at him keenly. "I could see the other night that Janie was rather throwing herself at you. And I might say there's nobody I'd rather have for a brother-in-law, but if that's the way it is, good luck, old man. I'll take care of Janie."

"She's a doll," Paul said, "and I feel like an ass saying anything at all to you, but I don't think I ought to keep on going out with her. The way it is with me."

Johnny squinted over his glasses. "H'm'm. Well, now let's get down to business. The big shindig is just one week from today. I suppose you realize."

"And how! I'm scared, and yet I still want to do it. I hope to heaven I don't let you down, after all the talking we've done about it."

"Not a chance. I'm going out early that day to see that everything's set up right. Can you come out before lunch? You might like to get the feel of things. Gosh, I hope the weather will be good! We've got a ratty old marquee if it rains, but it would spoil the fun, so keep your fingers crossed."

They had lunched at the Wiltshire, the city's most sumptuous hotel. Now, as they parted in the main lobby, Paul remembered suddenly that he had meant to get a haircut that day. He turned on his heel and went down the stairway to the hotel barbershop.

He sat down in the chair near the door to which he was assigned, and looked into the mirror's reflection of his surroundings. Suddenly he stiffened. At one of the manicure tables sat a man whose full, fleshy face he now knew. It was Camponelli! He was smiling with bold assurance at the pretty girl who was working carefully upon his hands. Every few minutes Camponelli glanced up at a chair nearby where a man was being shaved. As the concealing lather was removed, Paul gave a start.

The man being shaved was Arno! With a heavy weight of dismay upon him, Paul saw what followed. Camponelli handed a bill to the girl, whose eyes widened as she slipped it into her pocket, and then got up and made his way to the washroom. A few minutes later, Arno followed him. There it was, just that. But Paul knew, with an inner certainty that was absolute, that this was not coincidence. They had not come out when he was finished and left the shop.

He walked slowly along the street, disturbed and uncertain. There was a hook-up here, a live link between the numbers racketeer and Kirkland's right-hand man. Did Kirkland know it? Or was Arno working on some scheme of his own? Even this would be bad enough, considering Arno's connection with the office. Could the disappearance of the two into the washroom have been as innocent as that of any other two men? He wanted to think so, but could not. Some subtle current of reality transmitted without logical proof had struck him with violence, and he could not shake himself free.

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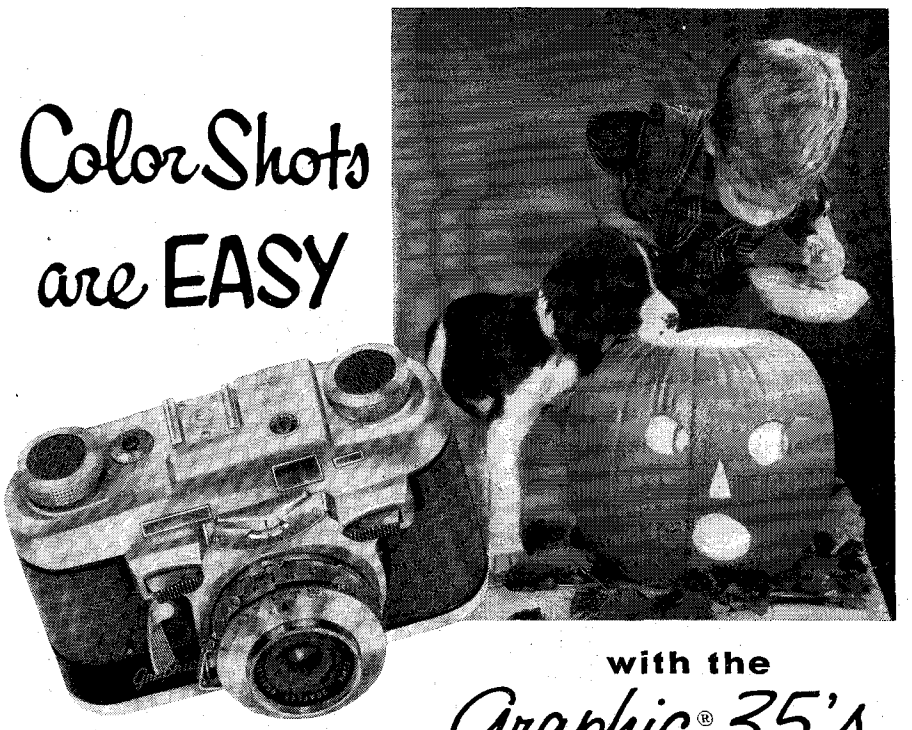

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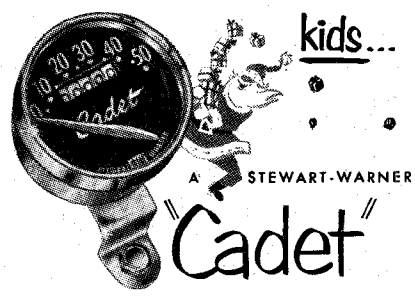

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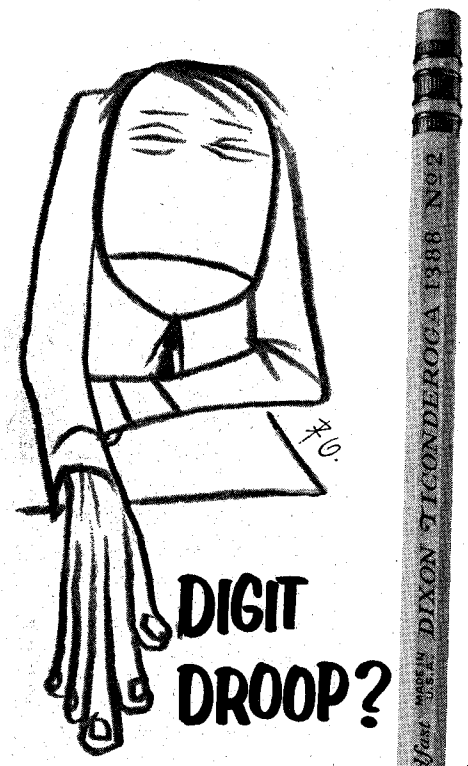

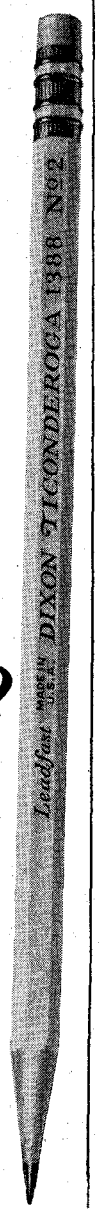

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Underworld U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 51)

shopping district some distance away. Following the selected truck, if it now emerged, might become difficult. At eight o'clock they quit, disappointed, and went to the Central Hotel for dinner.

"This," they agreed over the table, "may take some time."

The next day was a repetition of the first. On Friday morning their selected truck came out the door at 10:25. They followed it to the Federal Reserve Bank, where it was loaded by Federal Reserve employees while armed guards stood by. It left at 10:55, traveled about eight miles through heavy to light traffic, arrived at a suburban bank, where four packages were unloaded and carried into the bank. The unloading took about five minutes. It left at 11:16, traveled about three miles through light traffic, arrived at a second bank at 11:24, unloaded two packages and left at 11:30.

It arrived at the third bank at 11:55. This bank was in the center of a town square, all but deserted at noon hour. A traffic officer was on duty in the town square. He was stout, in his late sixties. From 12:02 until 12:10, his attention was riveted on a line of children, two abreast, crossing the square from a school on the corner. The truck was parked one wheel to the curb in front of the Splendid Diner. The guards carried four packages into the bank adjoining, locked the car up, and all three went into the diner for lunch.

They were in there for twenty-five minutes, sitting on stools at a counter that gave them a view of the truck. They left at 12:40, made eight more stops and returned to the garage at 4:35. None of the stops intrigued Fingers, Spider or Jerry as did the one in the town square.

They followed the truck day after day for two weeks, alternating cars to avoid attention, using Fingers' car one day, Jerry's the next, and Spider's the third; then repeating. The departure time varied from 9:10 to 10:40. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday it delivered to banks on four separate circuits. On Thursday and Friday, the truck picked up from six banks and delivered to eight factories and industrial establishments. The trio correctly assumed that it delivered payrolls, and made notes for future reference on the times of arrival and departure and the nature of delivery, whether by canvas bag or package.

The third week they spent entirely on the place in the town square outside the Splendid Diner. They ate in the diner as the three guards might, and found that a decorative palm in the window and a telephone pole obscured vision so that the guards could not see what might be happening at the rear of a truck so parked; and if a passenger car were parked one wheel to the curb—as a traffic sign directed—to the right of the truck, the rear of the truck could not be seen at all.

Fingers, whose eyes were particularly sharp, crossed the walk the school children would take, stepped into a white circle on the ground, where the policeman would stand, looked across the town square toward the bank and diner, and found that he could not read registration plates at that distance. If the truck arrived between 11:55 and 12:00 noon and the guards unloaded three packages, locked up the truck and entered the diner, the line of children would hold back any light traffic on the road at that hour.

If it took two guards, working leisurely, five minutes to unload three large packages, walking all the way into a bank, Jerry and Spider, working fast while he was at the wheel, ought to be able to unload six packages in half that time. He would allow a minute to open the rear door of the truck. Assuming that all circumstances were favorable—the truck arriving at precisely the right time, a passenger car parked in front of the diner, and the guards following normal routine, he should be able to drive up behind the truck, double park while the traffic officer was guarding the children, get out, and open the door when the guards were in the diner. Meanwhile, Jerry and Spider could get out, leave the rear door of the getaway car open, jump into the armored truck, unload the packages and throw them into the car. The heist should be completed in five minutes and they would be on their way.

They agreed upon that procedure for the robbery and then spent days going over the terrain. The getaway car would be facing north. Fifty yards away was a right turn to the east that led directly to an S curve. A hundred yards beyond the S was a well-paved road going south and coming back to a V joining the road leading to the bank. A continuation of it on the left went northeast. The intersection would confuse anyone who tried to follow. A half mile beyond the V there were roads left and right. They explored them until they decided upon back roads that were the most confusing and at the same time reasonably direct.

Under the plan, it became Spider's mission to provide a stolen car each Thursday until the time of arrival of the armored truck was perfect—or on the nose—and all other circumstances and conditions prevailed. This was the big heist and there could be no allowance for slip-up. The stolen car would backtrack to the Central Hotel, where Fingers' car could be parked in the rear lot without suspicion. Fingers would be dropped, pick up his car; the stolen car would continue on to the drop, and Fingers would catch up to it and follow.

The drop was important. They picked it with a vengeful sense of humor. Earl Connors had a beautiful place on the river front, one of the city's most exclusive residential areas. It was surrounded by high firs. Earl hated prying eyes, whether those of passers-by in cars or afoot. The firs also prevented him from seeing what was happening in front of his house. That would be the drop. Spider would drive up almost to Earl's front door. Fingers would follow. The packages would be transferred from the stolen car to Fingers' car. They would abandon the stolen car there and continue on to Jerry Pender's place. Pender had a single-family house, a driveway and garage. He also had a cellar game room, an ideal place to divide loot.

In the first run, everything was timed to perfection. Spider picked up a perfect car at a rapid-transit station, met Fingers and Jerry in front of Central Hotel. They arrived at the bank on the nose, but the armored truck was ten minutes late. On the second run, they arrived on the nose in a stolen car, but an ice-cream truck had pulled into the spot usually used by the armored car. The third time they arrived precisely on the dot. And the armored car was in place, being unloaded.

"This is it!" Jerry said.

A guard came to the back of the truck as the two others walked into the diner. The guard slammed the door on the back of the truck. Fingers pulled up behind it a moment after he entered the diner. The square was empty, except for a woman shopper with a bag, on the far side. The children were crossing the street. Two cars were held up by them. The operation went off like clockwork. In four minutes flat there were six packages in the car and Fingers was negotiating the S curve.

Five minutes after they had disappeared, the traffic cop sauntered casually across the square, looked into the diner, opened the door and called to the guards, "Hey! Who were those guys who stopped by your truck and took out some packages?"

The guards all but choked on their food, crowded through the door and ran to the back of the truck. The door was ajar and swaying lightly in the breeze. The first one swung it open, looked in and looked around at the others in amazement.

"We've been robbed!" he said; then he turned to the cop and said, "What guys?"

The cop lifted his hands and shoulders in puzzled wonder. "I don't know. I saw a car roll up behind your truck. Two guys got out. They climbed into your truck and took out some packages and put them in the car. They seemed to know what they were doing. I figured they worked for you."

"You figured wrong," the guard said.

The cop crossed the street to report the robbery to his station from a call box. Nobody had seen a registration number. Nobody had a description of the men in the car or the man at the wheel. It was a clean, slick job. Squad cars could not be told on short wave what to look for.

In the game room of Jerry Pender's cellar, they looked down upon the six packages. They had not had time to open one. Jerry had just come in. They were still keyed up.

(Continued on Page 106)

"Stay out of this, Hawkins, you're in enough trouble already."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Nickel-bearing "skin" makes New York's newest skyscraper one of its brightest spectaculars

When you're building for the future, always build Inco Nickel into your plans . . .

New York City has seen great skyscrapers going up before.

But nothing quite like the gleaming, new Socony Mobil Building, soon to be one of Manhattan's brightest spectaculars!

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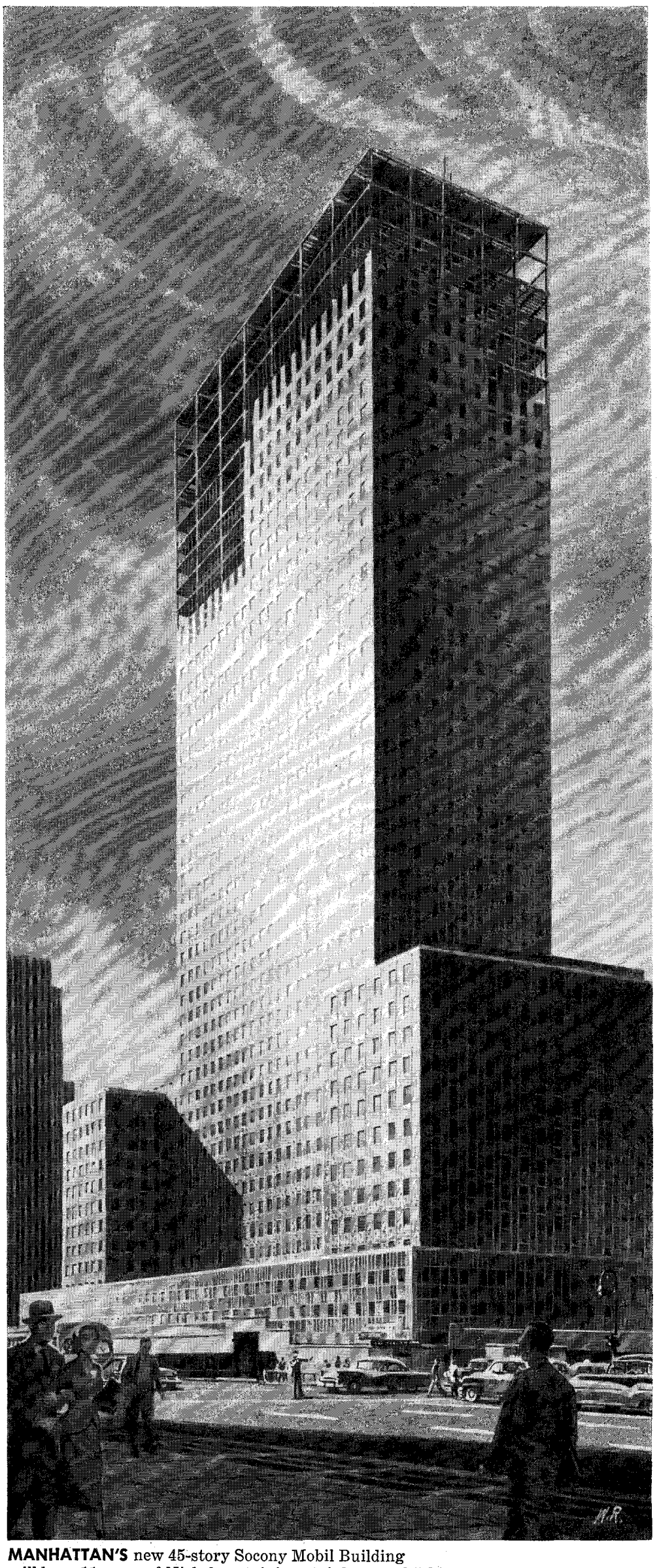

MANHATTAN'S new 45-story Socony Mobil Building will have 11 acres of Nickel-containing stainless steel "skin."

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(Continued from Page 104) Fingers sat down in an easy chair by the fireplace. He felt a wave of nausea now that he never would admit. Cold sweat was breaking out on his forehead, face and body. His knees trembled slightly and he could feel the perspiration on his legs. Spider left the room and went out to a laundry tub in the outer cellar to drink a couple of glasses of water. Jerry walked slowly up the cellar stairs, as though his shoes were weighted with lead, to the kitchen and came back with two bottles of ale and one of ginger ale. He uncapped them and poured. The soft drink was for Fingers. They drank silently.

After the first glass, Jerry forced a grin and tried to snap out of it. "I wonder what Earl Connors will think when they find that car outside his place," he said. "Man! That will give him a headache! He'll burn up when the cops ask him to explain."

Fingers and Spider looked at him and grinned in appreciation. A sudden thought struck Jerry. "No fingerprints on that car, I hope," he said, looking from one to the other. "I wore my gloves all the time. How about you guys?"

Both shrugged indifferently and assured him there could be no prints on the car.

Jerry looked at his wrist watch. It was 1:25. "News broadcast in five minutes," he said. "We'd better check and see what they've got."

They listened to a depilatory commercial ending a half hour of popular tunes. Five minutes of news was announced beginning with: "Here is a bulletin from our news room. In a daring daylight robbery in Rowen Square today, three bandits got away with an estimated three quarters of a million dollars from a Townsend Transfer armored truck while a driver and two guards were lunching at a nearby diner. Traffic officer Walter Murray, on duty in the town square, looked on as the robbers opened the rear door of the armored truck and transferred six bundles of bills to a car parked behind it. Murray was too far away to prevent it and could not get the number of the car. He could give no other description than that it was a dark-blue or black sedan. No other witnesses to the robbery have been found. Police believe that the back door of the armored truck had been left open. The armored truck is reported to have been in charge of the same crew—a driver and two guards—who were reported to have been drinking in a downtown hotel bar more than a month ago. Keep tuned for later bulletins—and now a word about personal finance." Jerry snapped it off.

They looked at the packages, stunned. It was a full minute before Fingers repeated the sum—"Three quarters of a million dollars!" The others did not even look up from their contemplation of the packages.

"That's what the man said," Spider said, looking up after a long pause.

Elation was now beginning to mount in all three. When Jerry looked up, his eyes were bright and glistening. "No need to count it," he said. "That's what he said. Three quarters of a million dollars." He got up quickly, tore the seal on the package nearest him, unwrapped it and exposed neatly packaged and banded tens. They fell disordered on the floor.

Jerry picked up several of the small packages and piled them neatly by the radio. Fingers and Spider joined him until all were piled neatly beside the small, black portable radio. Jerry brought more bottles, poured them, and they sat down to contemplate the spectacle in what appeared to be sheer bliss, but already there were promptings of uneasiness, new and strange fears beginning to germinate.

Three quarters of a million dollars; a quarter of a million dollars for each—all theirs, the last and final result of the big heist that each had dreamed about in his own way—here in the room with them, had a power to shock sensibilities and slow down mental processes until it became an effort to think. A curtain seemed to have fallen on a life they knew and was rising upon one entirely unfamiliar to them. Each began to realize that he had completed his last holdup, the last heist, the final petty robbery. This was a climax. The last prize was in their possession. Crime could pay no more. The slightest departure from a straight and narrow path, now literal and no longer figurative, could whisk this prize away from them, and as they must defend it with their lives, they must either kill or be killed, or spend the rest of their lives in jail.

They looked at one another now with strange eyes, each appraising the others according to a new and hitherto inconceivable standard. How far could one trust another? Three quarters of a million dollars screamed a silence they could feel, if not hear. Normal procedure after a robbery would be to split up the loot, and yet now none would broach the subject. Normally they would be thinking of how they would spend it. Now they were thinking of how they would hide it. Fingers lived in an apartment with Marian. There was not a closet, drawer or box of any kind with a lock on it secure enough to protect a quarter of a million dollars. He had no safe. He would not dare to buy one now. It would arouse suspicion.

He shuddered at the thought of moving a quarter of a million dollars through the streets in his car in either daylight or darkness. Suppose he were picked up for speeding, going through a red light or some inconsequential trifle? Suppose he were recognized or stopped by a cop who just didn't like his face? Where would he carry it—in

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the car with him or in the trunk compartment? Suppose he had an accident—hit by a careless or drunken driver; something not his fault and beyond his control? What would he do about the money if his car were disabled? Things like that were always happening to people at the most inappropriate times. Could he move it a little at a time? No matter how he looked at it, it meant that he must trust Jerry to guard all of it or part of it until he could take possession of his share. Any large package moved into the apartment would be sure to attract Marian's attention. He would have to explain, and he did not want to explain. The less she or anybody else knew about his money, the better.

The same thoughts were going through Spider's mind. He was a bachelor, living in a three-flat walk-up apartment with his parents. The cellar was shared by three families. He had come to the same conclusion as Fingers.

Fingers finally broached the subject and outlined his problem to Jerry. Spider listened, nodding his head, and when it had been explained, said, "I'm in the same boat, Jerry. Looks like you got the only place right here for the time being. Can you lock that?" He nodded toward the game-room door.

"Yeah!" Jerry said, without much enthusiasm. He had been doing his own thinking.

Spider and Fingers knew that Jerry had two sons; one was in the Navy, stationed on

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There are times in most men's lives when they lose control of themselves; others remain single.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

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Guam, the other was married, living in Indianapolis. Jerry's wife worked in a downtown department store under her maiden name. Wives of criminals rarely want to be known as such.

"Would your wife become suspicious if you locked that door?" Fingers asked.

"No," he said, a deep frown on his face. He knew what was coming. "I lock it pretty often; used to keep it locked most of the time when I had big stocks of liquor in here, and I lock it now when I have any stuff around. I don't like the idea of guys reading the electric or gas or water meters snooping around, and I don't like them drinking up my liquor when I leave it around."

"Got a big box with a lock on it?" Spider asked.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Jerry closed his eyes tightly, thinking a moment. "I don't like the idea of having three quarters of a million dollars locked up in this cellar. That's bad no matter how you look at it. I don't mind being responsible for my share," he went on, "but I don't want to be responsible for your share or your share." He nodded to each in turn. "It's going to be tough enough for me to worry about my own. Let's face it! If anything ever happened to your share, even if I lost the whole of it, you'd never believe me. You'd think I was in on it, and you'd probably kill me, or at least you'd try to—and I couldn't blame you. I'd feel the same way if one of you guys was guarding it and lost my share. Right?"

They were silent.

He went on, "I'd rather have you take your own dough out of here and worry about it yourself. I don't want to be responsible for anybody's share but my own."

Fingers and Spider protested that they could not move it. It was too dangerous. Jerry could see that and admitted that he wouldn't dare move his own share through the streets. They assured him that they would trust him. They shook hands with what seemed like suppressed emotion, and agreed to stick together forever. It was finally agreed that Jerry should lock it up and they would move their shares piecemeal and as quickly as possible. They began by picking up $20,000 in new twenties from the pile beside the radio and putting it in various pockets. It was then 2:30.

Jerry snapped on the radio for more news. The newscaster repeated what he had said in the earlier bulletin in amplified news form and added:

"Police are inclined to believe that this fantastic and fabulous daylight holdup is an inside job. The guard charged with the responsibility for closing and locking the rear door has told investigators that he closed it tightly and tried it before going into the diner. Company officials, on the other hand, say that it could not have been locked. It must have been left open. A special key is required for each armored-car door. All are different. The keys are given to the drivers when they leave the garage on each trip and are turned in after each trip. A duplicate key could not be made, they point out, except through the collusion of a driver and two guards, the standard crew on each trip. This is believed to be impossible in this case.

"In another development, police have recovered what is believed to have been the getaway car, a dark blue sedan, in front of the home of Earl Connors, well-known local sportsman, a familiar figure in local political circles. Connors scoffs at the idea that he or any of his associates are in any way connected with the crime. He characterizes it as a prank of one of his enemies and (Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 107) acknowledges that the person who left it there unquestionably had something to do with the robbery. Police dusted the car for fingerprints and examined it closely, but found nothing of importance, an indication that it is the work of experienced professionals." The announcer went on then with other items.

"Looks now like it was a lousy idea to drop that car outside Earl's place." Jerry looked at Fingers.

"Right!" Spider agreed. "I'd rather face the cops than face one of Earl's mobs, if they once figure that we've got all this dough."

Fingers nodded, looking from one to the other. "Now you tell me," he said. "Why didn't one of you guys figure that out when I first suggested Earl's place for the drop?"

"Didn't think of it," Spider admitted.

"Neither did you." Fingers looked at Jerry. "None of us thought of it because none of us thought we'd get three quarters of a million dollars. That's what makes the difference. We knew that this was the big heist, and yet we all thought about it like any other holdup."

"You're right," Spider nodded, "and now I'm thinking of what that announcer said. He said the car must have been left there by one of his enemies, and we're his enemies because you're his enemy. He's the guy who made you marry Marjory."

"Earl has a lot of enemies," Fingers argued. "Why should he single me out special?"

Tempers were becoming short. They were feeling the first effects of the impact of three quarters of a million dollars, compelled to face problems that they never could have foreseen.

"Don't let's argue about it," Jerry cautioned. "We're in this together and we've got to figure it out together. Let's find a box for this stuff. I've got a heavy tool chest outside in the cellar. Let's empty the tools out of it. I'll put a hasp on it. I've got padlocks and chains and everything we need. This stuff ought to fit in it."

As they were leaving to go into the outside cellar, Fingers observed for the first time the gummed labels across the ends of the large packages of money.

"Wait a minute," he said, examining one closely. He picked up the discarded wrapper that had covered the package "Are you any good at arithmetic?" he asked Spider.

"I got through high school," Spider answered.

"What's this mean?" He pointed to rubber-stamped numerals on the labels. Spider examined it. "Looks like it tells the denominations in each package and the number of bills of each denomination," he said.

"Can you figure out how much dough we got here by multiplying and dividing and adding or something like that from these figures?" He was curious.

Spider studied them. "I think so," he said.

"Why don't you do that while I help Jerry?" he suggested.

"O.K."

Fingers followed Jerry into the outer cellar. The large chest was made of heavy oak. It had once had a built-in lock. They pulled out a heavy electric drill, coils of cord, hacksaw and blades, hammers of various weights, cold chisels, electric soldering iron, lead, solvents, acetylene torch, hose—the tools of his trade—and packed them into an already-overcrowded area between the lower shelf and the surface of his workbench; then moved the chest to the workbench, where Jerry drilled and fitted the hasp.

Then he had another bright idea, and drilled holes in the rear of the chest and fitted rings there.

When he was through, they carried the chest into the game room. He spot-welded the rings to a low steam pipe. It took about a half hour.

"That will do for now," he said, surveying the job. "Nobody can move the chest now without taking the pipe with them or breaking the chest. Breaking the chest is the only risk now, but I'll fix that later. I'll build a steel housing around it and make it fast in the concrete. When I get through with it, it will be better than the best safe made. I've got enough sheet stock in the garage. I'll put a hidden lock on it. The only way anybody could get into it without knowing the design is to drill it and blow it up."

"What about us?" Fingers asked. "Me and Spider would have to have keys. We'd have to know the design and how to operate this trick lock." Spider looked up from his computing to hear the answer.

"You'll have them," Jerry assured both. "Anyway, you'll have them until you get your stuff moved out of here; and in case you're suspicious, you'll have to take my word for it that I won't change the tumblers or modify the shield over the lock or change the design in any way as long as your dough is in here. You'll have to trust me and take my word on that. There's no other way around it."

"Don't be like that, Jerry." Fingers was pained. "We trust you." He turned to Spider. "Don't we?"

Spider grinned. "Sure," he agreed.

Spider looked up from his paper. "The way I figure it," he said, "we got more than three quarters of a million dollars. Taking these figures from the labels, it comes out seven hundred and ninety-two thousand. Man, that's a lot of money!"

They began tearing the wrappers off and piling the small packages into the chest. It accommodated $674,000. They had $118,000 left over.

"I should have measured those packages." Jerry was disappointed. "Can't you guys split and take fifty-nine thousand bucks apiece of your share and hide it someplace on your own?"

They thought it over. "You've already got twenty thousand apiece," Jerry reminded them. "If you can handle twenty

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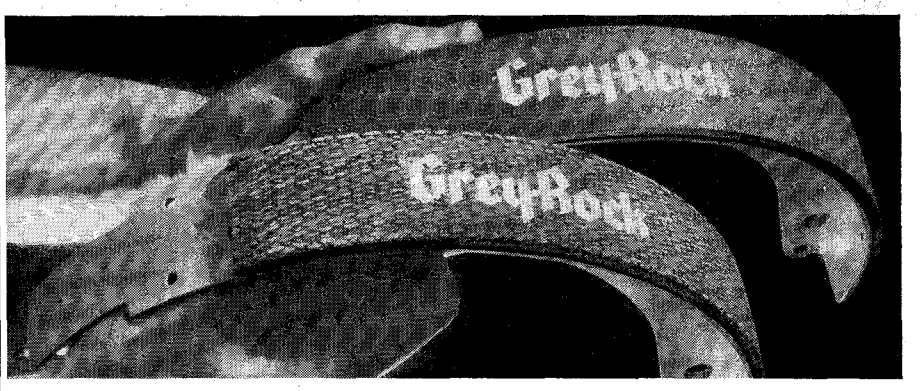

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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thousand apiece, you can handle another fifty-nine thousand apiece. That will take care of the overflow."

It seemed reasonable, but they were doubtful. "It's easy enough to get it out of here," Fingers agreed, "but seventy-nine thousand is still a lot of money to hide around an apartment." He turned to Spider. "How about you?"

Spider shrugged. "I don't know where I'd put it in my place."

"I don't know where I'd put it, either," Jerry snapped. Irritation was rising. "It's your dough, not mine. I don't care where you put it. We're all in this, but I've got to do all the work. I've got to take all the responsibility; that leaves you guys with nothing to worry about. But me, I've got to sheath that chest in steel, build a foolproof safe around it ——"

"You're the safe man. That's your racket. We can't do anything about it." Fingers' ire was rising.

"So I've got ten days' work ahead of me while you guys live off the fat of the land," Jerry said.

"You're entitled to something extra for that," Spider suggested.

"The hell with that." Jerry turned upon him. "I need more money now like I need a hole in the head."

They were silent for a long minute, thinking. Jerry cooled off quickly. He realized they had a problem.

"We're all kind of keyed up," he said in a conciliatory tone. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I've got a double-door cabinet out there in the cellar, a place where I store paints, turpentine, brushes and stuff like that. I'll put a hasp and staple on the doors, and a good padlock. If you want to stash it away there, you can, but it will be on your own responsibility. I'll show you."

They followed him and he pointed to the cabinet. Fingers looked it over. "It's not very safe," he said doubtfully.

"I didn't say it was safe," Jerry reminded him. "It's the best I can do."

"Suppose the house burned down?" Fingers said.

Jerry was becoming exasperated. "If the house burned down, I'd have a lot more to lose than you would. If the house burned down, what do you suppose would happen to that chest in the game room?"

"Yeah," Spider agreed. "We got to think about that, don't we?" The very possibility stunned him and suggested another idea. "Suppose one of Earl's mob found out we had this stuff? We've held up their crap games—and we knew they couldn't do anything about it, except shoot it out. I guess I'll take that fifty-nine grand with me," he told Jerry.

"Me too," Fingers was unhappy about it.

The power of three quarters of a million dollars was making itself felt. Already they were slaves to it. They must be governed and controlled by it. Their every action henceforth must be guided by it. They went into the game room. Jerry counted out the money in banded packages. They quailed at the large denominations, $500 and $1000. Those would be hard to pass and raised problems they would not think about yet.

When they had completed the business, they sat down in the game room to relax. Jerry poured drinks again. They were discussing now, for the first time, what they would do with the money; immediate things that could be acquired without suspicion, and remote objectives—beautiful houses, grounds, the possibility of investment in legitimate enterprise. At 4:30 Jerry flipped on the radio for the news.

They listened to a repetition of all that the newscaster had said earlier, and then he added:

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation moved in swiftly upon the case. The money, officials explained, was in transit from the Federal Reserve Bank to member banks. It remains in the custody of the Federal Reserve until the member bank signs for it, acknowledging its receipt. The theft is, therefore, a Federal offense. The bills in this haul of slightly more than three quarters of a million dollars were consecutively serial numbered, making them very easy to spot and trace. Lists of the serial-numbered bills already have been delivered to local banks and handlers of large sums of money, and a country-wide distribution of lists will be completed within a few days."

The three men looked at one another open-mouthed. "How do you like that?" Jerry said softly. "Here we are, lousy with money, and we can't spend a single buck."

It took them a minute to comprehend their situation. They were lost in thought, studying the floor. Fingers looked up. "Better clean out that cabinet, Jerry," he said. "None of us can take a chance."

Jerry nodded. "Right!" he said. They followed him out to the cabinet. He cleaned a space on a shelf and they threw the overflow money in. It took him about ten minutes to put on the hasp, staple and a padlock.

He gave Fingers the key and said, "Better have a duplicate made for him"—indicating Spider. They returned to the game room.

"What do we do now?" Fingers looked toward Jerry. He was the oldest and had the most experience.

"Hot money is no good to us," Jerry said; "we can't use it without getting caught. I don't know my way around in that racket. I don't even know anybody who handles hot money. All I do know is that they take a big cut for handling it. I wouldn't even ask anybody about it. They might get wise that we got it and try to take it."

"How about Peter Coughlin?" Spider asked.

Fingers shook his head. "No dice," he said. "He's all right handling a case, even if he does get big dough for it, but on a deal as big as this, he'd rook us out of most of it."

"So what do we do?" Spider asked.

"We've got to wait for this dough to cool off," Jerry decided. "We've got to wait for it to get ice-cold."

"How long will that take?" Fingers asked.

"A year. Maybe a year and a half. I don't know," Jerry said. "We've got to wait and see and judge for ourselves."

"And what do we live on?" Fingers wanted to know.

"I don't know about you," Jerry said. "I'm going to get me a good legitimate front. I'm going straight. I always said I'd go it after the big heist, but I never thought I'd be broke while I was doing it. No more holdups for me! No more cops! No more Big House! No more cans! I'll get me a job in an iron foundry or a machine shop. I'll ride it out until I can get to use that money."

"You got something there," Spider nodded in agreement. "That's for me too. I don't know what I'm going to do, but whatever it is, it'll be level—no matter how long it takes." The spell of a quarter of a million was working a strange miracle upon each.

"What am I going to do?" Fingers looked from one to the other. "I've got to think of Marian, and I've got to think of Tess. I've got to have dough."

"That's your problem," Jerry said. "How would you take care of them for a year or eighteen months if you were sent to the can? You must have some kosher dough on hand."

"Not enough," Fingers said. "But I'll get it in my own way. I've got to take the chance."

In the problem posed for the FBI by the Townsend armored-truck robbery, a complete absence of witnesses, descriptions or material evidence, the only known quantity was 3X, representing three robbers. Ignoring the possibility that the identity of 3X might be made accidentally—where no clues are present in the beginning—one solution is to separate 1X, the weakest power—in this case, Fingers Tolland—by trying various equations to find the one that does it. Sometimes it is a long series of trials before the proper one is found. In some cases it becomes endless.

In the absence of any lead, the manner in which the crime was committed characterizes the criminals, and loot may be used as bait at the end of various lines to hook one or all of the participants, but the probability of separating 1X from 3X is greater. In the Townsend case, the technique of the execution of the robbery made it apparent to any experienced criminologist that it could not be the work of the syndicate. It had to be the work of an independent group, and probably was limited to the three men engaged in the operation.

A syndicate gang, with competent, even expert advice available, never would spend the time required in casing—or researching—an armored truck making deliveries. For them, this would be a prize blunder. If they contemplated such a job, they would pick a truck making collections. They would have sense enough to know that deliveries from Federal Reserve to member banks would be made up entirely of serial-numbered bills—and serial-numbered bills are jail bait. Collections are made of unrecorded bills in circulation—long, green, folding, spending money. This eliminated all syndicate mobs and narrowed the field to known gunmen—they had to be prepared to shoot it out in an armored-truck raid—in the files of the city Bureau of Identification or the State Police Bureau of Records.

(Continued on Page 112)

Baby in Playpen

By Helen Harrington

This is his world, this playpen
walled by bars,
Floored by flannel, roofed by his
mother's smile
And sunshine. He is content
with it a while,
But, growing minutes older,
wiser, spars
With it. His rattle, baby blue,
Vainly appeals to him; his clown
of beads
Hangs neglected. Life has
enlarged his needs
Proportionately as it enlarged
his view.
He wants the sidewalk now, the
field of clover,
The fence and sleeping dog. He
fights to scale
His mountains, kick them down,
or, with a wail,
Bring arms, like wings, to swoop
and lift him over.
But, losing several bouts with
beams of sun,
He collapses, pillow finally
having won.

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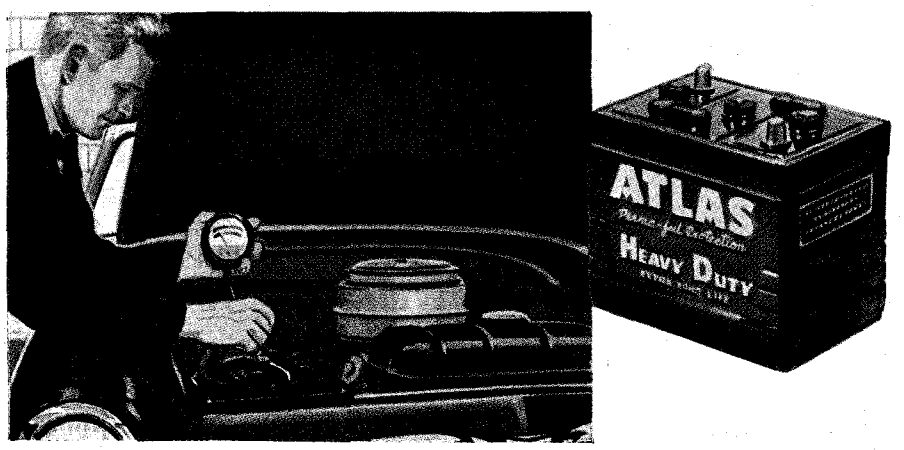
to see their ATLAS dealers for winter service



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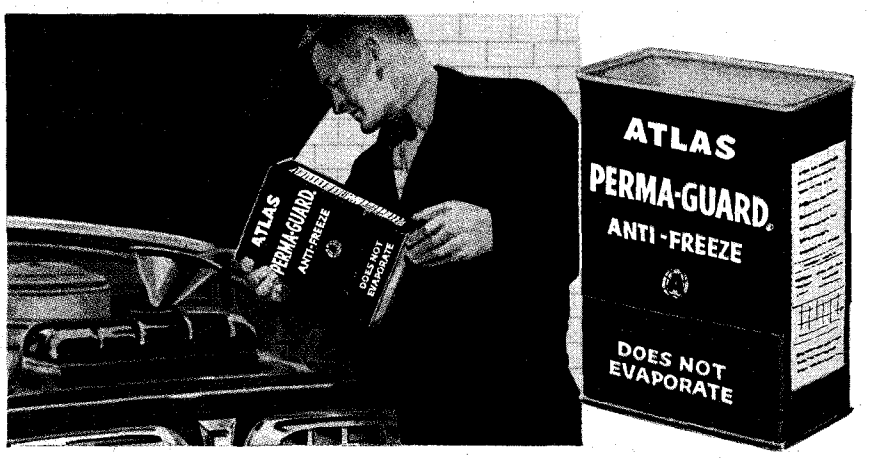

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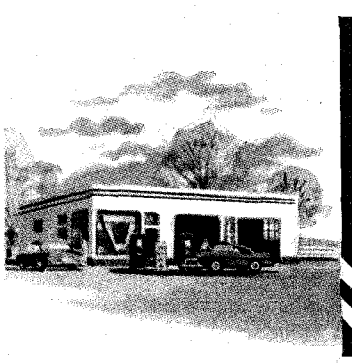
ATLAS WEATHERGARD*TIRES. Completely different from any other snow and mud tires you've ever known. Long-lasting, smooth-riding, quiet . . . they won't clog up with snow or mud. Specially designed tread gives unmatched non-skid traction.



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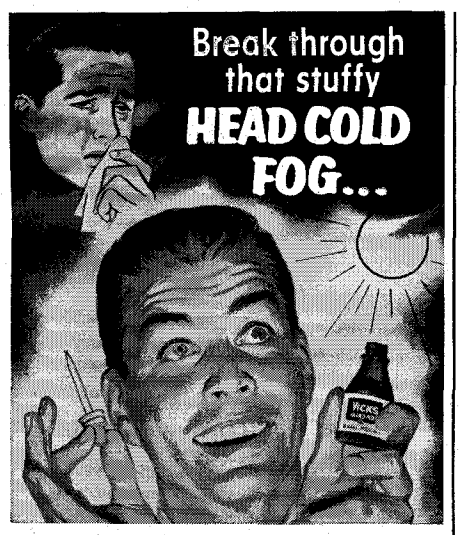

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(Continued from Page 110)

The vengeful prank of dropping the getaway car in front of Earl Connors' river-way mansion was a mistake. Earl was known to be an honest man, at least to the extent that a dishonest business would permit. In any case, he had a reputation for telling the truth or keeping silent. As far as crime outside of gambling was concerned, he preserved a curious neutrality, but he would protect the men in his organization. He always did.

When Earl said that the car was parked in front of his house by one of his enemies, he was believed. That narrowed the field down to independent gangsters who had grudges against Earl. He was willing to co-operate with the FBI and police to the extent of providing such a list. The names of Fingers Tolland, Spider Lonagan and Jerry Pender appeared on it, but Fingers had been right in what he said in the game room. The list was long and it would take weeks or months to weed out probable suspects and more weeks or months to gather evidence against them that would stand up before a grand jury.

There are seven ways of using serial-numbered bills as bait:

1. To release all serial numbers immediately to press and radio, to banks, bank tellers and other money handlers, with the request that they be on the lookout for them and report immediately when one shows up. This has the effect of freezing the money wherever it is at the moment. The robbers know it as quickly as anyone else, and would not dare pass the money, for fear of apprehension and capture. It took two and a half years for an identifiable Lindbergh bill to show up and it caught Bruno Richard Hauptmann on its hook.

2. To withhold temporarily all serial numbers. This permits free circulation of serial-numbered bills. It gives the robbers a false sense of security. After several days or weeks, depending upon other factors, limited distribution of the serial numbers is made to banks and other money handlers. The loot can then be localized to the area in which the largest number of stolen bills is reported, and as the person who passes them now feels safe, he will be caught at a cashier's window or by another money handler.

3. To withhold general publication of serial numbers from newspapers and radio, and limit circulation of them to banks, cashiers and other money handlers. This depends upon the character of the robbery, as it reveals the nature of the robbers. If they are not sufficiently intelligent and would not be expected to be well informed, they might be duped into thinking that such a list does not exist.

4. To release a partial list of serial numbers to cashiers, banks and other money handlers, acknowledging it to be a partial list and implying that for some reason a list of the remainder of the serial-numbered bills does not exist. This confuses the custodians of the loot. Reading a partial list in newspapers and certain that they got a good break through some mistake, error or negligence, they will think that the published list is the complete list as the authorities have it. This freezes part of the list and permits free circulation of part of the loot. They are then caught on the hook of a secret list circulated exclusively to banks.

These methods are well known to the syndicate and to well-informed independents, who are not particularly interested anyway. They avoid serial-numbered bills as they would a plague. There are three other ways of using serial-numbered bills as hooks or traps, and it ought to be the duty of criminologists, prosecutors, lawyers, crime reporters and others who are privy to them never to reveal or discuss them publicly. It should be the purpose of any treatise on the subject to prevent crime and never to provide a blueprint on how to commit one or how to escape detection.

"When two persons know something, it is no longer a secret" is a misleading axiom, or the exceptions prove the rule. Two or more persons can keep a secret if something of great value or their very lives are endangered by revealing it. Fingers, Spider and Jerry were trawled in by the nets of both city police and FBI among more than three hundred others plucked from photographs in city and state criminal-identification files. Along with the rest, they had perfect alibis and could account for their time. Smokey, the bartender, was a not too reliable witness for them. They were not believed and were placed under FBI surveillance. Each knew he was being trailed by an FBI man. They knew they were being observed when they gathered. They knew their phones were tapped and fell into the habit of using nearby pay stations or leaving messages here and there around town. They knew they would have to ride it out until the FBI and local police tired of the vigil or found a more promising suspect or group of suspects.

The very fact that Jerry and Spider found jobs in legitimate industry was in itself suspicious. Jerry was working for the Carver Manufacturing Company, which specialized in wrought iron. Spider latched on to a highway-maintenance crew. Both became conscientious workers, punctual, steady and sober. They made no effort to shake their FBI or city-police shadows and tried to make it appear that they did not know they were being observed. That left Fingers as the floating fish to be hooked either by bait or spinner, and Fingers was not only hungry for the bait, but conspicuous in clear water, and might be tempted to snap at a fly.

Independent gangs around the city also had their eyes on Fingers, Spider and Jerry. The fact that two of them were working at honest jobs in the manner of innocent men, tugging blankets of respectability over them, made it crystal-clear to them that the trio was involved. They knew a cover when they saw one and were experienced in its uses. How they felt about it was no secret to the FBI and police detectives. The Fingers Tolland trio became prime suspects.

Various gangs were contemplating moving in on Fingers, Jerry and Spider. They knew that the money had not left the city and that these three men held the secret of its hiding place. The existence of available loot which could be appropriated by the gang who got to it first was certain to cause trouble among competitive independents and between them and syndicate gangs. The method of each was simple—kidnap one or all three, torture one or all three and beat the secret out of them. Fingers, Jerry and Spider knew that this was a greater risk than capture by police or FBI.

The FBI tail cramped Fingers' style. He needed money and he could not very well pick pockets while an FBI man or police detective looked on. A tail is not too difficult to shake for at least three or four hours of unobserved freedom. Fingers plied his trade, but he was compelled to get along on less. A constant tail puts a criminal through mental cycles—disappointment, irritation, nerve-racking and finally tolerance, a resigned acceptance of the ever-present shadow, listening ears and wire taps.

When the tail is lifted and a suspect finds he is no longer being observed and becomes sure of it, he experiences almost the same sensation as being let out of jail, but he remains cautious lest the tail be resumed. At the end of seven months the tail was lifted on Jerry, Spider and Fingers. They knew it and congratulated themselves, with reservations. Neither independent gangs nor syndicate moved in on them. They knew the time was not ripe. Snatching one or three men would be dangerous. The objective was to get the loot without attracting attention to the gang who captured it. Ideal strategy would be to hang the original crime upon Fingers, Jerry and Spider, and then snatch the loot before the trio could lead the FBI to it. In syndicate-gang operation that is standard practice. It happens more often than people realize. The perpetrators of the original crime become sacrificial goats. They are usually picked up after the loot is gone, and when they insist, after they are in custody, that they don't know what happened to the money, they are usually telling the truth.

The wearisome reiteration of the statement, "I don't know what happened to the money. It was taken away from us," is usually scoffed at and scorned. "They know where it is. They'll get at it when they get out" is rarely true. The men who take the rap very often wish it were so.

TO BE CONCLUDED

People are Like That

The nation urgently needs additional scientists. Do you suppose they are more likely to be developed in large universities or the smaller colleges?

To date, the small liberal-arts college has the better record of producing scientists, according to a study of the educational background of 18,000 scientists. An Oregon college topped the list with 132 successful scientists per thousand graduates. The conclusion reached by Dr. Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, is that academic atmosphere may be more important in developing creative scientists than the size and extent of scientific facilities at their disposal as undergraduates.

Henry C. Nicholas

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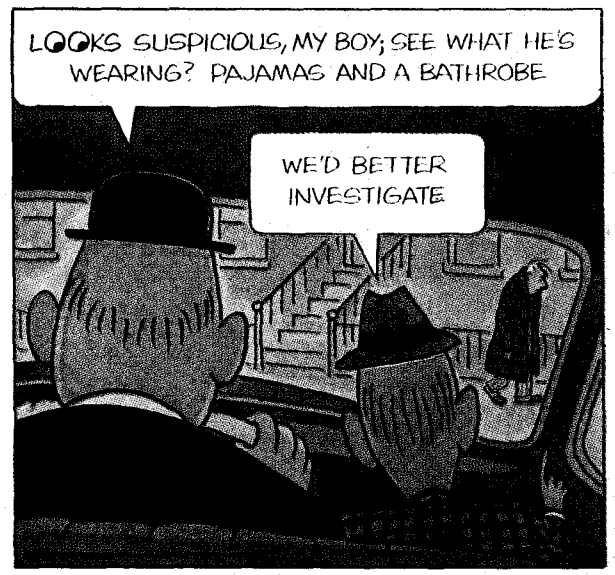
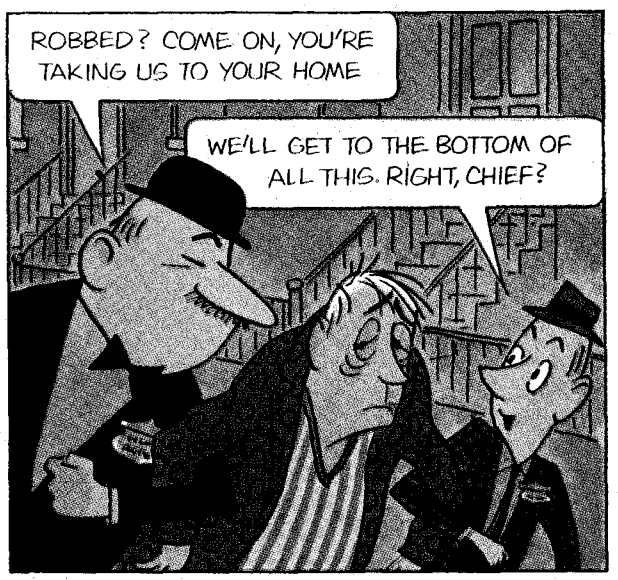
UNDERCOVER AGENT
IT'S LATE AT NIGHT. TWO MEN, SPECIAL UNDERCOVER AGENTS FOR THE BBI, ARE DRIVING HOME.
SUDDENLY....
THE CASE OF The THIEF IN THE NIGHT





ONE WEEK LATER...
MY NEW MATTRESS WITH ITS PREMIER WIRE SPRINGS DID THE TRICK. HAVEN'T FELT SO GOOD IN YEARS!
BBI
BUREAU OF BEDDING INVESTIGATIONS
UNDERCOVER AGENTS
GEORGE HAROLD

BE YOUR OWN "UNDERCOVER AGENT"
UNCOVER THE MATTRESS THAT'S STEALING YOUR SLEEP
VISIT YOUR BEDDING STORE. THEY'LL GIVE YOU THE INSIDE FACTS ON HOW MODERN BEDDING WITH SCIENTIFICALLY-DESIGNED STEEL CONSTRUCTION CAN PUT SLEEP BACK INTO YOUR LIFE. IT'LL PROVE, TOO, THAT
"ONLY STEEL CAN DO SO MANY JOBS SO WELL"
Mary Kay and Johnny of the United States Steel Hour
UNITED STATES STEEL
USS

5-1613

AMERICAN BRIDGE • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE and CYCLONE FENCE • COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL • GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING • NATIONAL TUBE • OIL WELL SUPPLY • TENNESSEE COAL & IRON • UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS
UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH • UNITED STATES STEEL HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

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Mr. Martin's Folly (Continued from Page 41)

which could be used for fishing. He didn't elaborate.

It was during the second year that they became vaguely aware of the immensity of the project when Fred at last took his immediate neighbor and fellow office worker, George Guthrie, into his confidence.

George was a heavy-set, aggressive man given to smoking large yellow cigars and to elaborate recountings of his younger days in the Venezuela oil fields. He had questioned Fred on the boat's size from the days the keel had been first laid; and this one night he had come in and regarded the huge skeleton filling the shed with the usual slow shake of his head.

"Fred," he said, the cigar tilting from his broad mouth, "why don't you bring in a boatbuilder to set you right? This thing'll look like a whale in the water—if it floats."

Fred opened a cabinet on the workbench and brought forth a small model of a power cruiser. Complete in astonishing detail, even with tiny controls in the flying bridge and blinds hung in the cabin windows, he placed it on the workbench where its white enamel sides and miniature hardware gleamed under the naked bench light.

"This," Fred said gently, "is what she'll look like. She's going to be forty-five feet long, George, gross weight nine tons. She'll have two staterooms, sleeping six comfortably."

George's mouth opened, the cigar dangling loosely from his lips. "Good Lord," he said finally. "That's a yacht! You don't expect to put that together?"

"It's really not as difficult as it looks," Fred said. "The plans are minutely detailed. It's only a question of patience."

George studied the rakish lines of the miniature cruiser. "Fred, I've seen price tags on boats like that. They never run less than thirty thousand."

Fred admitted this was true. "But when you begin deducting the manufacturer's profit, labor costs, and so on, and get down to basic materials you have an actual cost of one third. And I'm cutting that further by using secondhand lumber in the interior. It'll cost around seven thousand."

"Seven thousand?" George tapped the ash from his cigar. "Where's it coming from?"

Fred said, "I haven't much cash; our savings have gone into what you see here. But we're setting aside twenty dollars a week, a sort of a pay-as-I-work plan."

"Twenty a week. Why, it would take you ——" George was plainly shocked. "Good Lord, man, are you telling me you'll be on this thing for six or seven years?"

Fred shrugged. "There's a lot of work to be done. I figured on seven years."

"But it doesn't make sense. What does a teller do with this much boat?"

At this point Fred removed his glasses. Absently he fingered them, his thoughts going back. "A man," he said, "often falls into a niche that is not his, just as I feel I'm doing now. But when I was a boy, George, we lived on the Florida coast. For hours I used to stand on the fishing docks and watch the skippers bringing their boats in from the Bahamas and Keys, so filled with a longing to be one of them it was like a constant ache. That ache never left me. The war postponed my plans for a time, then Ella and I getting settled. But now nothing stands in my way—except the building of a boat I could never hope to buy."

Seeing the other's blank look of disbelief, Fred quickly added, "Running a charter boat is a respectable profession, George—and it's one you can breathe in."

George thoughtfully chewed on his cigar. "What about your family? What happens to them when you go sailing around with the sea breeze in your face?"

Fred's head came up sharply. "You misunderstand me, George. There's a purpose behind the building of this boat. From it will come a home on one of the Keys, a home Ella will be proud of." His voice dropped a note with earnestness. "And I'm building this for my sons. In a way I see this boat as a symbol for my boys. I guess you might say I'd like to show them the world is wide, that no man must walk within narrow boundaries." Fred rubbed his nose, embarrassed at being so ornately expressive.

But George didn't seem to notice. His eyes narrowed on the boat. "I still say it's a nutty idea," he said finally. Shaking his head he walked out, as if deeply disturbed.

George's skepticism was an attitude the neighborhood quickly adopted as time went on, but Fred became oblivious of those about him. Each day he would rise at dawn, going out to the shed and working until it was time to go to the bank. Each evening saw him back in the shed, gluing a joint, or perhaps framing a partition.

As the boys grew older, eagerly relieving him of the job of culling the inlet for interior wood, Fred found himself moving along more swiftly, their assistance more than childish gestures. Indeed, if not at the inlet, they always seemed to be on hand, waiting patiently for him to request a tool should he be on the ladder, keeping the shed floor clean of wood shavings, or running errands to the hardware store. Over Fred's objections Ella also made a substantial contribution. The sanding, a laborious and tedious job, she delegated to herself, and each day when Fred arrived

Two can sleep together in separate

Beginning tonight, *Mr. and Mrs. can have a more refreshing rest on the brand-new Beautyrest* than on any other mattress, old or new.*

Double-bed rest can now be completely private and personal. Even a 220-pound husband cannot disturb the rest of his 110-pound wife. Not even a jiggle when he turns in his sleep. With Beautyrest you actually get *single-bed comfort in a double bed.* There's no rolling together!

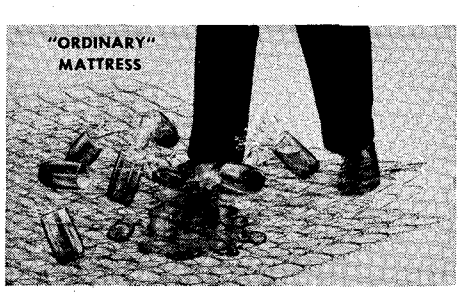
Beautyrest, always known as the best, is now even better. Simmons engineers have devised a new way of assembling the unique, independent springs.

It's a 19% improvement, as measured by the United States Testing Co.

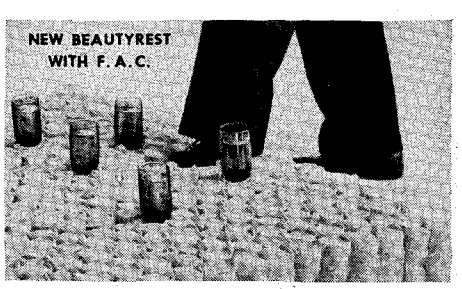
We call it F.A.C.—for Floating Action Coils. Whether you sleep single or double, you can *feel* this improvement.

Firmness And Comfort

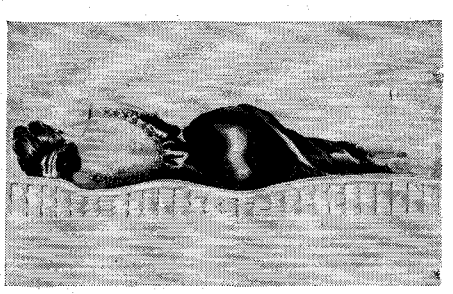
Now, each separate spring of a Beautyrest has more freedom of action than ever.



In "ordinary" mattress, the springs are *tied together* top and bottom. Press down on any spring and the other springs go down with it. (See how glasses topple.) This mattress can sag under your hips.



In Beautyrest, the springs are *independent. Not tied together* either at top or bottom. Even if you stand on part of Beautyrest construction, glasses won't tip. Proof that Beautyrest will never, never sag.



Body-fitting comfort. Every part of the body gets its own support. Independent coils even press up to meet the small of your back. This is the kind of body-fitting comfort that sees you wake refreshed, without an ache.

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home from the bank he found his last fitting smoothed.

"No silent partnership here," she declared. "When it's finished I intend to do plenty of bragging."

The name Pot Luck they had come by easily. Each Saturday night while consulting with Ella on how much of his salary could be spared toward the boat, she would itemize her needs and invariably end by saying, "With potluck for Tuesday's and Thursday's supper we'll manage."

So often was the continuation of work dependent on potluck the name came laughingly to them one afternoon and Fred had spent the next few hours gold-leafing it across the transom. Later that night, Ella and he had stood arm in arm by the boat, feeling a new warmth, a kinship now for the boat, as though it had become an integral part of the family.

That had been a treasured moment, surpassed only by the delivery of twin, rebuilt engines, the power plant that would go into the Pot Luck. For five years Fred's Christmas bonus had been set aside for this purpose, and when the engines had been safely stowed in the rear of the shed, it marked the last hurdle, the major expense behind them.

For the children no greater moment existed than the Saturday evening Fred announced the hull would be painted, and handed each a brush. He let them alone on an area they could easily reach and started his own painting high on the bow.

At nine o'clock, when Ella came in, the boys permitted themselves to be herded away to bed only when Fred promised the lower section would be left for them. He continued working, pausing just long enough to nod at George standing in the doorway, uptilted cigar protruding from his heavy face. From the direction of George's house came the sounds of a revelry that had been going on all evening.

"Stuff sure stinks," George growled. "Smell it clear over to my place."

"Pretty potent," Fred agreed, pausing with his brush. "That's the copper in it. Good for the wood, though."

"Good for the wood." George came lurching in. "Sums up the philosophy of one Fred Martin. 'Good for the wood, just fits my boat. Scrape it down, clean it up.' Good Lord!" he snorted, reaching for the workbench to maintain his balance. "When are you going to grow up, Martin? Year after year you neglect your family in favor of that toy, that nonsense. When are you going to stop letting your kids run around practically in rags just to satisfy a childish whim?" George drunkenly waved his cigar. "Martin, you need waking up. I think that potluck joke between you and Ella tells the story. You skimp on milk and cookies so you can buy a pound of nails ——"

"That's enough of that!" Fred swung down from the ladder. "My kids have never gone hungry ——"

"Who said they did?" George stumbled back out of reach, glaring belligerently. "I'm talking of the little extras, of shoes that fit, of clothes that aren't half falling off. I'm talking, too, of your job where they shoved McAllister up over you. I'm talking about responsibilities to your family. You don't like your job? So what? I get bilious just walking into the place each morning. But I face reality, Martin, and it's about time you did the same!"

George gestured toward the boat. "Go on! Get back to your fiddle. When your kids grow up I'm sure they'll thank you for juggling pieces of greasy wood instead of a ball!" Jamming a fresh cigar into his mouth he lurched out into the night.

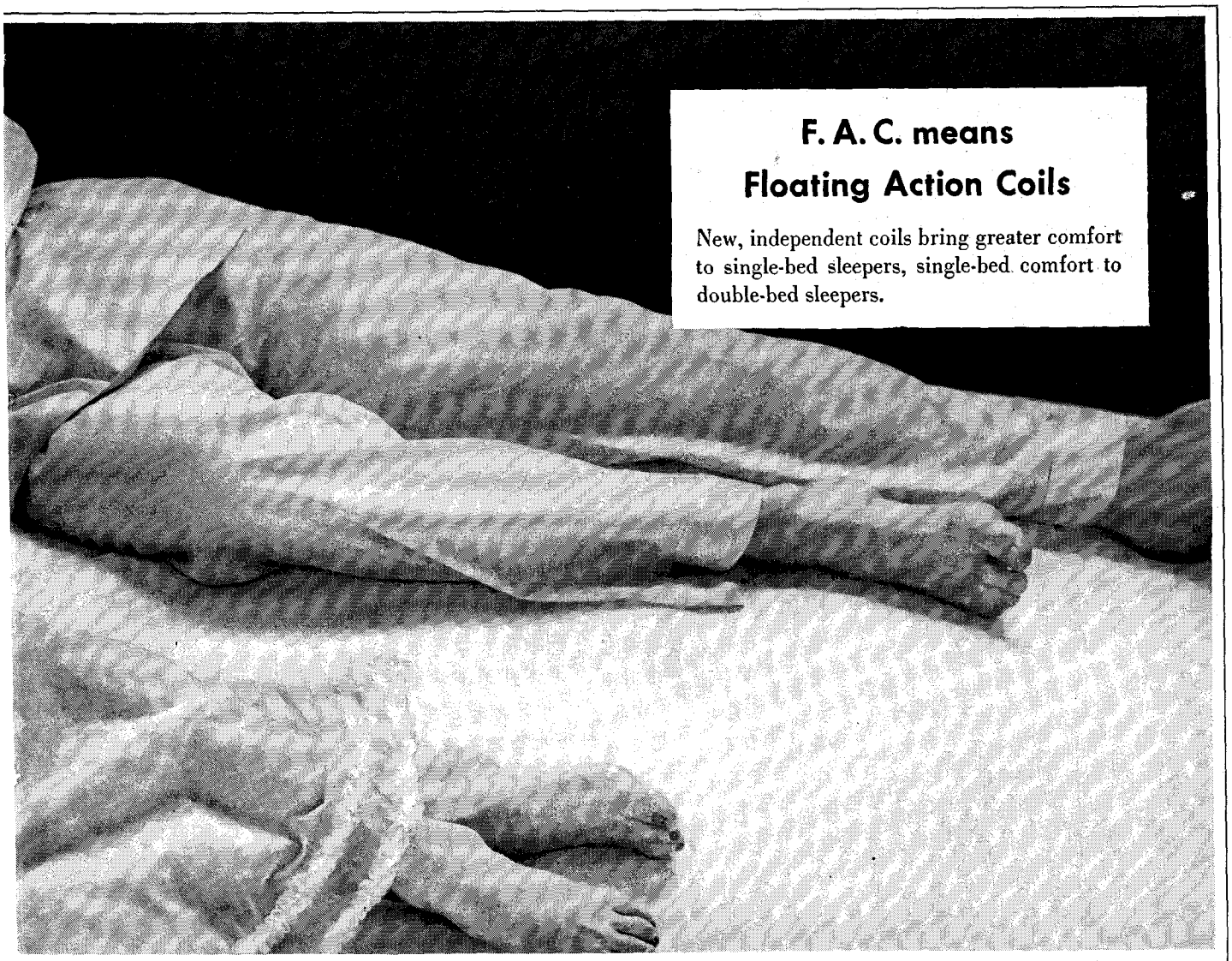
For several moments Fred watched the retreating figure, his emotions a confused mixture of anger and vague sense of guilt. Then he wearily put away his paint, snapped off the lights and moved across to his own bungalow.

He went up the porch steps, through the kitchen and into his sons' room, where both lay sprawled in their beds. He rearranged their blankets, bent down and picked up a shoe, found another half-under a bed and then still another; the fourth had somehow landed on the window sill. In the living room he sat in the deep chair and inspected them under the light. Both pairs were well scuffed, the heels run down a bit. But their general condition seemed good.

Snag

By NORMA BECKER

A hobby that is gratifying
Sets, they say, spare
moments flying.
I, myself, have thought of
chancing
Basket weaving, ballet
dancing,
Sketching, carving, knitting,
rhyme,
All guaranteed to pass the
time.
With all my plans, it's
hardly fair
That I should have no time
that's spare.


F. A. C. means
Floating Action Coils
New, independent coils bring greater comfort to single-bed sleepers, single-bed comfort to double-bed sleepers.

comfort...with new improved Beautyrest

Now, more than ever, each different part your body . . . from your head to your ps to your toes . . . gets its own separate ıpport. Firm enough where you are :avy, gentle enough where you are light. From head to toe, Beautyrest gives perct body-fitting comfort. And this is the nd of contour support that relieves you as you sleep, lets you awake without an ache.

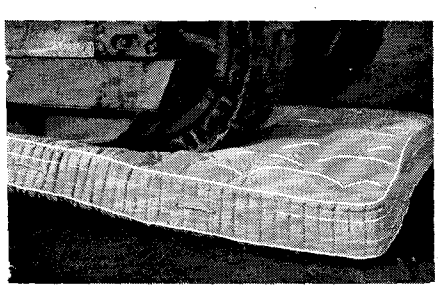
You be the judge

Drop into your Simmons store and lie on the new Beautyrest. You'll feel a new kind of restful support that will make your present mattress *really* seem old, no matter how long you've had it.

F.A.C. not only means Floating Action Coils.

F.A.C. also means Firmness And Comfort. Why settle for half? Get both on the new Beautyrest.

Remember, when shopping, only Simmons makes the Beautyrest mattress, and only Simmons makes the Hide-A-Bed® sofa.



autyrest most durable. Two proofs: (1) ils won't break even under a bulldozer, own above. (2) Under 270-pound roller at ited States Testing Co., Beautyrest outlasts e best of other mattresses 3 to 1.

Only Beautyrest offers these choices:

Standard model, $69.50; Extra-Firm model, $69.50; King-Size, 80" long, $79.50; Super-size models (longer and wider) also available; Dual-Comfort model (Standard on one side and extra-firm on the other), $79.50.

Beautyrest usually far outlives 10-year guarantee that brings the price to less than 2¢ a night.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Copr. 1955 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

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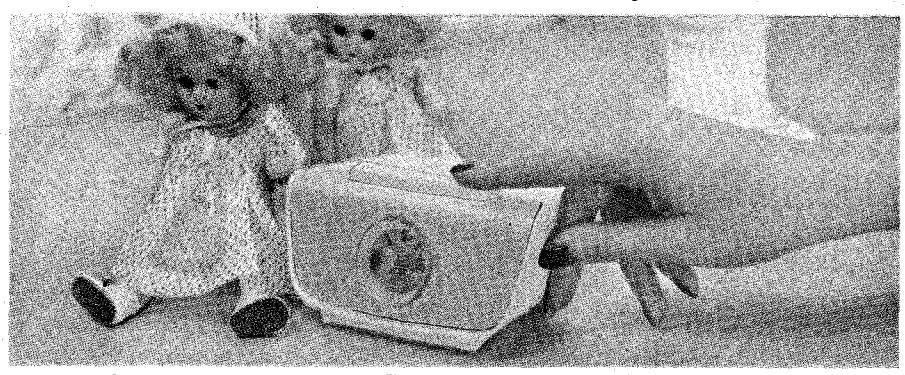
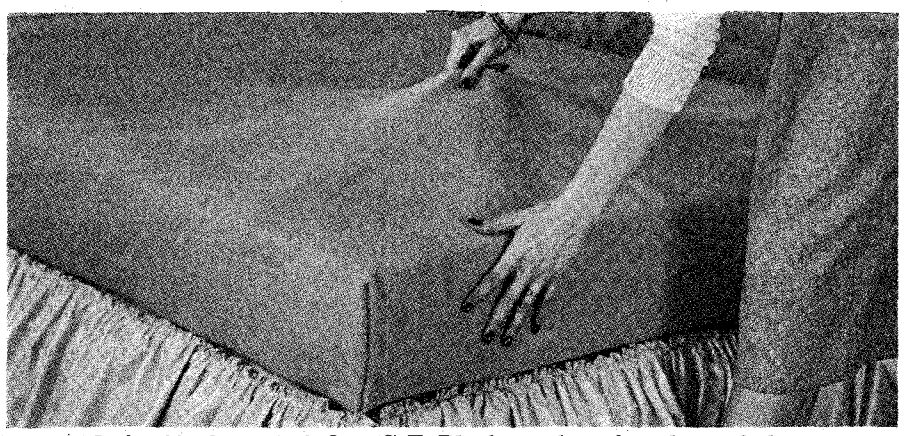
Warmth without weight ...more restful sleep

with a G-E Automatic Blanket! New low prices from $34.95*

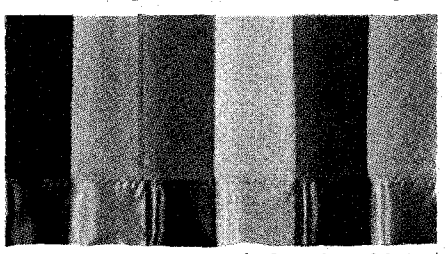


Just the warmth you like! Select it yourself on the G-E Blanket's Bedside Control. G. E.'s miraculous *Sleep-Guard* delivers just that much warmth all night long, adjusting itself automatically. You're never too warm, never feel cold. *Perfect* comfort always!

Complete relaxation! A G-E Blanket creates your own little world of comfort, warming the entire sleeping area, so your *whole body* can relax. (Ordinary blankets do not produce warmth, merely hold in body heat. In effect, *you* must warm an ordinary blanket.)



Bedmaking's easier! One G-E Blanket takes the place of three ordinary blankets. Custom-Contoured corners allow ample "give" for plenty of foot room, keep the blanket neatly in place.



Six high-fashion colors, in luxurious fabrics by Chatham, with bindings by Skinner. Guaranteed washable. Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

and for year round automatic comfort

G-E SLUMBER COVER

Light enough to leave on your bed all summer, yet effective enough for winter coziness, too. Featherweight, textured mothproof fabric; same *Sleep-Guard* system as G-E Automatic Blankets. Fine for wool-allergy sufferers, apartment house or mild-climate dwellers. Priced from $29.95.*

* Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade prices.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Sitting in a wicker rocker by the window, Ella was lengthening the cuffs of Roy's Sunday best. "Through putting on the first coat?" she asked.

"Just about." He examined the shoes again. "Looks like I'll be putting heels on these. Maybe I'll do that tomorrow. How are they? The fit, I mean. Not too tight?"

"Tight? Of course not. They go through them so fast they don't get a chance to outgrow them." She took a final stitch and snipped the thread. "They do need a shine, though. Be a sweetie-pie and save me a job in the morning."

From the closet Fred got the shoe box, diligently spread a protective sheet of newspaper on the floor and set to work. He rubbed the polish into the first shoe and found the scuffing to be superficial. When he glanced up he saw his wife regarding him thoughtfully.

"What's troubling you, Fred?"

He shifted his shoulders. "A little Georgeitis, I guess. He came in with a few drinks and opinions of my life in general."

Ella started on the second cuff. "A long time ago I learned not to pay any attention to George Guthrie. I'm surprised you listen to him. What advice was he offering this time?"

"On my job, for one thing." Fred put down a completed shoe. "I wonder if I haven't fallen down there, Ella, if a little more effort in the right direction wouldn't have made things easier for you and the children ——"

"Now just a minute," she interrupted. "If you're talking about that promotion, please ask if the name McAllister alone didn't wield just the teeniest bit of influence? You bet it did. And besides, the promotion wasn't important to us; we agreed on that. It would have meant more of your free time, the Pot Luck finished that much later."

Fred nodded his agreement. "But that's another thing, Ella. The boat." He gazed again at his hands. "George said it was a toy. If it's only that, of course, it's no good. Ella, if I'm not capable of following through, it's simply no good. And it isn't only George now. In the last year or two I've also wondered about my perspective on this thing. Especially when I catch the boys looking at me in a peculiar way. You know children can be very discerning. After all those stories I've told them at bedtime, of what we're going to do, are they questioning now its unnaturalness, that they can't see the man necessary for it? George, yes. If George were building the boat no one would question it." He hesitated a moment. "Ella, I've never told you this, but do you know what I've built into the flying bridge?"

She shook her head, placing her sewing aside. "No, Fred. What is it?"

"It's a step board." In embarrassment he looked away. "A three-inch step board to make myself taller. When a man needs a step board, Ella, does he belong? A number of times now I've asked myself that question. Sometimes I sit on the bridge, staring at it, feeling it mocking me, telling me I'm reaching for something far over my head."

She had crossed the room, slipping into his lap and settling her cheek against his, her fingers gently pressing his lips. "Darling," she whispered, "we're going to that island, that small key you saw and loved so much, and nothing's going to stop us. And when you sail by in the mornings, taking your customers out to the fishing grounds, the boys and I will be waving to you. That's the way we've planned it, and that's the way it's going to be."

She leaned over, turned out the lamp by the chair

(Continued on Page 118)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wasn't that a quick, hard little shower?"

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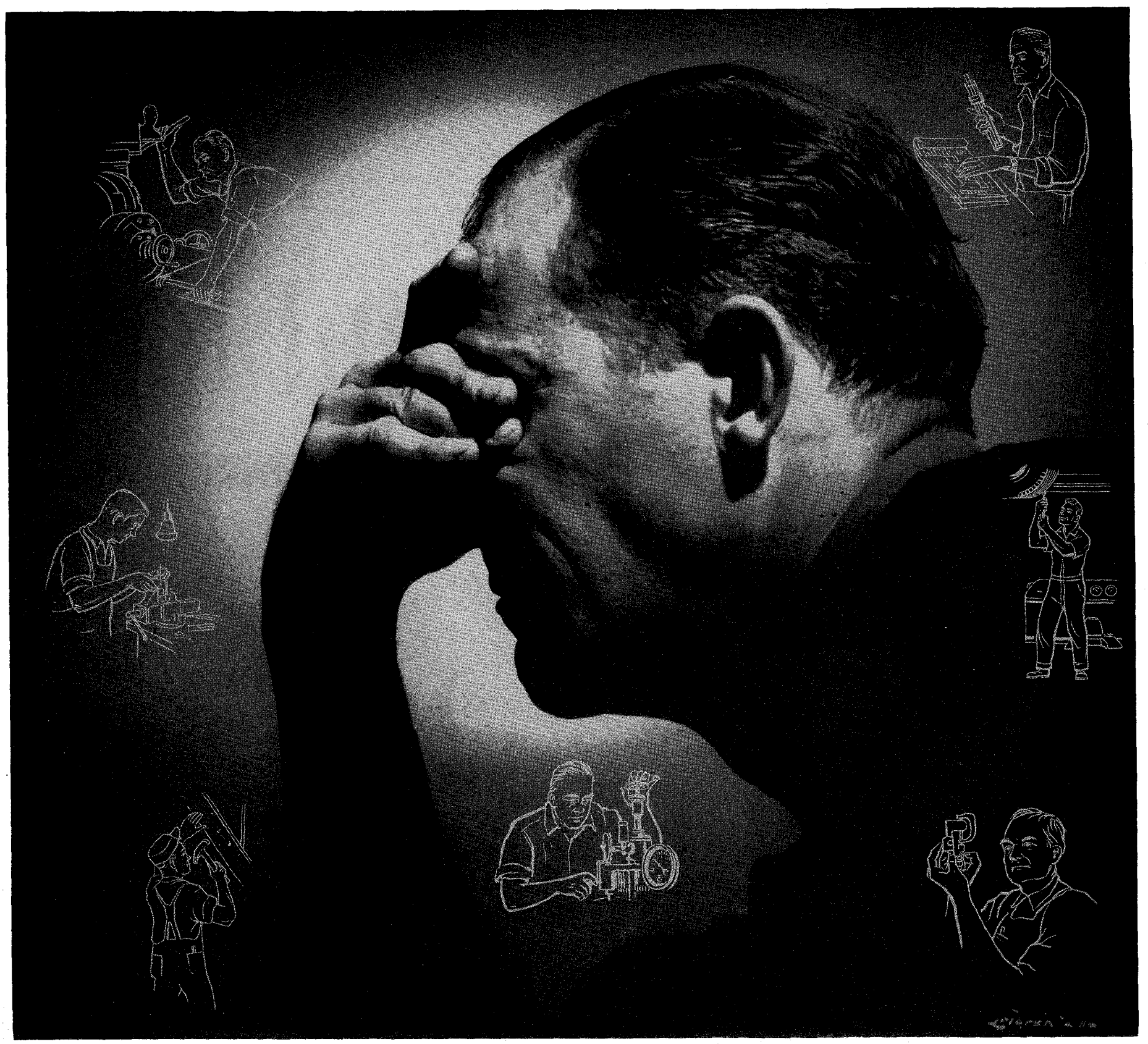

Eyes going back on you again, Joe?

. . . watering, aching, blurring? Head splitting? Think it's something you ate? Think it'll clear up by itself?

Stop kidding yourself, Joe. It *is* your eyes, and they need help—badly!

If you don't see clearly, you can't do your job well. You may cause accidents. You're a liability to yourself, your family, your shop.

Not only that — but constant straining, *straining to see* saps your energy like nobody's business—no wonder you feel pooped!

But there is a remedy. Have those balky eyes examined—soon! You wouldn't work with outdated, inefficient equipment. Then why let your *visual efficiency* fall behind?

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(Continued from Page 116) and snuggled back into his arms. "Tell me again about the place you saw, where our cottage will be built."

Fred smiled into the darkness. "You'll have to close your eyes."

"Closed."

He closed his own also. Tasting the reminiscent flavor of a long-ago moment, he began speaking of the Bahama waters, of a time he had seen the western sky afire at sundown, where pink clouds were suspended over a purple sea splashed with molten gold along its rim. His voice a murmur filling the room, he told her of a glassy sea, so clear the ocean gardens below were plainly visible and it seemed as if all the jewels in the world were scattered under this emerald showcase.

"It's so beautiful, Ella, so rich, that a single glance leaves you breathless. Approaching the island you'd see first the green palms stirring lazily over tiny cottages, and then a sloping beach of pink sands where the sea foams and whispers a lullaby you hear at nights."

Fred brushed his lips against her hair. "And there it is," he whispered, "up among the palms. Our home, the cottage being tinted with coral by the setting sun. If the door opened we'd see a lovely woman standing there, completing the picture."

"And Roy and Jimmy," she sighed. "Where are they?"

"That's Roy collecting shells along the shore. Jimmy ——" He grinned as he rubbed his jaw down her forehead. "I think he's throwing wet sand at Roy and you'll be running down soon to separate them."

She sighed again in his arms. "Darling," she whispered. "Still strong enough to carry me?"

"Be the day I can't."

Sleep came easily, and later a familiar and delightfully pleasant image of the Pot Luck sliding into the water, its long, lazy lines painted a pastel blue this time, a bit of blue bunting fluttering from its flaring bow. And of course Ella was standing there with him, for what dream would be complete without her. *Fred, the boat's on fire!* He had to smile at that because it was only the mahogany bridge catching the sunlight, gleaming like a dark ember ——

"Fred, wake up! There's a fire in the shed!"

In one motion he rolled over, pushing aside the window curtains, seeing two orange eyes flicker balefully back at him from the shed, smoke mushrooming from the open doorway. Only Ella's frantic voice at the phone told Fred he was no longer suspended in a world of unreality.

Somehow, he found himself stumbling out of the house and across the yard, the smell of burning paint filling his nostrils. Through the smoke billowing from the shed door he caught a glimpse of the Pot Luck, the freshly painted hull a torch of leaping flame. He reached the doorway and reeled back from the blast of savage heat.

"Fred! No! Don't go in!"

He went forward on his knees, groping into the shed, bowing his head against the searing heat. That the two fire pails by his workbench would be no more than a ludicrous gesture did not enter Fred's mind. Shock still held him, the swiftness of the catastrophe numbing his senses. He only half felt the heavy hands clutching at him.

"Fred, you can't save it! You'll kill yourself!"

He struggled away from George's grasp and continued on, crawling over broken glass, a flying brand caressing his cheek. In the swirling smoke and oppressive heat his throat felt as though it were being scoured with sand, and it seemed an eternity before he reached the workbench. He staggered erect, a pail in his hands, flinging the water high against the flaming hull.

It was a futile effort, of course. Like a thing alive the devouring fire had reached the bridge, feeding on the varnish, ugly bubbles swiftly appearing in the steaming, once-smooth surface. From stem to stern the boat was now ablaze, snapping sounds of cabin windows cracking rising above the harsh whisperings of wood being consumed.

Fred blindly threw the second pail of water and leaped forward, hurling himself against the boat, reason deserting him as he beat at the fire with his hands.

"Fred! Good heavens!"

He was almost lifted bodily off his feet this time and carried outside. Then he found himself kneeling on the cool ground, vacantly watching the cradle buckling, the Pot Luck lurching to the flooring amid a shower of sparks. From behind him came a hiss of air, then the powerful stream of water smashing into the inferno; thick boiling smoke obscured the interior as rubber-garbed figures moved forward, wielding the fire hose.

So quickly, Fred thought. *So final.*

Aware of his wife crying softly beside him, he put a comforting hand on her shoulder. Then without speaking he got up and walked over to the bungalow, past his two sons staring wide-eyed from the porch. A few moments to dress and then he went out the front door, past a gathering group of his neighbors, their murmurs of sympathy unheard as he continued down the road toward the inlet, graying now under the lightening sky.

And then he was standing by the water's edge, watching the morning mist recede to the far shore, a gull perched there on a piece of driftwood, and Fred thought: *Strange there's no feeling.* As though he were

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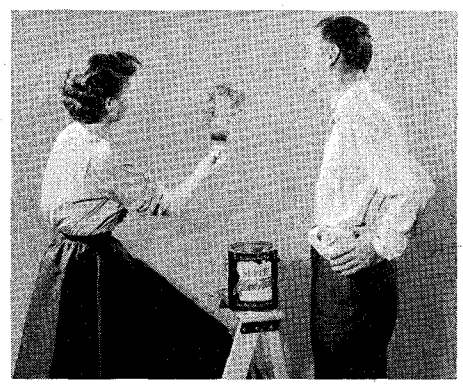

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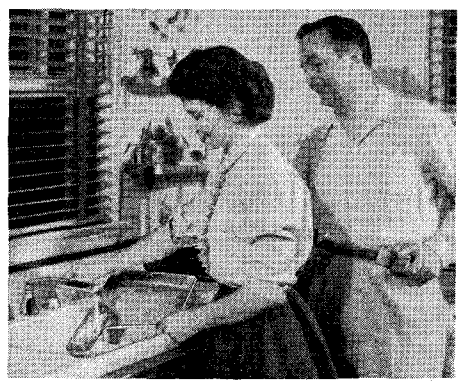

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completely dead inside. Were it not for the burns on his hands he might still be asleep, living a nightmare that would dissolve with the morning light.

How much time had passed he didn't know, but he was sitting on a hillock near the shore, his head lowered in his hands, when the footsteps hesitantly approached, and George stood humbly before him, hair disheveled, his face grimed with soot.

"Fred," he asked heavily, "it's something I hate to think about. But was it—was it my cigar? I know I lit a fresh one when I left the shed."

Fred's hands tightened, but only for a brief moment.

"I don't know, George. But it's all right." Everything was all right. He felt a little weary, a little sleepy.

George lifted one large hand in a vague gesture. "Fred, that was jealousy talking last night. I want you to know that. Jealousy even more than the liquor. Maybe I saw you escaping, doing what I should be doing. If I had the guts. The truth is, Fred, and it's taken me a while to see it, I'm a little man compared to you." A wry smile touched his lips. "Just a little man with a loud mouth. I've never been to Venezuela. Fred, I've never really been anywhere."

Gently Fred said, "It's all right, George. I understand."

George hesitated as if about to speak. Instead he quietly moved off.

Fred lowered his head again. *To each man,* he thought, *is given one dream.* It filled his being and created the drive. Take away the dream and a shell remained. Perhaps that was the answer. No feeling because nothing remained. Now he would go through the motions of living, as the Georges were doing, a ready laugh to clothe frustrations.

The sun was warm on his neck when Fred raised his head and found his wife standing before him, her hands in the pockets of a summer dress, her hair stirring in the morning breeze.

"The engines are all right," she said, gazing across the inlet. "More than we started with, isn't it?"

"More than ——" Fred wearily shook his head. "Ella, what you're asking is impossible."

"No," she said, "I'm not asking you to build it again—if you think you can't. But, Fred, come here a moment."

He slowly got up and moved along the shore with her, until the foot of the inlet came into view.

"Over there," she added. "At the debris pocket."

What Fred saw was his two sons, wearing their faded dungarees, struggling with a long, dripping log.

"They don't understand yet," Fred said softly, and deep within him something stirred. "They don't understand it's destroyed, not something that can be repaired."

He felt his wife press in close to him. "They understand, Fred. But for them nothing is destroyed that their father can't replace." She linked her arm through his. "Darling, look at them down there. Have they ever doubted? Instead of a doubt, have you been seeing pride in their eyes, an awe perhaps of the greatness of their father?"

The children were looking up at them, not moving. Even from that distance Fred saw their intent expressions, as if each sensed something fragile hung in delicate balance here.

"A man builds for his sons," she whispered, "not only a boat, but a faith. I remember hearing you say that. And you'll build for us, too, Fred. For us as well as for them. Remember the palms stirring over our cottage, the way the sea whispers along the shore at night? Darling, do you think those have been empty words to me all these years?"

Then it came, very slowly, a twisting ache deep within Fred. And even while he was drawing a deep breath in an attempt to ease the ache, he felt the strange, flowing pulsation, something strong and vibrant welling up and filling his whole being. So buoyant was the sensation that for a moment he had the illusion of towering over his wife and sons, towering high along with the gull rising from the far shore.

"You know," he said, and he was careful to keep the stiffness from the smile of assurance he directed down at the boys, "having a step board in the bridge is rather silly. That's one change we'll have to make."

She bowed her head against his shoulder and it was difficult to tell whether she was laughing or crying as she held tightly to him. "I don't know, darling. The children could've used it."

Fred shook his head, gazing at the gull wheeling and soaring down the inlet toward the open sea. "No. We'll start them off right. No step board. Just their own two feet."

He watched the gull soar onward, as if the horizon were its goal; which in a way, he thought, it was. Nobody should settle for less. THE END

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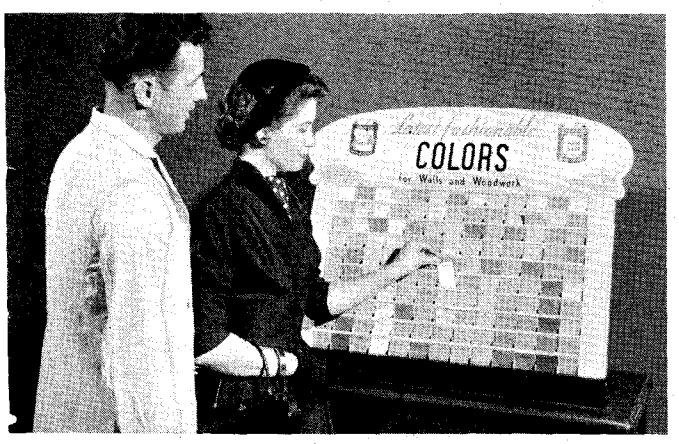

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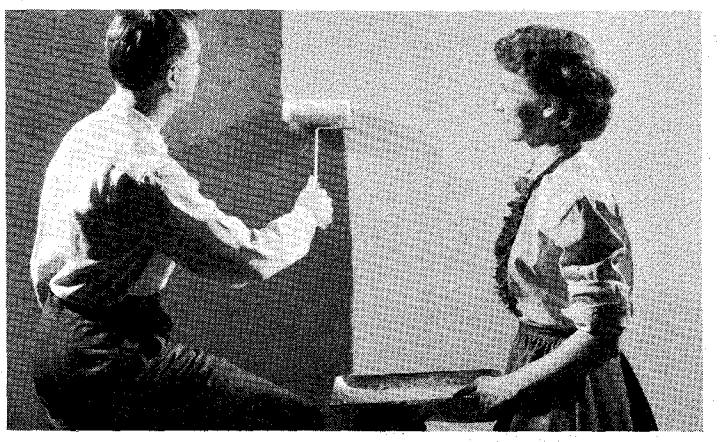

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Fast Gun (Continued from Page 30)

who was sober enough to run. The latter was sent to fetch Doc Applegate, while the former, assisted by Secondino, carried the wounded man into Mike Corbett's Emerald Hotel. They put Matt into Mike's own bed, and stanched his bleeding with a tight bandage made from a torn-up sheet, and forced a glass of whisky between his teeth while they waited for the doctor to arrive.

My grandfather said the old-timers told him they had quite a wait. Doc Applegate wasn't an inhumane man, but he was suffering from whisky sickness himself that evening, and the sheepman had a difficult time getting the physician out of his shack, which was near the Dragoon Springs cemetery, and a fine, isolated place in which to wage a private war against John Barleycorn. Even when he finally reached Matt's bedside, the doc had to swill a lot of black coffee to steady his eyes, and a judicious amount of whisky to steady his hands, and a full hour had passed before he got around to removing the barb from Matt Howard's chest.

Matt lay patiently all the while, staring at the ceiling with blue eyes that were about the only feature recognizable as such in a face that was a mask of caked dust from hairline to nose, and a tangled mat of wiry reddish beard from upper lip to chin. There was no fear in the blue eyes, nor did they register an unseemly amount of pain when Doc Applegate cut the arrowhead out, and stitched together the wound his surgery had made.

The physician had no ether, the Chiricahua Apaches having ambushed and burned the stage upon which he depended for supplies, and Matt was fed a considerable amount of raw whisky during the ordeal of knife and needle. He was a sick man the next day—as sick as anybody might have been who had dodged Chiricahua bucks in his shirttail for sixteen hours, and been twanged by an arrow, and then cut and sewed by a surgeon who prescribed rotgut for his patient as well as himself.

Matt had little knowledge of what occurred during the next twenty-four hours, and he was only vaguely aware of a girl who washed his face, and spooned broth into him, and held him down when he shouted his intention of going forth to slay the entire Apache nation, by hand. But he slept fairly well on his second night in Dragoon Springs, and awoke refreshed and reasonably clear in his mind, although he thought for a moment that he was dreaming when he saw Kathleen Corbett sitting beside his bed.

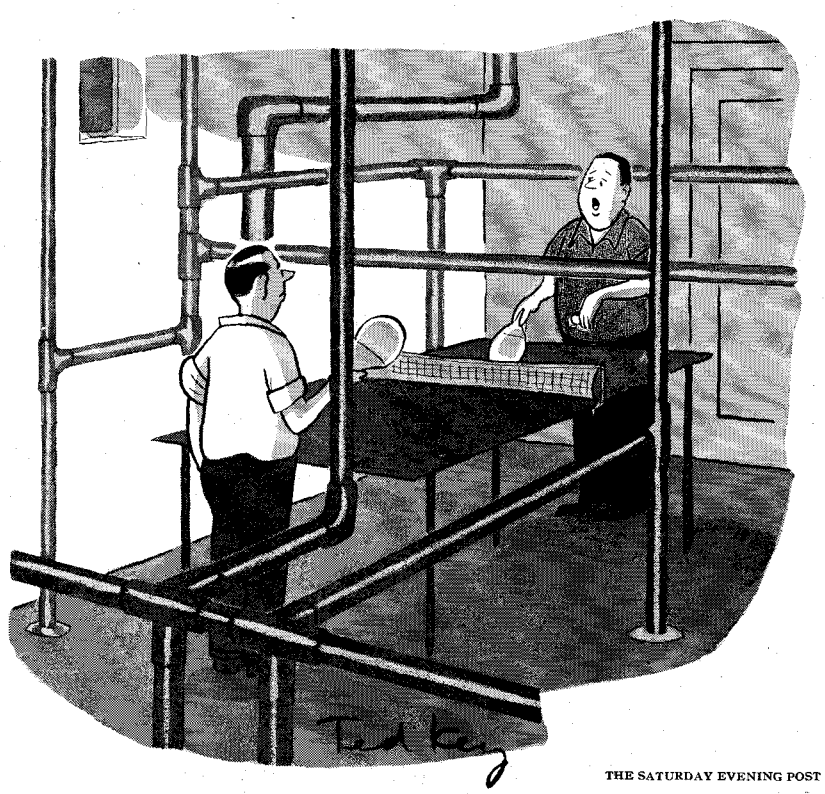
Kathleen was Mike Corbett's niece, eighteen years old, and less than twelve months away from her native Donegal. Matt had never seen anyone like her before, nor never would again, because after he'd met Kathleen, Matt Howard never really looked at any other woman at all.

The wounded man sat bolt upright at first sight of her, staring at a figure that had the bold lines of a Grecian statue, at gray-black eyes, at thick and curling hair that was as dark as one of Mr. Harriman's railroad tunnels at three o'clock in the morning. The girl's face was flawless, too, barring a decided tilt to the nose, and her complexion was a thing of peaches and cream and rose petals as well; and looking at her, Matt knew his heart was lost more irretrievably than his britches and his boots.

"Be easy!" Kathleen said, pushing him back against the pillows, and speaking with a brogue that made Matt think of honey and of birds in flight. "You're far too weak to be sitting up yet. Lie back now, and rest, and I'll feed you some broth."

"It isn't broth I want," Matt Howard said, amazed at his own boldness, but reveling in it too. "Not broth, nor rest, either. What I want is fiddle music, and it playing at our wedding. Our wedding. It will be a fine affair, in a church, with all the fixings, and something old and something new and something borrowed and something blue. It will have to wait, of course, until I can earn some money, because my poke was in the jeans that I lost. But we could at least set the date."

"I like a man who gets straight on with things," the girl said demurely, "but not a man who grasps time by the forelock and boots it from behind, all at once. And speaking of something old, I'm thinking it won't be yourself if you go on running about a country swarming with red Indians. My Uncle Michael says you're lucky you didn't lose your hair." A smile touched the corners (Continued on Page 122)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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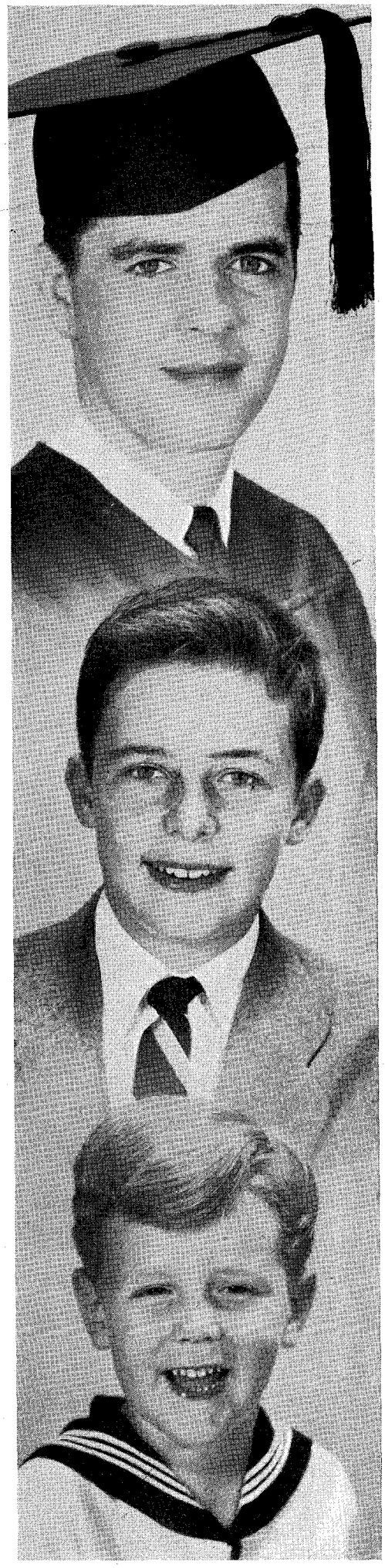

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(Continued from Page 120) of her mouth and then disappeared. "Along with your breeches."

"Speaking of hair," Matt Howard said, "I've never seen any as beautiful as yours."

"Speaking of hair yourself," Kathleen answered, "if it's scarcely beautiful, it's at least abundant. If those savages had clipped you, as well as scalped you, they'd have had enough to stuff three mattresses. And now, may I ask an embarrassing question?"

"Ask me anything!" Matt Howard said. "Just so it keeps you talking."

"Well, then!" Kathleen said, with the smile playing about her lips again. "How was it that you came here in such a state of undress? It couldn't have been that the Apaches caught you bathing or washing your clothes, because by the look and the smell of you, you've no use for such practices."

Matt grinned at her. "I'd been three weeks in the saddle," he said, "and it's well-known fact that a horse doesn't perfume any man. Out where I was, I had a hard time finding enough water to drink, let alone to bathe in, and that war party jumped me just at daybreak and didn't give me time to get into my jeans. Now that I've answered your impertinent question, girl, when will we be married? The sooner the better, so that we can start raising a family?"

Kathleen rose to her feet, the color climbing high in smooth young cheeks. "I told you I didn't mind a forward man," she said. "But by your manner of speech, I'm thinking you would always be a few paces in advance of forward—and trampling on your own heels." She put the bowl of broth she'd been holding into Matt's hands. "Give yourself the soup, buckeen! A man with strength enough to think such thoughts needs no spoon-feeding from me!"

"But you'll come back, won't you?" Matt cried after her as she moved toward the door.

"I will not," Kathleen Corbett said firmly. "I've more work below than I could do if there were three of me, what with waiting the tables and helping the cook. There's far more need of me downstairs than there is here, and, anyway, I couldn't be two places, barring I were a bird."

But Matt looked so downhearted that Kathleen smiled at him from the door, and her voice was gentle as she spoke again. "Get yourself well, man," she said. "Mend yourself, and then we'll speak of marriage, if you are still so immortally ruled by the idea. Although I've made up my mind to remain a spinster, in a wild, lawless country such as this, where a girl could become a widow before she was even a bride."

"You," Matt Howard said, "are a mentally left-handed Irishwoman who makes no sense in her speech whatever. But I love you anyway, and in no time at all I'll be the wellest man in the entire territory of Arizona."

Doc Applegate, a cynic who had no great belief in love or in lesser miracles, gave his own professional skill credit for Matt's rapid recovery; but Kathleen Corbett understood how it was that her wounded admirer was up and about before most men would have been able to leave their beds.

Matt ate a beefsteak breakfast on the morning of the day that he arose, bathed in Mike Corbett's tin tub and shaved himself with his own hand. He walked with a reasonably steady step when, decently dressed in some of Doc Applegate's spare clothing, he went downstairs to the lobby of the hotel.

Kathleen, who was there with her uncle, saw that Matt was a pleasantly good-looking young man with a square jaw and a humorous mouth; a young man neither large nor small, but compactly made, with heavy shoulders and no hips worth speaking of, and a horseman's strong thighs. Kathleen liked what she saw, but then, Kathleen would have liked Matt's appearance had he been anything less ugly than a chuckwalla, because Mike Corbett's niece had already half lost her heart to Matt Howard's blue eyes.

Corbett had offered to give him credit until Matt Howard could find work, and when the hotelkeeper put the register before him, Matt signed it with a flourish. But the newcomer didn't put down his own true name. He signed the register "W. H. Bonney," for reasons of his own, in handwriting as legible as print.

Corbett gave the name Matt had written a thoughtful stare, and then looked him over from head to toe. The big Irishman's dark face was gravely impassive when he spoke.

"Welcome to Dragoon Springs, Mr. Bonney," he said. "Concerning the matter of employment, I'm thinking it will be hard to find you a situation, at present. There's little active ranching, with the Apaches up, and most of the mines have been shut down. But the post of town marshal is open, if you'd care to become a peace officer."

"I would not care to, thank you, sir," Matt answered politely. "I would much rather remain among the living."

Corbett sighed, bent his dark gaze at the register again and laid a thick forefinger on the name that Matt had set down. "Any man who writes so well must own some education," Mike said. "We've presently no one to teach our school either. Perhaps you could teach to earn your board and keep."

"It would perhaps be only fair, Uncle Michael," Kathleen said, "if we were to tell

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Mr. Bonney that the last schoolmaster was after hanging himself."

"Hold your whisht, girl!" Mike Corbett roared. "Any man with a spark of authority in him could make the small ones behave! Keeping the school in order should be child's play for Mr. Bonney."

Matt was about to say that he almost preferred to take his chances with the Chiricahuas again, but Kathleen put a soft hand on his arm, and when she spoke, her voice not only lilted, but dripped with immortal feminine guile.

"Exasperating though the children may be," she said, "I cannot think of a more wonderful work than to be sowing the seeds of knowledge throughout this barren wilderness." Corbett's niece gave Matt a lingering, sidelong look, and then the long lashes modestly veiled her eyes. "Surely, no decent man or woman would wish to bring children into the world in a territory where there's no learning at all."

"I," Matt Howard said, "have apparently become a schoolmaster, although there are probably scholars in the school who know more than I do. If so, I'll learn the king's English from them."

"Let there be no talk of the king's English here," Mike Corbett said. "And having seen the little darlings in our school, I've no great fear any of them will outshine the master. The important thing, you've agreed. Since my thirst tells me it's time for the first of the morning, let us now step into the saloon and seal the bargain."

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They took leave of Kathleen and went next door to the First and Last Chance. Mort Beggs himself was tending bar, a sallow, cadaverous man with his oiled front curls reflected on the damp mahogany and the balding back of his head reflected in the gilt-framed mirror behind him. Always a melancholy-appearing man, Mort looked even sadder as Mike and Matt came in, and it wasn't because he didn't like Mike or didn't want his and Matt's custom. The truth was, Mort was worried over the presence of a man they called Salinas, who was drinking alone.

Salinas was a towering, black-bearded thug with an upper body as round and thick as a keg, a gorilla's reach of arm, and shoulders like sides of beef. He had been a border ruffian during the late unpleasantness between the states, and he was presently suspected of using his shack on the outskirts of town as a base for outlaw forays into Mexico.

That morning in Mort's place, Salinas was nursing a hang-over that would have filled two Conestoga wagons, and his small, mean eyes were red and matterated over the black dirt grained into the furrows that wind and weather had slashed into his leathery cheeks. The giant wore a .44, slung low on his left hip, with the holster tied down.

Mort Beggs was worried because he knew that Salinas coveted Kathleen Corbett, and knew the former bushwhacker had been inflamed with jealous rage ever since he'd learned that Mike's niece had nursed the wounded man. The saloonkeeper expected trouble, and the situation immediately shaped up to meet his expectations. Salinas took one glaring, baleful look at Matt, heaved out an explosive grunt and shifted the chaw of plug tobacco that was tucked into one of his bearded cheeks. A brown stream crackled suddenly against the toe of Matt's right boot as Salinas spat across eight feet of space that seemed greater because of the ominous silence that filled the saloon.

Salinas himself broke the silence, and he had a voice that sounded like a thunderstorm on a mountaintop. "Look what's here!" he roared. "If it ain't the sock-foot hero of the one-man Injun war! I heerd you warn't very big, but it could be you wore yore laigs down some, shirttailing it away from them bow-an'-arrow bucks."

Mike Corbett stabbed Salinas with a level, contemptuous glance, and spoke to Matt in a deliberate voice. "Pray take no notice of this specimen," he said. "What you see before you is a two-legged polecat who has been thwarted in lust. He looked with lecherous eye upon my niece, until she closed his eye with a copper pot one night when he followed her out into the kitchen."

Salinas made a growling noise deep in his throat, and reached for his gun. Mike was in his shirt sleeves, and obviously without a weapon, and Salinas' black-furred hand moved slowly into a cross-body draw, as though the giant found pleasure in pulling his gun upon an unarmed man. The .44 wasn't clear of its holster when Matt Howard pushed forward and looked up into the burly ruffian's face.

"I'll ask no man to take up a quarrel for me," Matt said quietly. "It was plainly me you meant to insult, and if you're bound to gun someone, let it be me." Matt's face, pale from the illness of his wound, was set and dead-white as his low voice went on, "I've got no idea what I've done to rile you, but maybe you'd better empty your craw. I don't know who you are, but my name is Bonney."

Salinas' jaw fell suddenly slack as Matt spoke the name that wasn't rightly his, and the big man seemed to grow suddenly less in size. His fingers moved away from

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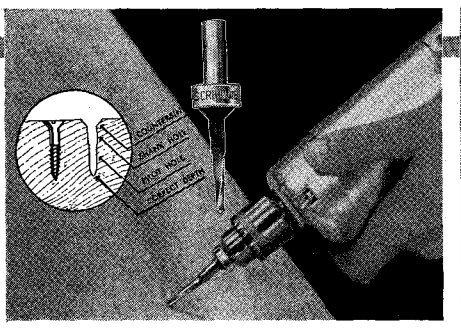

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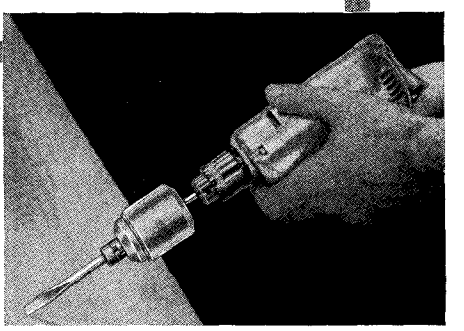

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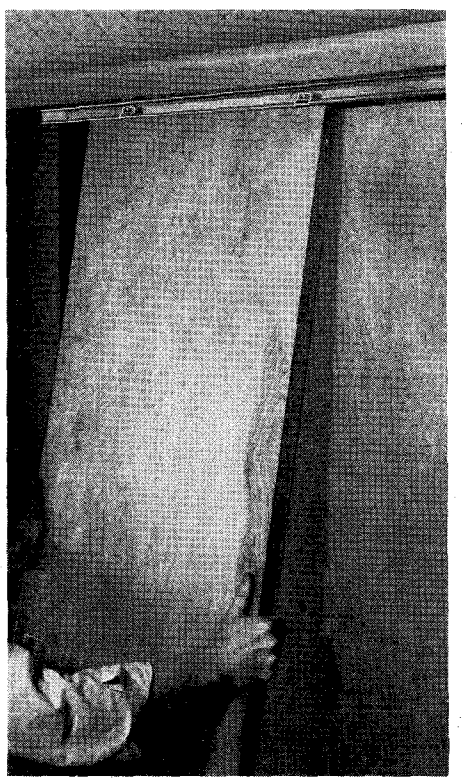

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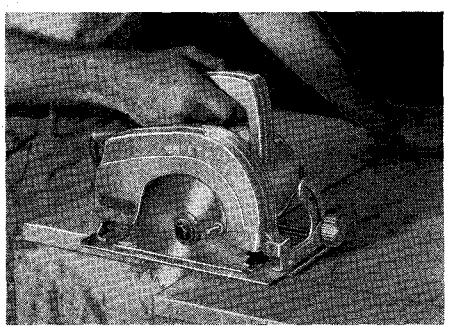

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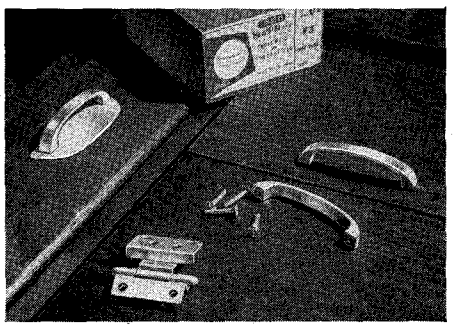

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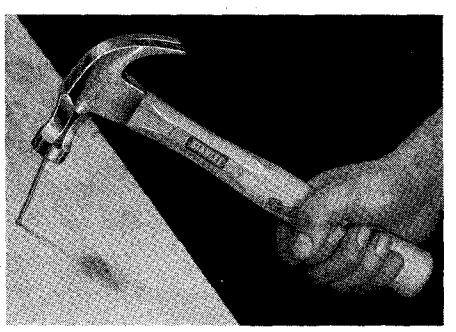

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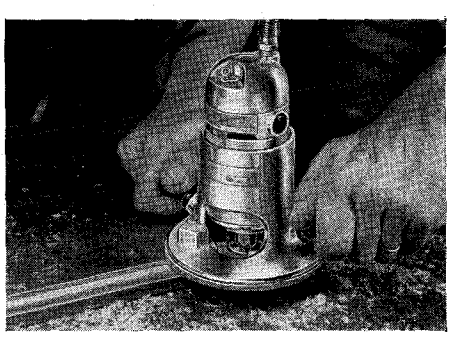

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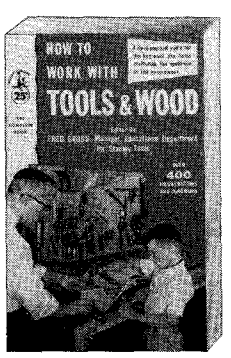

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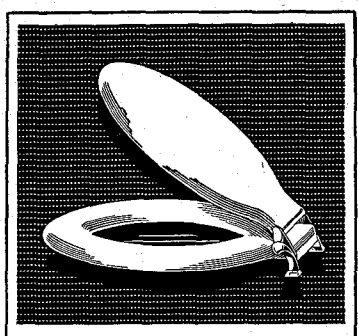

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the .44 as though the butt of the weapon were scalding hot, and he took a shuffling step backward and stared at Matt with fear in his bloodshot eyes.

"Did you say 'Bonney?'" he asked, and his voice fluted up as he spoke.

"I said 'Bonney'," Matt answered. "What about it, mister?"

Salinas' whisky glass clattered and rolled on the bar as the big man knocked it over with his elbow, taking another backward step. "I reckon I had no call to ack like I did," he mumbled. "I'm lickered up some, as you can see, an' I guess I just warn't thinkin' when I spit. Don't take no offense because of it, Mr. Bonney. I got no quarrel with you."

Mort Beggs fairly gaped with astonishment as Salinas turned suddenly on his heel and lurched out through the front door of the saloon. "Well, I'll be hawg-tied!" Mort exclaimed. "So somebody finally made that big bully turn tail an' skedaddle! Whoever you are, Mr. Bonney, I ought to hire you—at least until I get my mirrors paid for."

But Mike Corbett, mopping his face with a handkerchief, looked at Matt with a wry smile. "It's thankful I am that you are wearing Doc Applegate's jacket," Mike said fervently, "else that scut would have seen you've no weapon at all. I think it may be, lad, that both of us pushed our luck a little far this day. Let us have our drink now, and blot out the memory of our own folly."

Kathleen Corbett's heart was cold with fear when she heard of Matt's run-in with Salinas, and she begged him to be wary lest the one-time guerrilla shoot him in the back. But Matt said that he didn't think Salinas would dry-gulch him, and Mike Corbett swore that he'd have revenge if the gun slinger did.

Matt went to bed happy that night, warmed by Kathleen's concern for him, and when he reopened the school the next morning, he was as cheerful as any man might have been who had to face thirty-five pupils, including several who were as large as himself.

Matt held class in a one-room adobe building that had lost part of its roof. The last schoolmaster—he who had hanged himself—had burned the textbooks during the fit of despondency that had preceded his self-destruction, and discipline was sorely lacking too. Matt acted promptly to remedy both deficiencies. He borrowed a Bible from George Turner, the blacksmith, and used the gospel for a text, declaring that what had been good enough for countless saints was certainly good enough for the juvenile sinners of Dragoon Springs.

On the first morning of his second week as master, before his wound had completely healed, Matt thrashed both of the Tolliver twins, the man-sized seventeen-year-olds who were the ringleaders of the unruly element in the class. Matt was aware that even with discipline restored, his teaching left considerable to be desired, but he did the best that he could, and refrained from carrying his problems outside the classroom. His evenings, thus, were reasonably serene, and he was free to court Kathleen Corbett.

Matt literally courted her with a dish towel in his hands. Kathleen, among her other duties, had to wash up after the evening meal in the hotel dining room, and Matt reached for a towel when Kathleen said that no true man would sit and watch a woman work, even if it was woman's work the man would be doing if he helped her. Mike Corbett teased Matt unmercifully about his part-time employment in the kitchen, but Matt persevered in his dish drying and persisted in his wooing, and on Christmas Eve, Kathleen consented to become his wife. It was then that Matt told her he'd been using an alias, but when he began an explanation, the girl said that she wouldn't have cared if his name had been Geronimo or Magnus Colorado. Kathleen was in Matt's arms at the moment, and names seemed scarcely important.

The young lovers decided to be married as soon as Matt had found steady employment and had saved enough for the wedding. Mike Corbett, torn between his reluctance to lose his niece and his conviction that an institution of learning must be maintained in Dragoon Springs at all costs, finally decided that Matt—as at least a temporary member of a noble profession—was good enough for his brother's daughter. The Irishman brutally chivied the parents of Matt's pupils when he passed a hat among them at the end of Matt's first month of teaching. The hotelkeeper announced darkly that if his young friend were not sufficiently rewarded for his services, he himself would take over the vacant post of town marshal, and would personally see to it that the children were confined to their own houses or dooryards, every hour of the day. Matt was amazed to find, when Mike gave him the sum collected, that he had earned more than a top ranch hand could earn in a month, and he reckoned that he'd have enough saved to set up housekeeping by the first of May.

It was a long winter for two lovers who wanted to be married as much as Matt and Kathleen did, but the season was short for Mike Corbett, who had reached an age

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The trouble with marrying the boss' daughter is that you have to take orders night and day.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

●

when time was a bird with a rapid wing. In late February a column of Federal cavalry trotted through Dragoon Springs, and the weary troopers returned two weeks later, herding a score of sullen Chiricahua braves, with the body of their dead chief slung like an empty sack over the back of his own horse. Stage and telegraphic communications were restored, and Mike, encouraged by these tokens of peace and stability, bullied his neighbors into helping him put a new roof on the building that housed the school. They finished the work as the winter ended, and it was on the first day of spring that the runty stranger came to town.

The old-timers told my grandfather that the sun went down as red as blood that day, and most of the inhabitants of Dragoon Springs were in the street observing the phenomenon when the newcomer rode in from the east. Matt Howard, standing near Mike Corbett in front of the Emerald Hotel, heard the drumming of hoofs on the dried mud of the street, and looked away from the flaming sky and saw an undersized youth on a shaggy pony that was lathered from running hard. He might not have given the insignificant figure a second glance had it not been for the boy's eyes.

The eyes were pale and cold and gray as a winter cloud, and they caught the light the way thin ice does when it glitters on the surface of a barely frozen pond. They were deep-set in a sharp-boned face that had a hard jaw and a hard mouth, but the stranger's cheeks were still soft with youth, and the blond stubble that covered them was more a matter of silken down than of adult beard. Unkempt pale hair bushed out under the wide brim of a disreputable flat-crowned hat, and the sleeve of a torn jacket flapped about one of the boy's broomstick arms. Looking at the newcomer, Matt Howard saw no weapon of any kind.

The shaggy pony on which the boy sat was sway-backed and hammerheaded. Salinas, who was standing in front of the First and Last Chance, let out a bellow of laughter as the undersized stranger drew rein. Salinas had just returned from one of his forays, and he had Ab Powell with him, and a Mohave breed who was called Charlie One. Powell was a gaunt, tall gun slinger who looked like a weasel on stilts, and Charlie One was dark and cat-eyed, with a pistol on each hip, and he was reputed to have killed four men in California state. They were both of the same stripe as Salinas, as the saying was, and like him they had drunk enough whisky that day to make them quarrelsome-mean.

"Well, look at this here *caballero!*" Salinas hooted derisively. "Is it a horse he's riding, or what? It could be a horse, seein' as how it's got four laigs an' hair, but, on the other hand, it could be a billygoat with its horns sawed off too."

The blond youth swung the pony in toward Salinas, and spoke in a soft voice. "A friend of mine told me once about a book he read," the boy said, "a book about a sword fighter in France. And somebody laughed at his horse, and this sword fella says anybody laughs at his horse laughs at him too." The undersized stranger suddenly touched a spur to the pony's flank; the ugly beast plunged forward, and the hammer head rammed into Salinas' chest. "That goes for me, too, *amigo*," the boy's soft voice said.

Salinas' lips twisted into a snarl as he reached out and caught the stranger by one of his thin arms and yanked him clear out of the saddle. The youth's boots clumped down hard on the earth, and then rose free of it as Salinas clamped on a vicious hammer lock that lifted him off the ground. Matt Howard, pushing his way through the crowd, saw that there were tears of pain and humiliation in the stripling's eyes, but no sound came from his tightly compressed lips.

"I'll bust your arm, you smart little squirt!" Salinas rasped, but he dropped the boy like a hot brick when Matt reached over the newcomer's shoulder and hit him, Salinas, across the mouth.

My grandfather said that, when he was a boy, men talked almost as much of the fist fight as they did of the events that followed. Salinas must have thought that he could whip Matt easily or he would have gunned him, then and there. Grinning a wolfish, confident grin, Salinas unbuckled his gun belt, passed it to Ab Powell, and flung himself at Matt with his great arms swinging like flails.

Matt met his rush with a right uppercut to the face and a left to the body, and Salinas grunted and spat blood as another right smashed into his mouth. The giant reeled under a succession of trip-hammer blows, and sought desperately to close with Matt, but the smaller man was as slippery as a barrel of eels, as fast as light.

As good as he was, however, Matt could neither block nor sidestep all of Salinas' sledging blows, and the big man bloodied his face, and closed his left eye, and knocked him down twice as the savage battle raged on. There were terrible moments in which Matt lay on the ground with Salinas' boots stamping at his face, but he managed to roll away from the trampling feet, and to rise and resume the brutal work at hand. Salinas fought with wasteful fury, and fought at a pace he could not hold, and when Matt finally drove a fist wrist-deep into his flabby stomach, the towering man went down. He sprawled on his face, retching and gasping, and made no effort to regain his feet.

Matt Howard turned away without another look at his defeated opponent, and walked toward the First and Last Chance. He didn't want Kathleen to see him with his face covered with blood and dirt, and he meant to wash himself in the back of the saloon. As he went, he saw that the ungainly pony

(Continued on Page 127)

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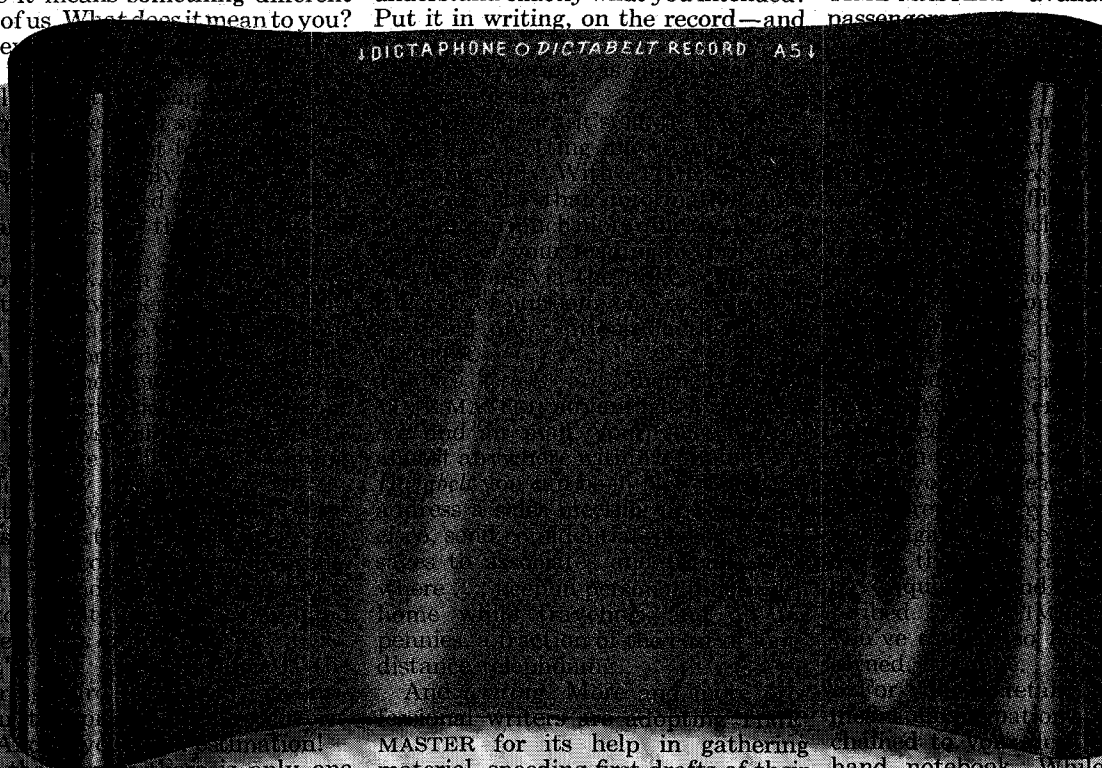

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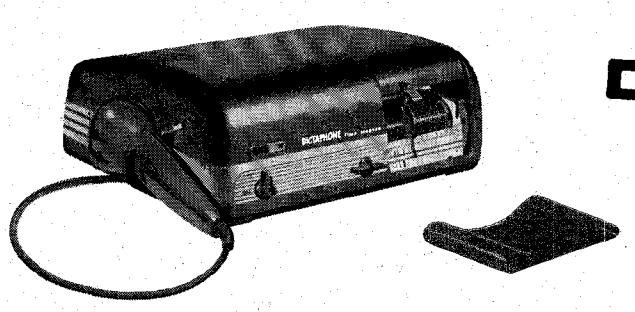

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(Continued from Page 124) stood in the middle of the street, but the blond youth was nowhere to be seen. Matt was too tired even to wonder where the boy had gone.

He had washed his face and was having a drink from the pail of fresh water that stood on the end of the bar, when Mike Corbett came in. Mike walked straight to where Matt stood, and although the Irishman's face was pale beneath its tan, his voice was steady when he spoke.

"They're coming, lad," he said, "the three of them—and us without weapons! Well, if we're lucky, maybe we'll take Salinas' big popgun off him and have a trial shot into his ear! Barring we couldn't shoot through the dirt!"

Salinas came first, with Charlie One and Ab Powell close behind him. The battered giant staggered as he walked, and his panting breath made hoarse, whistling noises in his throat, but the beating had sobered him, and there was cold murder in his eyes. He lurched along the bar and halted six feet away from Matt, and his two companions moved alongside him and then stepped briskly away from each other, like troopers deploying in the field.

"You had it over me with your fist!" Salinas panted, his eyes glaring at Matt. "Now let's see what you can do with an iron! I was buffaloed some when you first come to town, you tellin' me your name was Bonney, an' me knowin' a sprout name of Bonney was the fastest draw in all New Mexico Territory. It's too bad for you the stage driver told me this mornin' that the real Bonney—the gun slinger—is in jail over in San Juan. So, I'm callin' you, four-flusher, callin' you hard!"

The big man made a gesture at Charlie One. The breed grinned an evil grin, drew one of the two pistols he wore, and sent it sliding along the floor toward Matt. The weapon spun around and made a metallic clatter that echoed in the silent barroom, and came to rest against one of Matt's boots. Death was looking at Kathleen Corbett's betrothed out of three pairs of eyes, but Matt owned the fierce unbending pride of youth, and it swelled up stronger than his fears or his regrets. He was stooping to pick up Charlie One's pistol when he saw the blond youth.

The boy had come in on tiptoe, cat-footing his way through the saloon, and stopped so close to Ab Powell that he might have almost touched the skinny man with his hand. The slight stranger had shed his torn jacket, and slung on one of his flat hips was a .38 that he had filched from Amos Tolliver's shop while Amos, the town gunsmith, was watching the fight between Salinas and Matt. The kid's pale, stubbled face was almost expressionless, but Matt never forgot the terrible gleam in the gray eyes.

"Just one minute, big man," the soft voice drawled as the mad eyes fixed themselves upon Salinas' face. "I think maybe you better deal me a hand too."

The three men were fast, but the boy was faster. He drew the .38 with the sort of motion a man makes tossing a ball, but so swiftly an eye could scarcely follow the movement of his hand. The lancing flame of the gun burst like crimson lightning before either Salinas or Ab or Charlie had drawn their weapons, and the saloon echoed with the roar of another shot before Salinas had his .44 clear of its holster.

The boy got Ab Powell first, moving a quick step to one side as he plugged the skinny gun slinger between the eyes. Charlie, when he fired, fired wildly, forced to shoot across Salinas' shoulder. The kid smashed Charlie's hip with a precise shot, and then sent two bullets tearing into Salinas as the breed fell against the giant. Mike Corbett said afterward that it was like shooting fish in a barrel, and of the three men, only Charlie One survived.

The kid quietly sheathed his gun when the affair was over, and looked at Matt with eyes from which the crazy gleam had gone, and when he spoke, it was in the polite tone of a well-mannered boy addressing an elder. "Now, mister, please," he said, "maybe you'll tell me how you come to be using the name of Bonney? Reckon I got a right to ask, seeing as how it's my name."

Matt, his ears still ringing with the sounds of violence, lifted a shocked face and looked at the boy through smoke that hung like a dark veil before his eyes.

"I killed a man in a fist fight," he said wearily. "Last year, in Kansas. I didn't know he had a bad heart, but I might have avoided the quarrel if I'd controlled my temper. Afterward, I swore I'd never fight again, if I could help it. I rode through Alamogordo last fall, and heard about you. I thought if I could pass myself off as Bonney over here, I'd be feared enough to be let alone. I thought everybody'd know Will Bonney is the real name of Billy the Kid."

The boy smiled, a bleak, brief smile. "I was in jail in San Juan," he said, "and I heard about some *hombre* passing himself off as me. I broke jail and lit out for here on the first mount I could find, without even a gun. I said to myself, 'Billy, if you're really way over there in Arizona Territory, you surely owe it to yourself to see what you're doing there.'"

As Matt stared at him, the blond youth stooped, picked up Salinas' .44, tucked it into the waistband of his jeans and swaggered toward the door. Nearly all of the inhabitants of Dragoon Springs had crowded into the saloon by then, but they made way, and promptly, to let Billy the Kid pass. The boy halted at the door, looked back at Matt and smiled again.

"You surely do handle your fists good," the mild voice said, "and I'm plumb envious. If I was you, I wouldn't fret too much about that fella in Kansas. Things got a way of working out. If you hadn't killed a man who didn't deserve it, I wouldn't have got a chance to plug two no-good jaspers who'd have probably gunned a lot of good people if I hadn't got them. So long, *amigo*. Take care of yourself!"

All of it happened a long time ago. Kathleen had been married a year, and was nursing her first-born, when she heard that Pat Garrett had killed Billy the Kid in Fort Sumner; and even though he had been an outlaw, Kathleen wept for the youth who had saved Matt from death. She and Matt lived long and fruitful lives, and Kathleen always said that there was some good even in the worst of men, and said that God indeed moves in strange ways His wonders to perform. My grandfather, who was Kathleen's seventh son, taught me to believe in these things, too, and I believe in them still.

THE END

National Pastime

By Sarah Winfree Thorson

The alarm clock gives the
signal.
It flings me at the day.
The scurrying seconds
scoop me up.
I'm batted into play,
Hurled haplessly from hour
to hour,
From dawn to dark; and
then
What do I do? Why, same
as you!
I set the clock again.

The Standard of Excellence on Five Continents

Longines

THE WORLD'S Most Honored WATCH

TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY
FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES
OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING
CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS THE WORLD OVER
THE FIRST WATCH
OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION

Buying a watch is a serious business. You'll expect to wear it and consult it and trust it for a great many years. Look before you leap. Buy the best watch you can afford—and you *can* afford a *Longines*. ¶ Since a *Longines* is just about the finest watch in all the world, it does cost more. But if the *Longines* you want costs even *twice as much* as some other make, it would still be your best buy in the long run. Do you know, for instance, that the *Longines* watch you buy today will be actually *better than new* 10 or even 20 years from now? Given reasonable care, of course. That is one tangible result of *Longines* workmanship. ¶ In fact, the pleasure and satisfaction which comes from owning a *Longines* is priceless. It feels good to know that the watch on your wrist bows to no other anywhere in the world. And you know where you stand with time, all the time. ¶ Among the hundreds of different *Longines* watches—dress watches, sports watches, timers—there is one made just for you. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to help you choose your *Longines, the world's most honored watch.*

Watches illustrated—left, Starlight E-A 36, $550; right, Pres. Wilson R, $150.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

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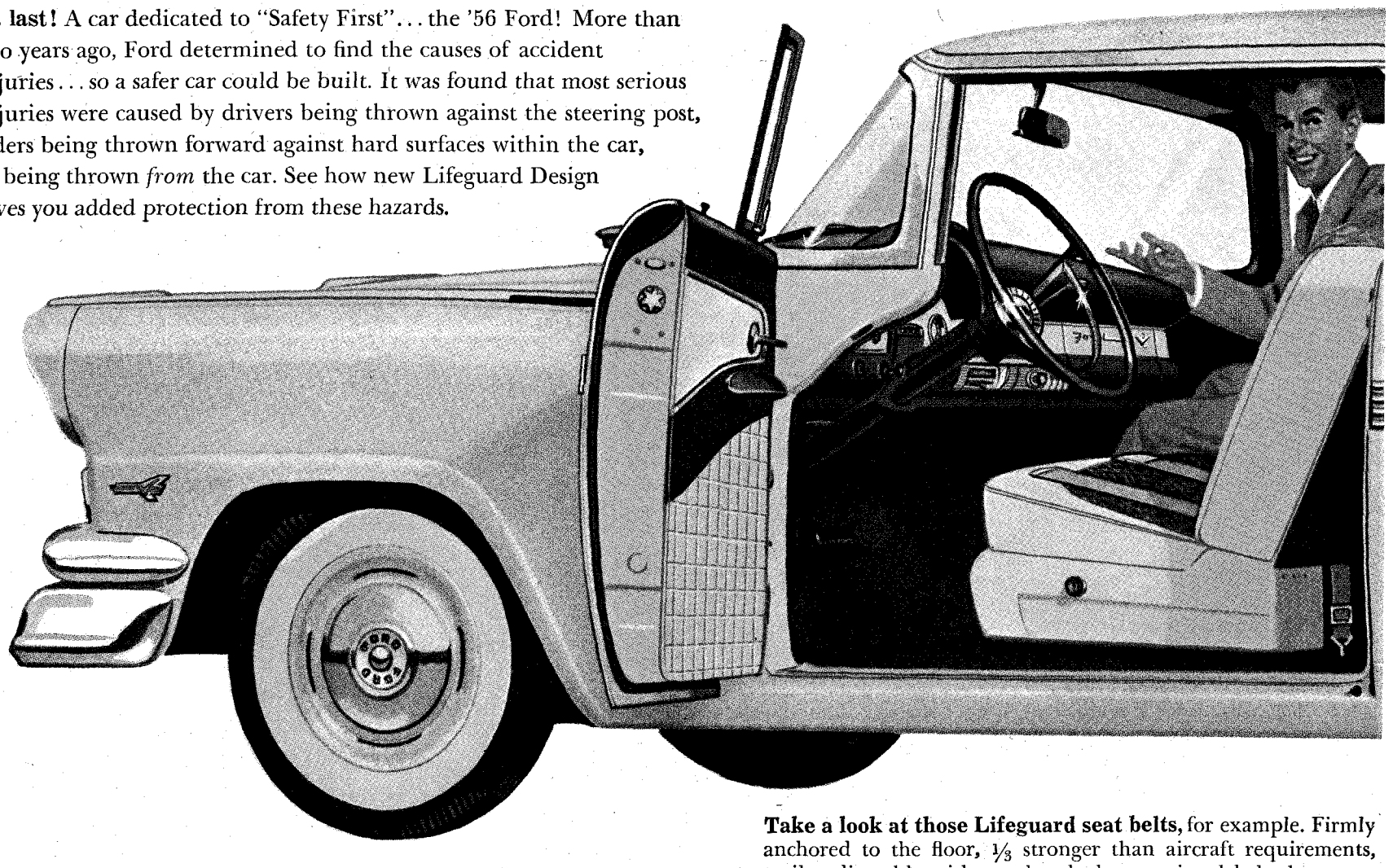
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

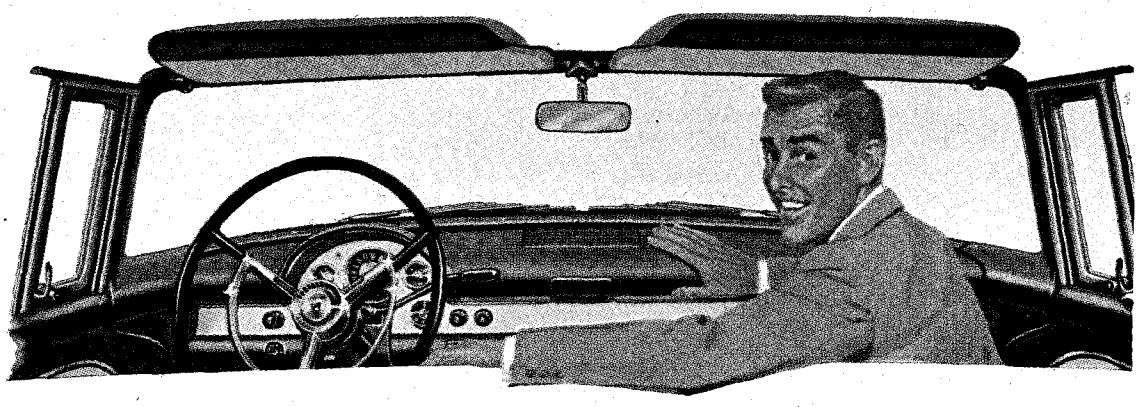
At last! A car dedicated to "Safety First"... the '56 Ford! More than two years ago, Ford determined to find the causes of accident injuries... so a safer car could be built. It was found that most serious injuries were caused by drivers being thrown against the steering post, riders being thrown forward against hard surfaces within the car, or being thrown *from* the car. See how new Lifeguard Design gives you added protection from these hazards.



Take a look at those Lifeguard seat belts, for example. Firmly anchored to the floor, ⅓ stronger than aircraft requirements, easily adjustable with one hand, these optional belts keep you and your passengers from being thrown from the seat in accidents.

Let's take a look at in the '56 FORD

New Lifeguard steering wheel is mounted over 3 inches above the steering post. Its new deep-center construction acts as a cushion to provide extra protection from the post should you be thrown forward in a sudden stop. It's as good looking as it is practical... and it's *standard in all models.* But there are more ways in which Ford protects you.



New Lifeguard padded sun visors are optional in all '56 Fords. They are made of a special impact absorbing material similar to the padding available for the control panel. The two new visors cover practically the full width of the windshield header . . . give new protection against head injuries.

New Lifeguard padded instrument panel, offered in combination with Lifeguard sun visors, provides additional protection for front seat passengers. Tests show that a one-inch thickness of this padding material is so effective in absorbing impact that an egg can be dropped on it from a roof without breaking.

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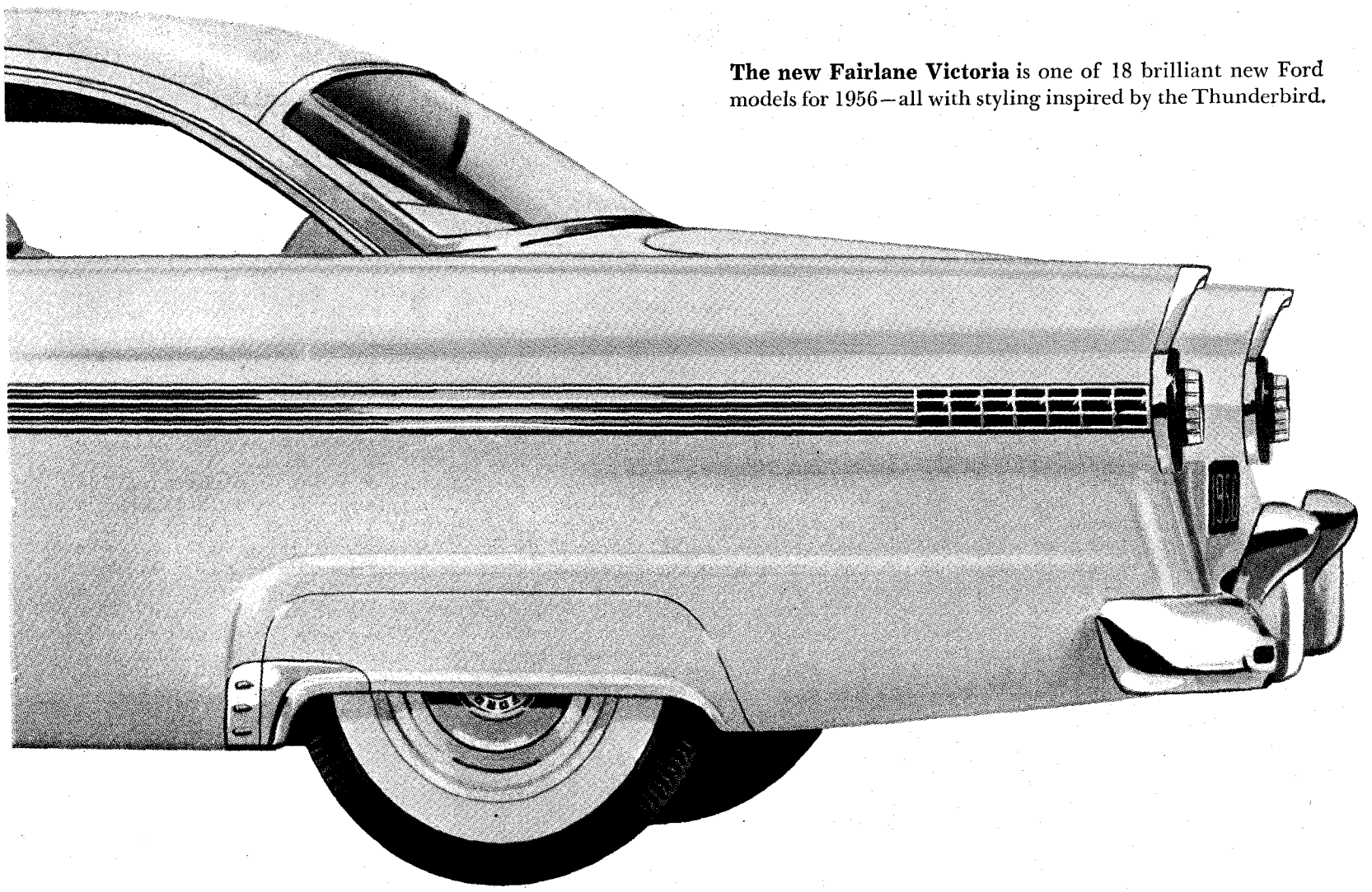
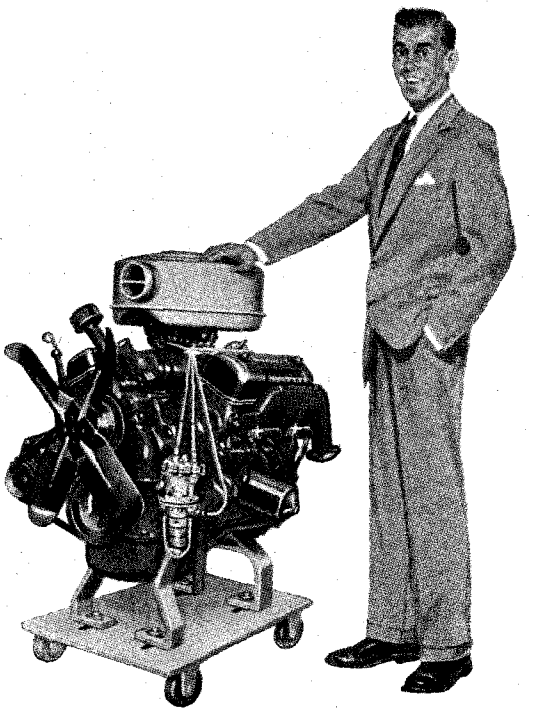


The new Fairlane Victoria is one of 18 brilliant new Ford models for 1956—all with styling inspired by the Thunderbird.

Lifeguard Design

New Lifeguard door locks, standard on all models, have a new double-grip locking engagement to reduce the possibility of doors springing open even under strain caused by impact. Safety statistics show that the chances of serious injury are a great deal less when the driver and passengers remain inside the car in accidents.



The new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine and all the driving fun that goes with it can be yours in the Fordomatic Fairlane and Station Wagon models. At any driving speed, a touch of your toe gets an instant answer. You'll pass with new confidence. Steep hills will melt. You'll find sheer motoring delight, to go with the reassuring knowledge that Lifeguard Design rides with you!

Lifeguard Design is only the beginning of the Ford fine-car story for 1956! You will find in Ford all the thrill and excitement of driving a car that is completely new in styling—styling inspired by the Thunderbird. What's more, you'll discover luxurious new interiors . . . the supreme comfort of smooth Angle-Poised ride . . . wonderful handling ease and convenience . . . quality construction and finish. When you see it . . . and drive it . . . you'll agree: Ford for '56 is truly . . .

the *fine* car at half the fine car price!

FORD

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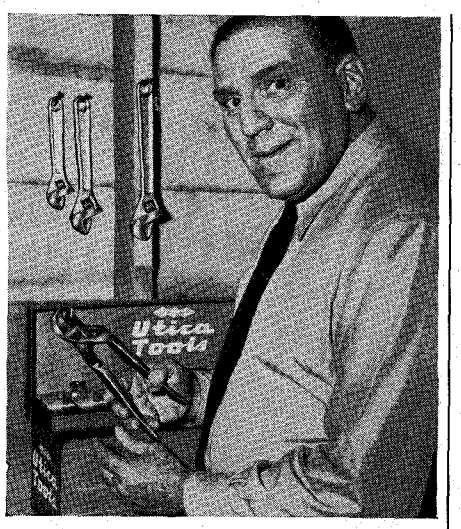

it's "The Life of Riley"
with UTICA TOOLS®

says Wm. Bendix . . . Star of
NBC-TV Show "The Life of Riley"

Mighty amusing fellow, Riley, on your TV screen. Lots of chuckles Friday nights.

But, make no mistake about it, as William Bendix he's mighty serious in his choice of hand tools for his DO-IT-YOURSELF hobby.

"In my home workshop I find wonderful relaxation after a tough day at the studio. And in my workshop you'll find a complete variety of UTICA® Pliers and Adjustable Wrenches. They're tops," says Bendix.

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THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY
UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CORP.
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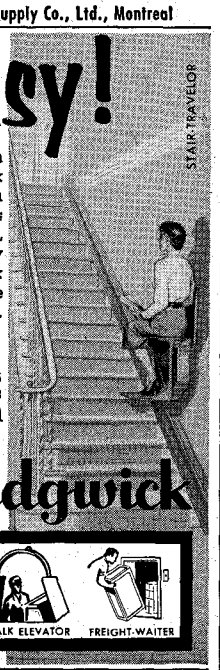

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CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
231 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pa.

The Big Payday

(Continued from Page 37)

than to fill it with food, to say, "Pass the catsup," or to remark to any available young lady, "Hey, baby; wait for me."

He wasn't a bad kid, McDermott believed, nor as stupid as he looked; people liked him and he could fight like a rat caught under a door. *He's nervous*, McDermott thought; *I can't blame him for that.*

"Do you think the postponements will hurt the gate much, Willy?" someone asked.

"A few dollars' worth," McDermott said. "Some out-of-towners have had to cancel, but it can't hurt much." He enjoyed the role of a big-time manager, passing his weighed opinions to the press. He supposed it was a vain and foolish weakness, but he could recall his own days as a heavyweight, not nearly enough removed in time for the pain of them to be gone. He could remember when nobody asked his opinion or suspected he might have one in his sometimes battered head. The rain came down more heavily now. It beat like new dimes on the shining surface of the old macadam road. The heavy elms, so fat with June, yielded and swayed in the press of unexpected wind. "Of course, I could be crazy," he said, "but I like to see it this way."

"Then get yourself an extra-size strait jacket, Willy," the same sports writer said. "Why do you like it?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe because it smells so clean and honest—as though the weather was really trying out there."

He was looking at Preacher Carmody when he said this, and somebody laughed a little nervously. McDermott laughed too. It seemed like nothing at all when it happened; yet always, in the future, he would remember how it had been.

The Preacher blushed and said sulkily, "What's the matter? Don't I smell honest?" It was really more strange than comic, the way he said it.

Freddie Miske, a professional handler and trainer of fighters, who had emitted the first nervous laugh, walked into the house and sat down by the fire. The Preacher followed determinedly after him, as though there were something between them that he dared not handle alone. McDermott thought of this briefly, then pushed it from his mind. Standing where he was, facing the house, he could see Mary Cannon, the proprietor's daughter, come down the broad center stairs. His heart always beat like a small punching bag when Mary was near, but she did not come outside. A cab came for the two sports writers to take them to the five-thirty train to New York. Only McDermott and Old Man Cannon stayed on the porch. George Cannon sat in a wicker chair. He was about seventy years old, lean, very healthy, and indebted to the co-operation of Willie Ritchie and Battling Nelson for the subtle dents in his profile.

"You never told me before that you liked it out here, Willy."

"You never asked me," McDermott said. "I guess it could be that a guy gets to like any place where he feels he's done a good job. But I like the village, too, and the people in it, George. The way they've treated the Preacher and me, you'd think we were born here."

"You're just sentimental, Willy."

"Then forget it," McDermott said. He didn't mention that every time he looked at George Cannon's leathery, ordinary face, an image of the man's quite beautiful daughter filled his mind. It was a strange kind of romance, he supposed, existing only in his head—one-sided and harmless for as long as it remained there undeclared. "What's that, George?"

"I said, can your boy lick Luther Shands?"

"He's got a chance," said McDermott, his thoughts coming back to a prize more attainable. "He's got a gallopin', leapin', tremendous chance, but I don't want to live on dreams."

"Are you thinking of the big payday, Willy?"

"I could use one, George. I'd be lying if I said I wouldn't like it. Imagine me—a stiff like me—owning thirty-three and a third per cent of the championship of the world."

McDermott spat from the porch into the wind, then looked up at the sky. The same good wind was shoving the black, heavy clouds around. *Tomorrow*, he thought; *it will be clear tomorrow.* The champion, gifted and shrewd and vicious and game, was just a man with two hands; resourceful as Luther Shands might be, he wasn't a squad of marines.

"You're dreamin' right now," George Cannon said.

McDermott looked away, not denying it. Wanting something badly enough could make you hurt all over. It wasn't this mere desire to be important. It was more a matter of belonging and being accepted in the front ranks of a trade in which he had previously failed. He did know his business, after all. He was a maestro rather than a meatball now, having planted within the rock head and the steel-mesh hide of Preacher Carmody all the skills and that zest for the jousting pit that he had never in his own time been quite rugged enough to employ against the best men in the game.

"I was a kind of low-gear Don Quixote with a glass jaw," he confessed aloud. "A college boy, who should have been selling vacuum cleaners."

"I know," Cannon said. "I saw you fight Louis."

"Which time was that?"

"Both times, Willy, and I can tell you this: it should never have been allowed. Going in for dinner?"

"No," McDermott said. "There's that clambake in town. They had to move it from the ball field into the firehouse, but it's still on for tonight. Rain or shine, the sea food got delivered, so they can't let it spoil in the tubs."

It seemed a touching tribute to himself and the Preacher that the whole town—the Elks, the Legion, Rotary, nearly everyone—had joined in sponsoring what they chose to call a win-lose-or-draw celebration, as an evidence of loyal affection, for the evening after the fight. They couldn't have known it would be twice postponed.

"We've got to tuck the Preacher in bed," McDermott said, "but I promised I'd go over and bring some movies of his other fights. It's the least I can do."

George Cannon smiled. "Did you ever say 'No' to anyone, Willy? Did you ever hurt anybody's feelings in your life?"

"Go to hell," said McDermott, embarrassed.

There was a sixteen-millimeter projector at the firehouse. All McDermott had to do was to go upstairs and get the films. He came down through the vast old house and found it strangely quiet after the weeks of gay commotion: the good companionship of the sports writers living here, the TV people, cameramen, assorted sparring partners, old-time fighters and the general public attending the workouts and stopping in for a drink. Leo, the bartender, still wore his fancy white jacket with the gold stripes on the lapels. He was a tidy man with a disorderly face.

"Can I mix you a quick one, Willy?"

"Not tonight," McDermott said. He wondered why Leo bothered to keep the bar open when there wasn't any business. Unless he was taking inventory, it didn't make much sense. McDermott walked outside and found Mary Cannon standing on the porch.

"Hello, Willy."

"Hello," he said. He stood looking at her, never weary of the sight. She wore a yellow raincoat with a fisherman's hat that matched. Her long hair was bundled loosely into the hat. She didn't have the chin strap fastened. "You look like a baby," he said.

"Thank you, Willy."

But she was no baby when the wind blew hard against her and the coat had to adapt its kimono lines to a fair silhouette of the girl inside. Over near the gaunt, drenched skeleton of the dismantled training ring there was a shack that served as a ticket booth. A hinged sign stated to the public, ADMISSION: $1.25. One hinge was loose, permitting the sign to bang on the wooden structure like a monkey with a baseball bat.

"I'll fix it," McDermott said. "Hold these."

Mary took the cans of film from him, but came

(Continued on Page 134)

"You've never been shaved until
you've been shaved by Pierre!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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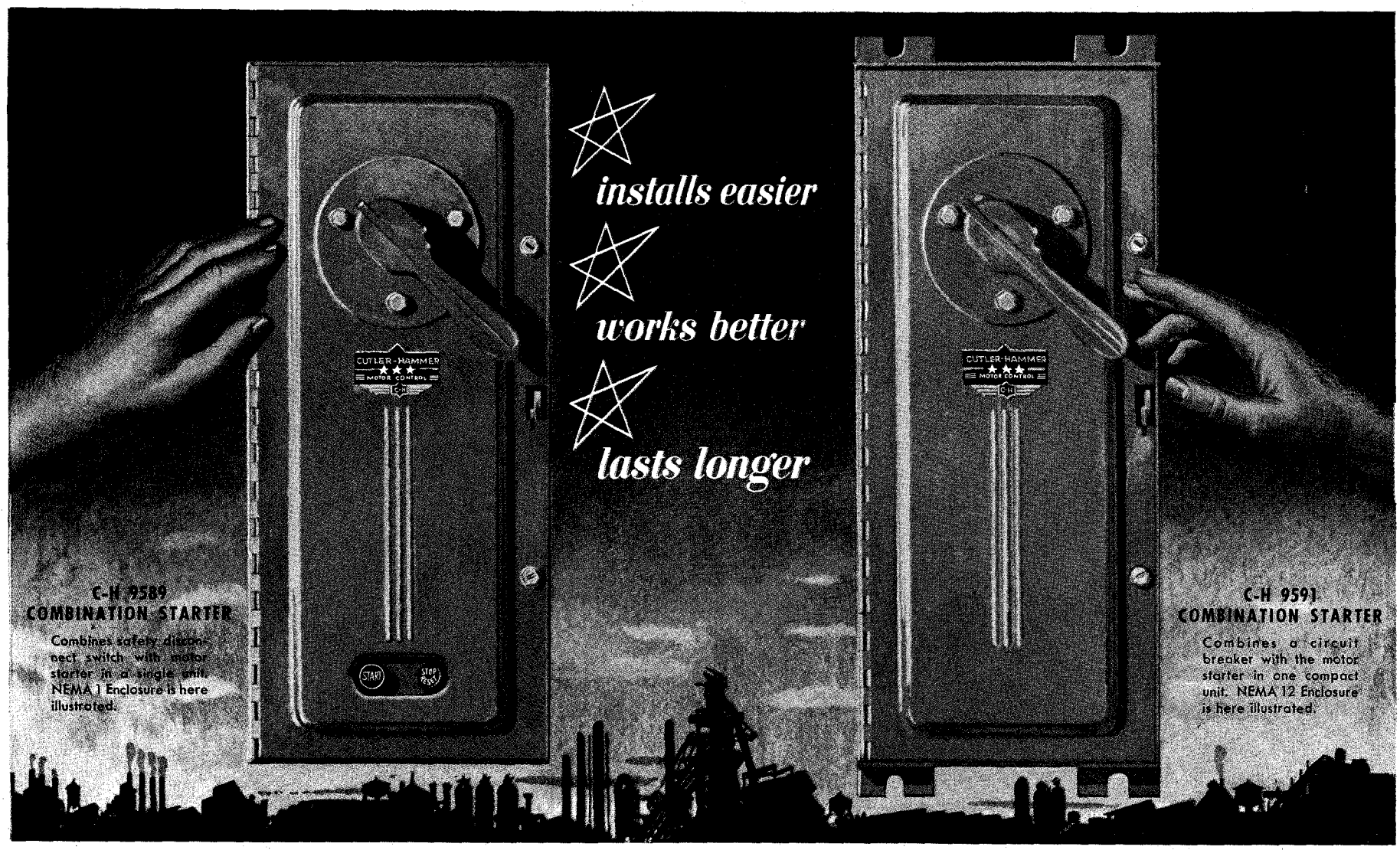
WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL? ★ ★ ★ GET IT FIRST IN CUTLER-HAMMER

New Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Combination Starters offer industry important new economies


installs easier
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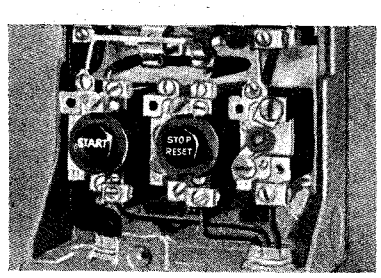
CUTLER-HAMMER
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H
START
STOP RESET
C-H 9589
COMBINATION STARTER
Combines safety disconnect switch with motor starter in a single unit. NEMA 1 Enclosure is here illustrated.
C-H 9591
COMBINATION STARTER
Combines a circuit breaker with the motor starter in one compact unit. NEMA 12 Enclosure is here illustrated.

Convenience and economy are basic advantages of combination starters. Users everywhere say the new Cutler-Hammer ★ ★ ★ Combination Starters bring these basic advantages to new high levels of importance. Contact life is so amazingly improved that maintenance care is *never* needed in all normal uses. Adjustable load sensing coils permit motors to work at top capacity without hazard to provide maximum production without needless work interruptions. And the widely praised Cutler-Hammer exclusive, full three-phase overload protection in standard combination starters, is optional at slight additional cost.

The three silver stars stand for three new standards

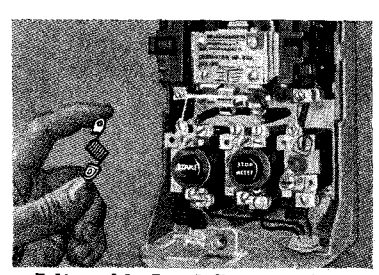
CUTLER-HAMMER ★ ★ ★ MOTOR CONTROL C-H

Compare the performance and economies of these remarkable new Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Combination Starters with any you have ever known. Cutler-Hammer Bulletin 9589 Combination Starters incorporate rugged disconnect switches of advanced design (fused or unfused). Cutler-Hammer Bulletin 9591 Combination Starters are equipped with circuit breakers. Your nearby Cutler-Hammer Authorized Distributor is stocked and ready to serve you. Order from him today.
CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



Full Three-Phase Protection

Only *three* overload relays can give complete three-phase protection to avoid motor burn-outs and their costly interruptions to production. And *only* Cutler-Hammer offers this complete three-phase protection in standard combination starters. You pay only for the third relay, nothing extra for special engineering or special enclosures.



Adjustable Load Sensing Coils

The accurate adjustment of overload protection permits motors to work harder without damage to motor windings. This is more important than ever with the newer type small frame motors. Adjustable load sensing coils in these new starters provide 3% loading accuracy instead of the 10% to 12% accuracy in competitive control.

Superlife Vertical Contacts

Experienced control users insist on dust-safe vertical contacts. And now the famous Cutler-Hammer vertical contacts have been doubly improved. First, their new lightweight design cuts bounce to reduce arcing. Second, any arcing that might occur is now pressure-quenched. Compare performance and see the difference.

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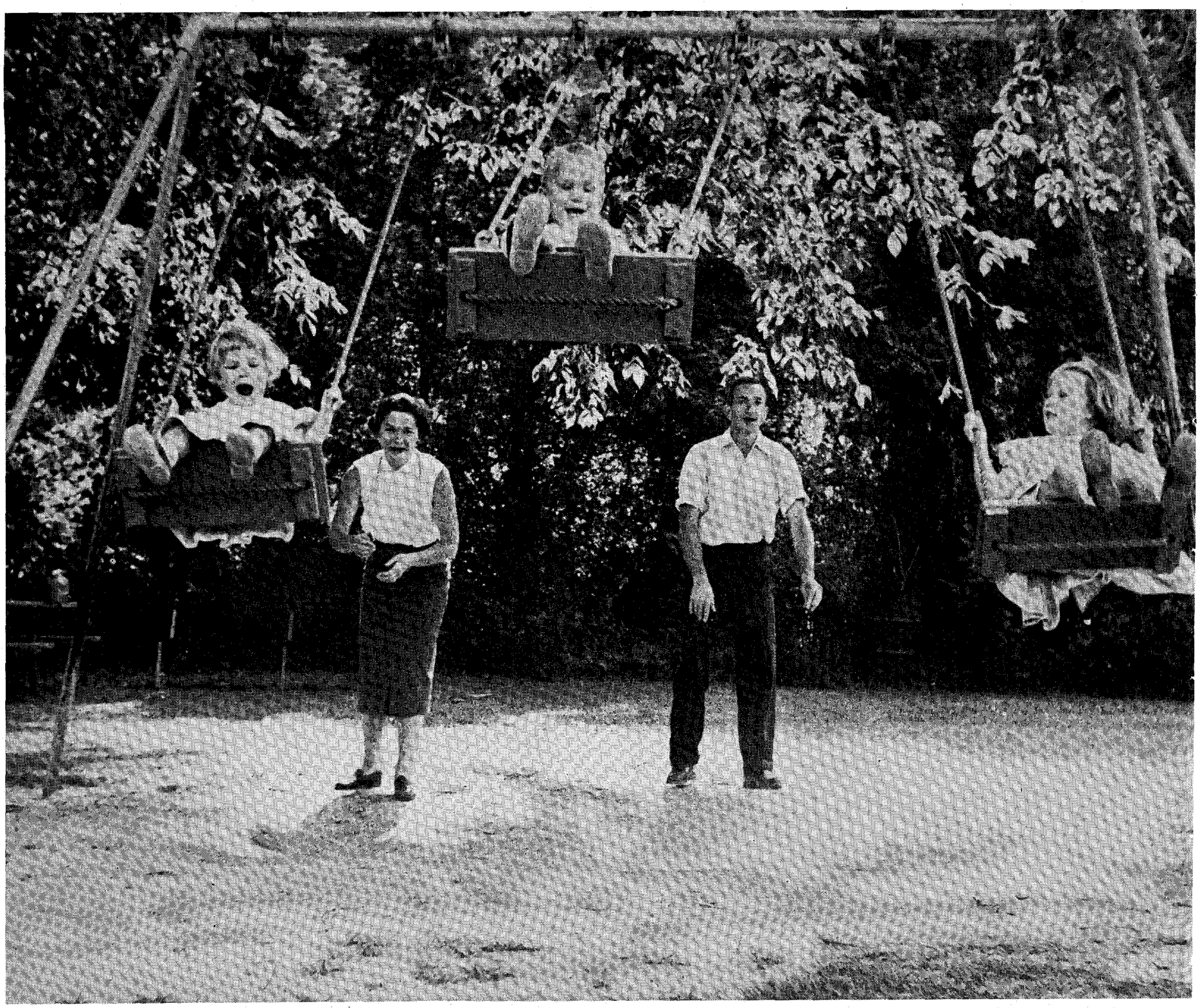
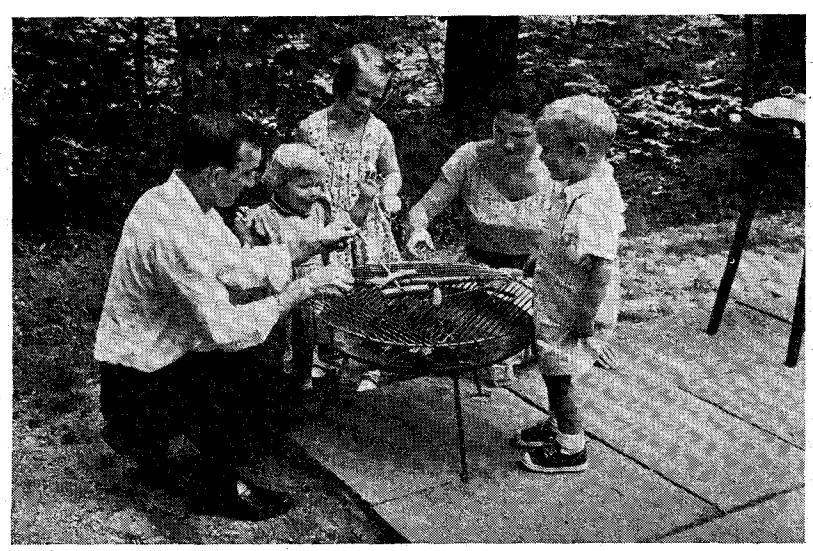
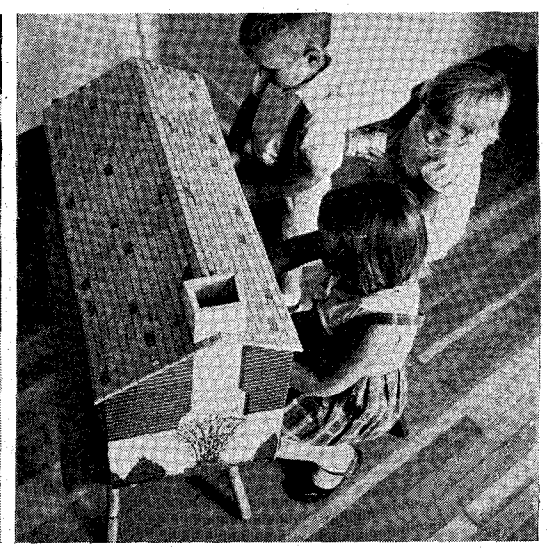


FUN IN THE BACK YARD. Filtered sunlight, green trees, dependable swings for the youngsters, and above all—*peace of mind*. This is the kind of Saturday afternoon the Campbells look forward to. A Travelers insurance plan for Pat Campbell will not only provide money to *properly* support his wife and family if he dies . . . but if he needs money for an emergency, his policy will have accumulated cash values.



FUN—COOKING OUT! Supper tastes so much better outdoors! And everyone's happier when the head of the family is happy—untroubled with financial worries of the future. Here's the Campbell family. Left to right: Pat; the girls, age 2 and 5; Betsy; and Bow, age 3.



IT'S FUN for the children to "play house," but it's no fun to lose a *real* home by default. A Travelers insurance plan will provide the money to pay off the balance of Pat's mortgage if he dies.

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The Travelers and its agents and brokers present a new approach to family security and happiness:

Operation Family Fun!

You've got a good job, a nice home, a family you love.

You have the ingredients for living a full, rich, happy life—*a life of genuine family fun*—unless vexing, unanswered questions about the *future* are nagging at you.

Questions like: Where will the money come from to meet the mortgage payments—and to send the youngsters to college—and to support your wife—if you should die? And where will the money come from for your retirement—for the really comfortable retirement you will want?

Where will you find the answers? In The Travelers "Operation Family Fun"—whose job it is to close the gaps where worries filter in, with a new approach to family security and happiness—based on a thorough study of the needs of family men like yourself.

Suppose, for example, you have children—plus a house with a mortgage—plus an income typical of your station in life. Your Travelers man can show you a *personalized* program of insurance that will secure your future as you will want it secured.

The plan will take care of supplementing your Social Security payments and making your retirement a *realistic* one. All along, you'll be building substantial cash reserves for emergencies.

And if you should die, your wife will be able to give your children, and herself, the kind of life you'd want for them.

There'll be money to pay off the mortgage.

There'll be a family fund for the children's education.

Equally newsworthy is the fact that this carefully thought-out plan can actually be put into effect at a cost considerably below what a helter-skelter, hit-or-miss collection of policies might cost you.

This fall, Travelers men are calling on families all over the country to show how "Operation Family Fun" works. If your neighborhood Travelers man should phone and ask to see you, won't you and your wife sit down with him?

Together, you'll make *tomorrow* so secure that *today* won't be spoiled by worrying!

ONE OF THE LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES

THE TRAVELERS

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including • Life • Accident • Group • Automobile • Casualty • Fire

THE CAMPBELL FAMILY loves animals, and it's Pat Campbell's plan to retire some day—modestly but comfortably—to a small farm of his own—where he will have horses, cows and chickens. A Travelers plan, supplementing Social Security payments, will provide the money.

THE CHILDREN ARE SMALL—but before long they will be grown and off to college. In the Travelers plan there can be a family fund for the children's education. *Why don't you see your Travelers man for a personalized program of your own?* We think it will give *you* peace of mind, too.

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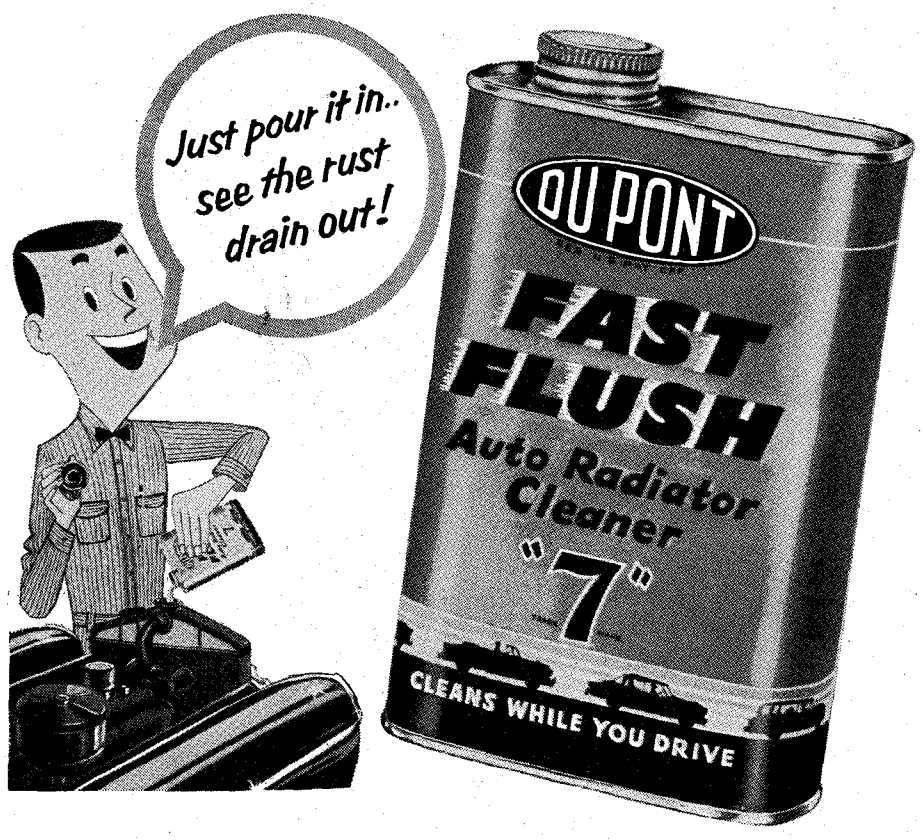
Don't use Anti-Freeze

until you flush out your cooling system with

New Du Pont "FAST FLUSH"



Gets rid of rust and grease so anti-freeze won't spill over or boil away—takes just a few minutes—you do it in one operation

New Du Pont Fast Flush cleans out summer rust, scale and grease in a matter of minutes—prevents "hot spots" and "bottlenecks" that cause anti-freeze to spill over or boil away. Just pour in *liquid* Fast Flush, let the motor idle, and drain it out—no neutralizing needed. It's safe, simple and so fast you can have this vital extra protection *while* you stop for anti-freeze.

So, before you put in anti-freeze, guard against winter cooling system trouble with new Du Pont Fast Flush! Pint only $1.00.

Then after anti-freeze goes in, add DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER to insure against leaks all winter.

Anti-freeze can "creep" through tiny "pinholes" or imperfect gaskets, even when your cooling system seems water-tight. To be safe, pour a can of Du Pont Cooling System Sealer into your radiator along with the anti-freeze. It guards against leaks all winter! Can't clog or harm hose or metal parts. 12 oz. 75¢.

DU PONT No '7' PRODUCTS

From Chemical Research . . . for Easier Car Care

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

(Continued from Page 130)

along anyhow. The sign was high on the shack, requiring him to stand on a beer case and reach. The wind knocked his hat off and the overhanging limb of a tree caressed him wetly. He climbed down with the sign.

"You were certainly gallant," Mary said. "In another minute you might have drowned."

He put the sign inside the shack and they stood just within the open door. There were garish posters stacked against one wall, bearing idealized and wretched likenesses of the champion and challenger. Luther Shands looked actually sweet, while the Preacher resembled a muse-locked poet. Luther Shands would cut your heart out with a rusty spoon, whereas the Preacher, that unsubtle soul —— *What had caused him to act so strangely on the porch a while ago?* But it did say on the posters, YANKEE STADIUM, as well as, RINGSIDE $50, which was, after all, about as big time as you could get.

"Why don't you ride over to the firehouse with Harold and me?" Mary asked.

"You?" he said. "You're going to the clambake?"

"Well, of course. I wouldn't want to miss your speech for all the world," she told him. "Would I?"

"I'm not going to make a speech." He said this quickly, defensively. "Not a real speech, anyhow."

"But you're going to say something, surely. Something nice and gracious? You have a talent for it, Willy."

"Stop givin' me the needle," he said.

"But I'm not." She looked out to the road and the thin rain and the gray, early-evening sky. "People like you, Willy," she said softly. "All of us do. Harold is devoted to you."

Humph, he thought. It was a great compensation that Harold was devoted to him. Harold Pawling was a young and successful doctor in the village. He had brains, a booming medical practice, a crew haircut, two fancy pairs of spectacles, an Ivy League way of talking that was not offensive, and he had recently murdered McDermott at golf. Harold Pawling had taken Mary out seven times in four weeks. This was a statistic that McDermott could defend because he had in his envious heart counted each and every time.

"I'm going to miss being around here with you and Harold," was the best he could say right now.

Mary suggested they wait for Harold here in the shack, since it was so close to the road. There was summer daylight to spare and the sky kept brightening. She hung her rain hat on a hook and let her hair come tumbling in the way he liked it best. "There now," she said. "I never knew a place could get in such a mess." She began to tidy and to rearrange an odd variety of items left in disarray—a sweater belonging to Freddie Miske, a fighter's mouthpiece, not very pretty in a wide-mouthed pickle jar, some unsold tickets to the Preacher's workouts, a two-dollar roll of nickels that must have fallen to the floor and escaped attention when the till was emptied last. "The things you won't find," Mary said in wonder. "Willy, look."

"What's that?" he said.

"It's sort of a locket or a thingumabob. Dempsey gave it to me when I was a child. He was up here visiting Pop. Max Baer was training."

"Jack Dempsey?" said McDermott.

"Well, naturally." She watched him turn the tiny locket in his thick fingers. It was shaped like a boxing glove and not much bigger than his thumbnail. "You keep it," she said, watching him. "Please keep it, Willy."

"Me?"

"I'd like you to have it," she told him. "A good-luck charm and a farewell present, from me to you. Rub the Preacher with it when the bell rings at the stadium; there might be a little bit of Dempsey left on it. . . . What's the matter?"

McDermott had choked up, that's all. He had choked up like a strangled cat. She pressed his hand in her warm, natural way. "Here, put these nickels in your pocket," she said. "Now the night's bound to show a profit." They walked out of the shack together as Harold Pawling drove up in his car.

There was a lot of room in the village firehouse if you moved out the red truck with its python hoses and the mile-long hook-and-ladder. The chief of the volunteers predicted the place would not reek everlastingly of clams because enough beer had been spilled to counteract it. The shoulder-to-shoulder heap of people had the air of a high-school football rally.

"I never thought I'd see so many nice people beating their hands together for an old meatball like me," McDermott said. He stood on an improvised stage at the front of the hall, and only one of his legs was trembling. "I couldn't fight my way out of a lobster shell. Never could. That's why I'm sorry the Preacher can't be here to thank you himself for the support you've given us."

Mary Cannon and Doctor Pawling sat on a bench with the fire chief and the mayor of the town. Mary's hands were folded, resting in her lap, and her eyes were on the speaker. The doctor was solemnly attentive.

(Continued on Page 136)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Your husband is looking well."

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FRESHEST POWER YOU CAN BUY

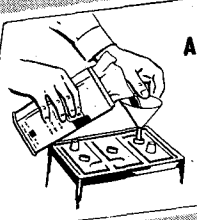
Delco Dry Charge Batteries

GUARANTEED 4 YEARS

DELCO

EXTRA-DUTY BATTERY

ACTIVATED WHILE YOU WATCH



Your dealer adds electrolyte, then installs your battery. Start your car and away you go! No waiting!

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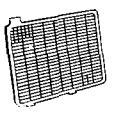

Distribute current more evenly . . . greater resistance to overcharge . . . less corrosion.

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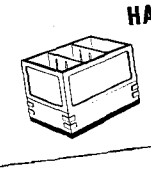
More resistance to vibration, acid attack, peroxidation, and temperature change.

HARD RUBBER CASE



Strongest battery case ever made. Completely resistant to acid absorption and distortion.

Absolutely dry, as you can see. And this Delco battery *stays* dry until you buy it. It can't get old before it's sold.

Then your dealer adds Delco Dry Charge Electrolyte. Quick as a wink, your new battery is loaded with power—the *freshest* power you can buy.

All long-life power, too! Every Delco Extra-Duty Battery is guaranteed for four full years, *regardless of mileage* in normal passenger-car service.

A guarantee like that gives you real protection. Delco backs it up, through the most extensive battery dealer organization in the world.

You're never very far from a Delco dealer. He's your man for top battery values. Four famous battery lines to choose from—Delco Extra-Duty with its four-year guarantee, Delco Tractor, Delco Original Equipment, and Delco Economy Batteries. Why settle for less?

★Listen to Lowell Thomas Newscast on CBS Radio Network—See your local listing for time and station.

General Motors leads the way

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Grimy, sticky fingers—what they can do to beautiful light-colored doors! But there's no harm if it's one of the new "Magic-fold" doors covered with Koroseal flexible material. So easy to clean, stands bumps that mar ordinary doors.

Stays new-looking for years. Koroseal covering on folding doors is washable. Most dirt comes off with a damp cloth. You can use soap and water as often as you wish. Only the best manufacturers of any product may use Koroseal. The good-looking, space-saving doors like that in the picture are "Magic-fold," made by Closures, Inc., Detroit 1, Mich. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Marietta, Ohio.*

Koroseal FLEXIBLE MATERIALS BY B. F. GOODRICH INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

Koroseal—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 134)

"I don't imagine there was ever a prize fight fought," McDermott continued, "where the world would stop spinning if one guy didn't win. The chances are that fifteen miles from here, up near Luther Shands' camp, there are plenty of good people rooting for him. Far be it from me to call Luther anybody's sweetheart, but he's a great champion. All I can promise you is that the Preacher will do his best tomorrow night. Win, lose or draw, as the saying goes, I'm glad you allowed us to become your friends. Many thanks to you all."

I'm a sentimental slob, he thought, walking through the crowd. Still, they all said his talk had been great, and he was not displeased. *A big shot I am*, he repeated privately.

The lights within the firehouse dimmed for the showing of the films. McDermott worked his way to the rear, then stepped out into the quiet Main Street of the town. He had observed and studied the movies of the Preacher's fights a hundred times, along with companion reels of Luther Shands at the champion's lightning-handed, murderous best.

He went into a big drugstore called Gabler's. It was brightly lighted and fatly stocked with hot-water bottles, thermal jugs and electric toasters, all on sale. The late editions of the New York papers had arrived, and McDermott, glancing at them quickly, was able to read his own name several times. "Willy McDermott, whose careful tutelage and gifted handling of the twenty-two-year-old challenger, has brought Preacher Carmody to the threshold of greatness," one account began; another stated: "Luther Shands remained the favorite at 2 to 1 this afternoon, despite the optimistic views expressed by Willy McDermott, the able manager of ——" McDermott was almost ashamed of how good it made him feel. He supposed you had to be a stooge in your heart to relish it so. Someone was dialing a number in a pay telephone. Otherwise the store seemed empty.

"Mr. Gabler?" McDermott called.

The druggist came out from behind the pebbled glass of his prescription department. "Ah," Mr. Gabler said. "The people's choice. How did you get out of the firehouse, Willy?"

"I escaped in a rubber boot," McDermott said. "I want to buy a present for a lady. Not a hot-water bottle or a crutch, understand, but something in good taste. She isn't my girl."

"You could give Mary perfume, Willy."

"Who said it was Mary?"

"The look on your face. It has to be Mary."

"M'm'm'm," McDermott said. "You're real cute, Mr. Gabler. Perfume's all right, but I'd like to be more original."

"Look around."

He was helpless, looking around. There were comb-and-brush sets, full of pink scrolling and raised cameos on the backs of them. They looked junky. He wandered to the front of the store as the man who had been using the public phone came out of the booth. He was a tall, lean man, very well dressed in a tan summer suit. He was jiggling change in one hand and he stood like a poised stork through the taxing instant when their eyes first met. McDermott, a devout man, later maintained that God must have sent him back to that part of Gabler's store where the hot-water bottles and the toasters were on sale.

"Hello, Otto," he said.

"Hello, Willy."

The slender man in the nice clothes was a distinguished thief named Otto Crane, unjailed for his sins because they were not of an overt, traceable kind. You would see Otto at a ball game or a fight, for instance, always looking confidential and three dollars richer than a platinum cow; then you would hear that Otto was being barred from certain race tracks where the stewards were fastidious.

"Just passing through town?" McDermott inquired.

"I've got relatives over in Morristown," Otto Crane said. "Cousins, Willy." He smiled the least bit.

"They tell me everybody used to be your cousin," McDermott said, "when you could arrange it, Otto."

The other man raised the flame of his lighter to a cigarette. His shrewd eyes watched McDermott with no trace of a smile. "Don't make funny remarks you might be sorry for," said Otto Crane. "But good luck to you and your boy."

McDermott remained in the front of the store, watching Otto drive off in a big, beige-toned sedan. *He could have relatives in Morristown. It's possible. And it's silly for me to be filling my head with wild ideas.*

"Here's a nice little tumbler of scented glory for thirty-two dollars," Mr. Gabler suggested. "It's refined, unobtrusive, and yet you could pick out the lucky lady at a flower show or a wake. It's that distinctive."

"Look, Mr. Gabler, I'm a simple soul. All I want is that it should be right. I couldn't tell one brand of perfume from a can of sweet kerosene. Is this stuff good?"

"There is nothing better made," said Mr. Gabler.

McDermott saw her waiting outside the firehouse, holding the yellow raincoat. The firehouse was still dark and the sound track going strong.

"The Preacher hasn't stopped leaving them for dead yet," Mary said. "I think you gave them too many cans of film. Besides, I saw them before."

"Where's Harold?" he asked.

"Harold got a sick call, Willy. Special on the P.A. system: 'Doctor Pawling will please call his office.' It happens all the time with Harold, but he'll be back."

"He's a nice guy."

"So are you," said Mary Cannon.

Which ruined him. He was no good at all when she said things like that. She flipped him like a wheat cake every time.

"I brought you something stupid," he said.

"Stupid?"

"I mean I didn't have time to shop more carefully. That's what's stupid. Gabler wrapped it nice, though. Luck, Mary. God bless you. I've got to get back and see if they've got the Preacher tucked in right. We leave in the morning, you know."

Mary held the package in her hands, then tiptoed just enough to kiss his cheek. "I'm going to bawl," she said, "like a blubbering idiot if you don't get out of here."

McDermott stood still. Love wasn't any fun, he had discovered. Not this kind, anyhow. The sisterly caress was worse than a punch in the nose.

"You going to wait for Harold?" he asked.

"Harold brought me, didn't he?"

"Well, sure."

"And I'm a lady, am I not?"

She went back into the firehouse then, and McDermott, a vastly puzzled man, walked toward Gabler's drugstore and the village taxi stand.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Stop here, Joe. Don't drive in. After all those clams, I should walk around. Here, keep this for yourself."

The cab drove off. A quarter moon glowed weakly as McDermott walked in on the crown of the macadam road. The old house, with its many chimneys and its odd additions, was sketched in vague detail, like the superstructure of a ship. A downstairs window and the porch lamp cast sufficient light to make it evident that there was no

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beige sedan in front of the house. McDermott had not really expected to find it there, but some imagining at an anxious time was not unnatural. Then he stopped on the road and moved to the grass beyond the spread of light that came from the porch. He could see Leo, the bartender, watchful at the downstairs window, still in that white jacket. But watching for what, in heaven's name—me? The doubt began to build again, so that McDermott, not satisfied, made his way unseen to the back of the house. There were two cars faced into the old carriage shed, their late-model lines too long for total concealment. He had never before seen the dark sedan, but the other one was beige. McDermott tried the rear door of the house.

"Willy!" the bartender said, plainly startled. "Hell, Willy; you came out of nowhere!"

"Wasn't I supposed to?"

"Sure, Willy. That's not what I mean." Leo was not a man often nudged loose from his poise. "I just figured you'd be a few more hours. A guy goes out for a gay time to a clambake—well, you don't expect him back at half past nine."

"Where's Otto Crane?" McDermott said.

And that was different. "Let's you and me sit down and have that drink I mentioned earlier," the bartender said. "You got nothing to lose in a practical way. But don't go upstairs."

"Do you think you can stop me, Leo?"

"I weigh a hundred and thirty-three pounds," the bartender said. "I know when to be diplomatic. Just tell them I talked to you, Willy; remember to tell them I tried."

At the second level, McDermott could hear muted voices and movements somewhere higher in the house. The Preacher's room was unoccupied. George Cannon, farther along this corridor, sighed heavily in his sleep. McDermott climbed to the third floor. The room he sought was spacious and irregular, with dormer windows projecting bug-eyed over the eaves. The boys had played a lot of cards in here, or clowned around, at other times. There was no comedy now. It stunk of larceny. Luther Shands was standing in the center of the room, and a chill passed through McDermott when he saw him.

"Don't be a stranger, Willy. Come in."

There were the champion and his manager, a bald, nail-biting spook of a man named Ernie Frick; there were the Preacher and Freddie Miske and Otto Crane—conspirators all. McDermott, with his heart gone sick, looked around once; then said the necessary accurate thing, "This is a rehearsal?" Freddie Miske stood silent, chewing his upper lip. The Preacher, in T shirt, shorts and a layer of beard, tried not to meet McDermott's gaze.

"Why did you do it, Preach? Why did you sell out?"

"It's not like I was gonna lose," the young man said, and his face brightened then, as though he had a point to sell. "It's different, Willy. It's fixed so I'll win." He spoke the last words on a rising scale, suggesting there could be no sin where the price was right and the great prize still achieved. "I wouldn't of done it, Willy, if it was the other way around."

McDermott slapped him with his open hand, not caring what happened, but the Preacher didn't come back at him.

Otto Crane said, "If you wanted to stay sweet and pure, McDermott, you shouldn't have come upstairs. There's a return-bout clause in the contract, as you know. Everybody can be holy ninety days from now—in September. Meantime Luther is two to one and we can get rich. How about it?"

"I expect to call the cops," McDermott said in all earnestness, "or the New York State Commission."

"You'll be too sick to make calls," Luther Shands said softly. "You won't feel good enough to do anything. You should start gettin' sick right now."

The champion drove his left hand into McDermott's clam-crowded waistline with efficient, brutal power. McDermott went down in a spasm of choking agony, purged of what he had hoped to say, of righteous wrath and of valiance. He sat spread-legged and helpless, and he thought he might die. Preacher Carmody had moved instinctively toward the champion, but Freddie Miske and Otto Crane held him.

"I don't like violence," Otto said. "Willy went to a college once. He'll listen to reason. He don't hate money either."

Nor was McDermott fond of violence. Not at the moment, with the breath gone out of him. He had no choice but to sit and listen to "reason." He looked from Freddie Miske, whom he had trusted, to Otto Crane; then to the impassive face of Ernie Frick. They seemed undisturbed by casual perfidy. Their concern wasn't with the advisability of larceny, but with the efficient, even the courteous way to commit it. The postponements must have unnerved the Preacher and required a dress rehearsal of their blasphemous charade.

"God help me," he said half aloud.

"What's that, Willy?"

He didn't say. He was too busy trying to breathe. It was sadly like the history of his own career in the ring. He was still a lamb with a lion's illusions; the scene lacked only a referee to say, "McDermott, you're out!" He got slowly to his feet.

"You get the idea better?" Otto Crane said.

"I'm much smarter now; thanks." He spoke softly, watching Luther Shands, whose pale eyes held no pity or regret. McDermott felt futile and beaten and small, yet, somehow, not debased. In the old days he had always kept fighting against the men of greater power until, in mercy, some referee would intervene. He was never intended for the slaying of dragons, but that Saint George complex was persistent.

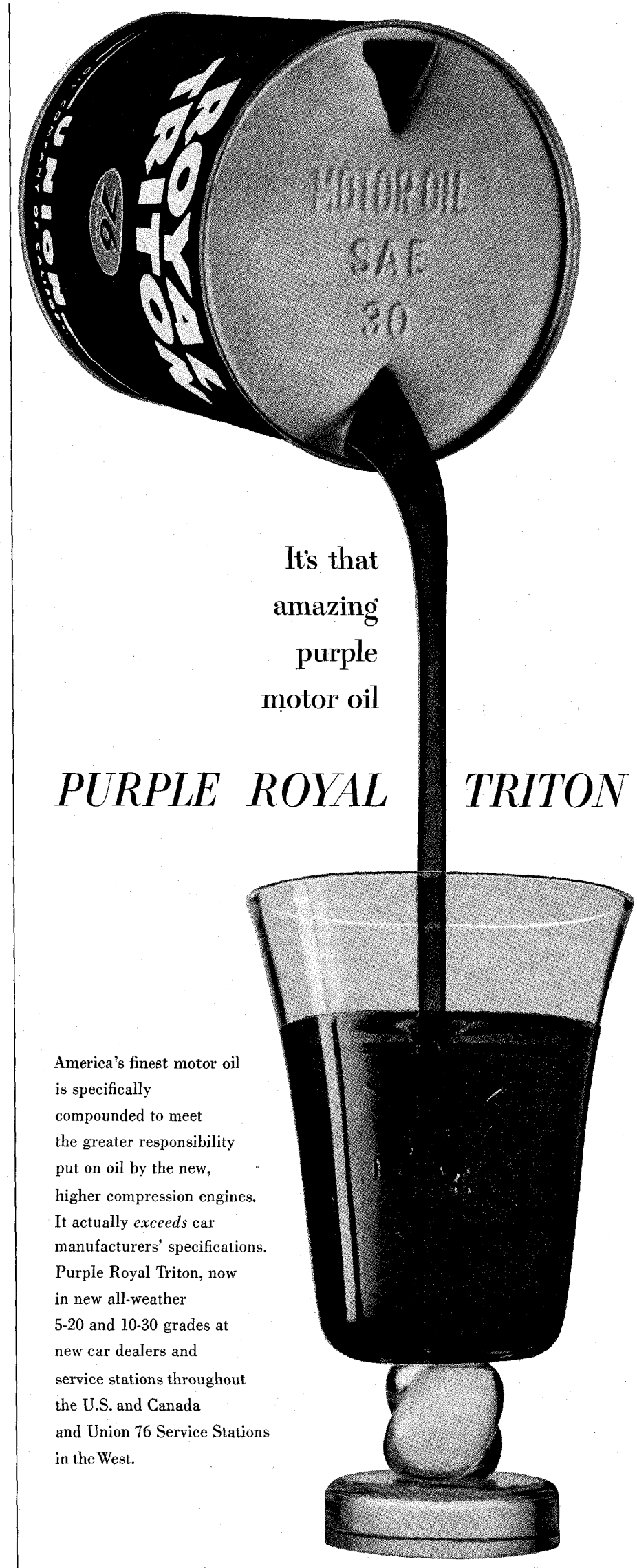
I can't do worse than get killed, he thought; *the most he can do is beat my brains out.* His fingers, in his pocket, touched the wrapped roll of nickels that Mary Cannon had given him. He hesitated, then gripped the dead weight firmly. The job was bigger than the weapon, but a guy could get lucky once. He swung with the sweet grace of an old professional, but with a weighted power he had never before possessed. Luther Shands, as smug as a burglar back from the bank, was standing flat-footed when he was hit. He wasn't able to roll with the blow. The contact was classic. The champion spun before he collapsed. He went down like a wax man, his pale eyes glazed, his bombed jaw hanging loose.

McDermott kept staring wistfully at his right hand. *I'm a two-dollar wonder,* he reflected sadly; *it's as close as I'll ever come to being the tiger I wanted to be.* Even so, he felt entitled to the moment; unobserved, he dropped the coins back into his pocket. They were gathered around the champion—the Preacher, Freddie Miske and Otto Crane, the pale-faced thief in charge. Luther Shands, supported by Ernie Frick, sat pretty much as McDermott had, some unpleasant minutes before. He was not unconscious, but his allegedly concrete jaw was twisted grotesquely.

(Continued on Page 140)

Sometimes a fisherman catches more than he expected . . . when he returns home to his wife.

O. A. BATTISTA



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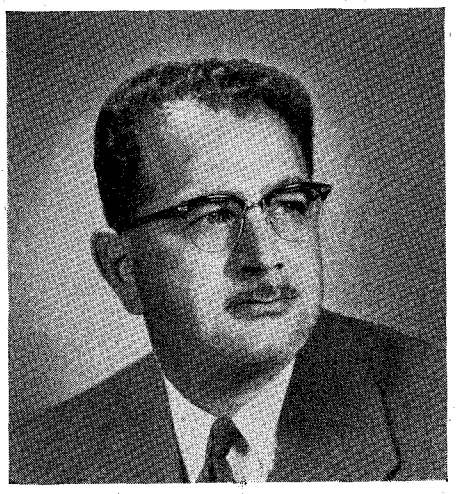

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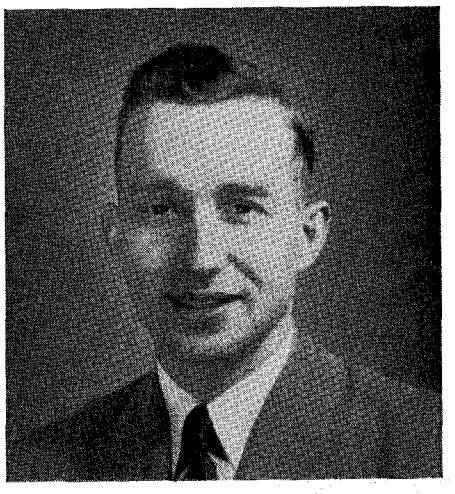

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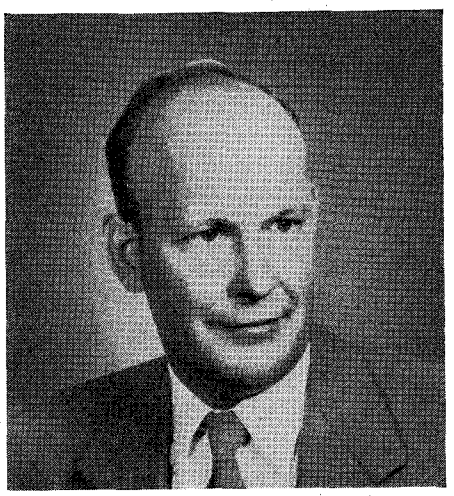

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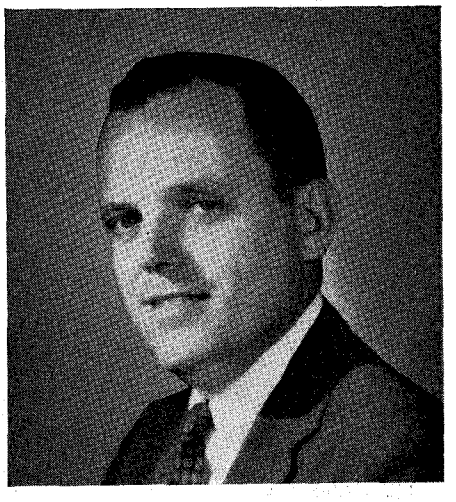

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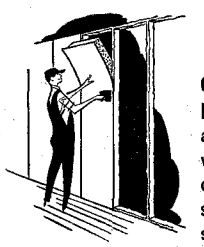

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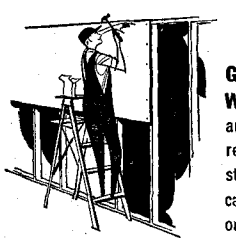

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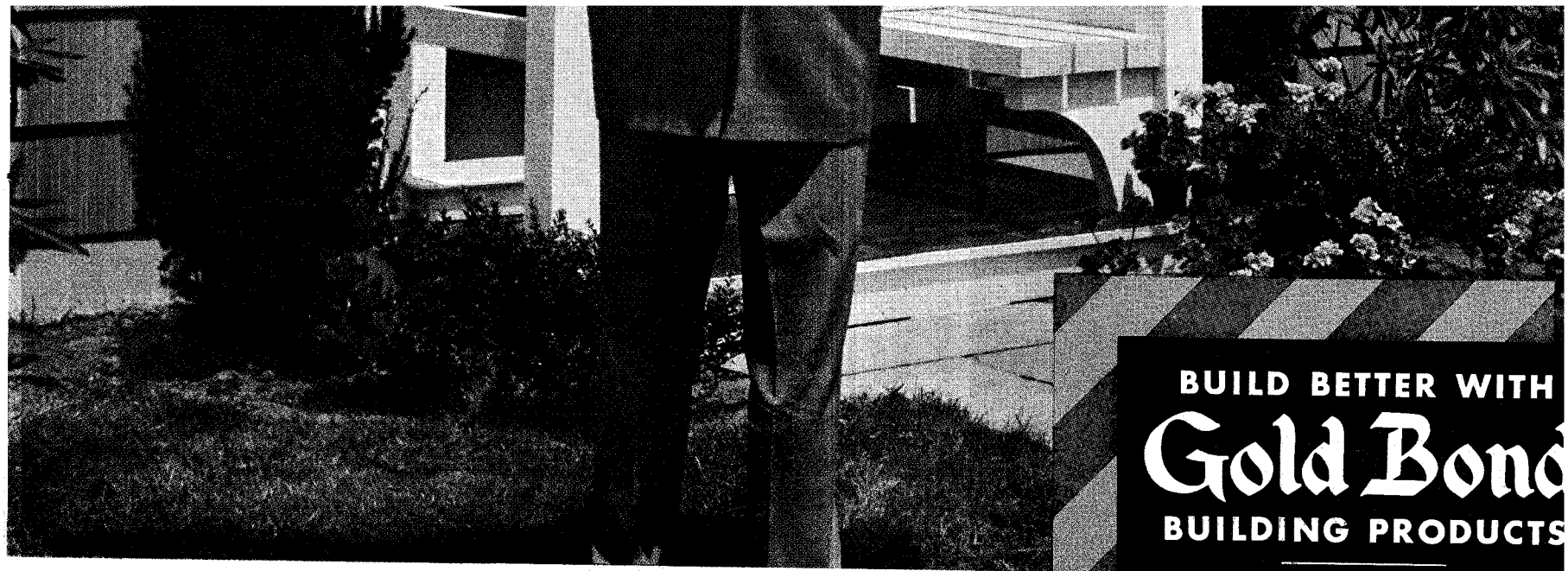

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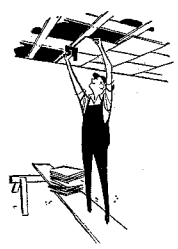
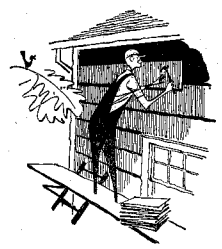


Gold Bond Insulation Board products, made from "live" Southern Pine fibres . . . insulate, soak up noise. Ceiling Tiles and Wall Planks are prefinished in pleasing pastel shades.



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Alligator
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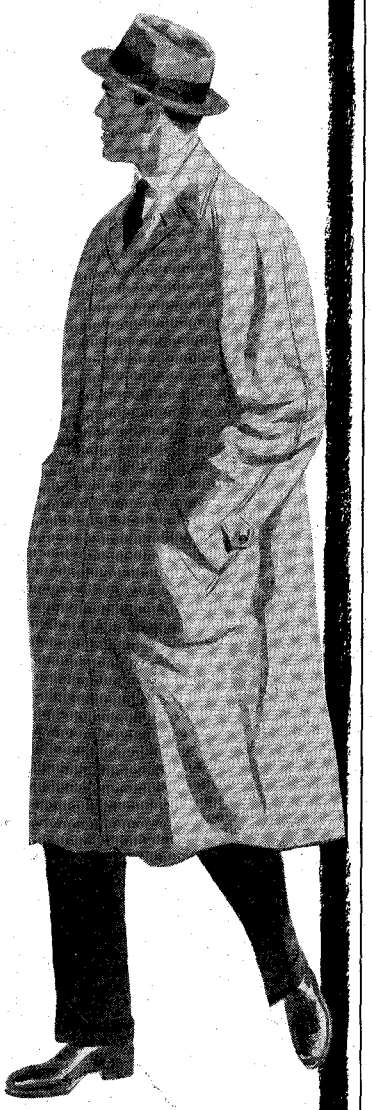

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Super Rainwear Value! This fine cotton and rayon SUPERWON raincoat has super water repellency, super lightweight and comfort, super style. A super value at $12.75

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SO GOOD IT'S UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

(Continued from Page 137)

"He won't be fightin' nobody tomorrow," Freddie Miske said then. "Either you busted his jaw or you knocked it out of whack." He glared accusingly, his sense of outrage matching Ernie Frick's, as though some grave injustice had been wrought. "A bum like you?" Freddie said. "That could never fight anyhow?"

McDermott smiled. "A bum like me," he repeated, "but there's your two-to-one favorite, boys. He just took his dive too early. Get him out of here. . . . Help carry him, Preach."

"I wish I was dead," the Preacher said, somewhat exaggerating his sense of contrition or loss. He licked his dry lips apprehensively. "Willy, what are you gonna do?"

"I'm not sure," McDermott said. "The phony fight never really came off, but I can still turn the lot of you in. The only thing is that it's bound to hurt a lot of people who don't deserve to get hurt. It wouldn't help George Cannon to have it known this mess happened here. It wouldn't help the promoters get back the money they've wasted, and it sure wouldn't help the people of the town—the ones who gave us that win-lose-or-draw clambake, Preach. They must have been as stupid as me."

He stopped because Old Man Cannon had walked in among them in his bare feet and rumpled pajamas.

"What you two big dragons will do," McDermott decided, "is fight each other in September, on the level. I'll be sitting there in the first row of the press section with my nose on the apron of the ring, and if there's anything isn't kosher, I'll have the two of you thrown in jail. . . . Make up any kind of a story you want about your jaw, Luther—say you fell down the stairs or got kicked by a horse—but it didn't happen here. . . . And, Preacher, go get yourself a new manager; there're some honest ones around."

"You're my manager, Willy. You been my manager all the way, since the amachurs. And the dough, Willy—what about your dough?"

"If I made a lousy fifteen cents on either one of you," McDermott said, "I would have to call the cops."

He walked out of the room.

Mary Cannon made coffee in the spacious, old-fashioned kitchen at midnight. She had put on a frilly apron that the small task didn't require. She placed the cup and saucer, the spoon and the napkin rather daintily before him. She brushed against him as she leaned to reach the cream and sugar on the table. McDermott had certain sensations, but he was, as always, a gentleman about them.

"The coffee smells good," he said.

"The coffee?" she repeated. "The coffee, indeed. Are you a man or a zombie, McDermott? What about me?"

"You, Mary?"

"Gabler's perfume," Mary said. "For all the reaction it gets out of you, I could smell of arnica and rubbing alcohol, like any punch-drunk heavyweight."

"You smell real nice," he conceded.

He felt strange all over. He liked the way she looked at him, but he didn't trust himself. He stood up with his intentions clearly labeled. Mary Cannon neglected to back away, to run or to scream for her father. She held as closely to him as he did to her. It went on like that until McDermott, with his saber-toothed, unwelcome, yet unbanished conscience said, "It's a hell of a way to treat Harold."

"I know," Mary said. "That's what he told me when he was setting Luther's jaw. 'How long do I have to haul you around to movies and clambakes?' Harold said. 'Why don't you shake some of that perfume on yourself and tell McDermott how you feel?' That's what the family doctor said. I never loved Harold, but he's really awfully nice. Why don't you look at me, Willy?"

"I can't," he admitted. "It's like your old man said; I get too sentimental. I'm not a big shot, Mary, and I don't have the Preacher any more. All I've got is a young middleweight in Newark, twenty per cent of a wrestler, two dollars in nickels and a few bucks in the bank."

"And me," Mary said.

She smelled much better than the coffee. Her hair was soft and her breath was warm. Through the kitchen window he could see the quarter moon grow brighter in the sky. The old house was heavy with silence.

"I never had it so good," Willy McDermott said. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We needed that yard, Bascomb!"

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King of the Pests

(Continued from Page 53)

so important that they conceivably could affect this nation's agricultural economy. Our big weapon is soil fumigation. But the worm hasn't lost. It has been contained here and pushed back there, but, on the whole, it is stronger than ever. And it has given a definite promise: The war will go on forever, for if ever it is lost, it won't be by the worm. It hasn't sense enough to give up.

Few people have seen a nematode, but almost everyone has seen its handiwork. Didn't you ever see a carrot with "whiskers"—one with a messy growth of rootlets? Or a bewhiskered beet or turnip or parsnip, ugly with knobs and ridges? Didn't you ever try to grow a prized rosebush or gladiolus or iris or African violet? And no matter how many sprays you used or how much fertilizer and loving care you gave it, the darned thing just wouldn't flourish? Yes? Well, your trouble could be nematodes.

Long ignored as one of the relatively harmless plant parasites, the nematode has been unmasked for what it is, the king of pests the world over—the only one which attacks virtually all domestic plants in all climes. And it is the only one which has so high a batting average in getting its crimes blamed on other pests. It is the confidence man of the soil. For generations its depredations here and in Europe were blamed on other pests and on such vague agricultural ailments as "soil sickness" and "soil exhaustion."

One of the smoothest deceptions ever perpetrated by a nematode was in Florida, where "spreading decline" has become a byword for disaster in a citrus grove. It took twenty-five years of scientific detective work to expose the villain in the piece. "Spreading decline" was noticed in a few trees before 1928. Then a "sick" spot became an expanding circle. The rate of the circle's growth was nearly as steady and as inexorable as the march of time. The rate was one and a half rows of citrus trees each year. Spreading decline ignored barriers. It crossed culverts and railroads and 100-foot-wide highway rights of way, and always at the same slow-motion pace.

Finally, in December, 1953, when 3000 acres of citrus trees were dead or doomed, the culprit was named. It was the burrowing nematode, a hitherto little-known variety, probably introduced by banana plants or other tropical ornamentals. Identifying that nematode was the climax of painstaking, sometimes heartbreaking scientific detection that lasted through two generations of researchers. It revealed anew the confidence-man tricks of the nematode family. The burrowing nematode had so operated that suspicion for years was aimed at fungi, bacteria and other microscopic organisms which cause rotting of roots. The microscopic life had caused the rotting, right enough, but the nematodes had opened the door for them, making the first entry into the roots and stopping the flow of nutrients.

The spreading-decline problem has cost millions of dollars and will cost millions more, but it is only a minor phase of the war against nematodes. The war might have started a century or more earlier if it had not been for a scientific jurisdictional squabble a long time ago over the word "insect."

When entomology branched off from zoology it took the realm of insects. The word "insect" comes from the Latin "insecare," which means "to cut in." Insects appear almost cut in two between head and thorax. Since a nematode at no stage is an insect, the entomologists ignored it. When plant pathology developed, it dealt with the microscopic world of fungi, bacteria and such. A nematode is thousands of times larger than a bacterium. Under a microscope it looks as big as an elephant. Obviously, said the plant pathologists, it was not for them.

And so, for more than a century after nematodes were discovered in 1743 they went unhampered by any snooping scientists. Finally a snooper or two got in a lick or two, but it was not until after the turn of this century that anyone took nematodes particularly seriously. Even today there are only two dozen nematologists in this country, compared with thousands of entomologists and plant pathologists. Those two dozen have come up with a sizable mass of information about nematodes and the havoc they wreak and what to do about them. They have been shouting about it at the top of their lungs. But until lately the sum total of their clamor has amounted to very faint voices crying in a wilderness of agricultural din. Furthermore, the nematologists say that what they have learned is only a drop in the bucket of knowledge that is needed.

Explaining the sweet mystery of life never had anything on trying to explain nematodes. They have more ways of doing business than a Chinese trader. Many are like the burrowing nematode—it isn't that they do so much damage themselves as that they open plant rootlets to death-dealing microscopic organisms. Some are like the golden nematode of potatoes; they work boldly, and simply defy you to stop them. Some are specialists, like the citrus nematode, which go for the roots of almost nothing but citrus and olive trees. And some are like the root-knot nematode, the worst of the lot. It is at home in the roots of 1700 different plants, including many of the farmer's favorites. It works not only as a confidence man but also as an out-and-out highjacker. Sometimes it works in both roles in the same plant, as in cotton. It attacks the plants boldly as a nematode, but it also is the parasitic Fagin that leads on the fungus which causes fusarium wilt. The double-barreled attack can leave a field with too few cotton bolls to make a house dress.

Probably the safest thing you can say about nematodes is that there are only two universal truths about them: One is that almost any sweeping statement about them is fairly certain to be true; the other is that it is just about as sure to be false.

For instance, nematodes are called plant parasites. But there are thousands of varieties. Hookworms are nematodes. So are the organisms which cause trichinosis and filariasis. Also, it's fair to say nematodes are about as big as a grain of salt, with some a little larger. But they grow four feet long in Africa.

Then there is the nematodes' seeming delicacy. They appear so fragile that a good hard look would kill them, and at some stages it just about would. They slow down when it gets cold and come to a complete stop at ten degrees above zero Fahrenheit. They die when it gets too hot. When nematodes become too numerous in California's Imperial Valley, the farmer simply turns over the earth two or three times in the summer heat and kills them by the billions. Their life span is considered to be not much more than a few weeks to a few months.

But those selfsame nematodes can be the most durable of God's creatures. The golden nematode of potatoes can live in the cyst for twenty years. The rye nematode has been revived after a beauty sleep of thirty-nine years!

Again, nematodes appear to be about as stupid and helpless creatures as you could find. They have no brains, as such. They have no eyes. They have no means of getting from place to place except to wriggle—and a lifetime of wriggling would get few more than six or eight inches from taw.

Then you look at a sugar-beet nematode—as a fair example of the tribe—and you wonder. For a creature without brains, she—most are females—seems about as stupid as a fox. The sugar-beet nematode starts life in a cyst that is her citadel. She doesn't leave until she gets the signal she wants. When she does venture out, she goes armed with sword and buckler and her own chemical factory. Her buckler is her skin. That's where she wears her skeleton. It is an amazingly tough material. Her sword is as fine as any steel and sharper than any blade known to man. Stiletto-shaped, it is called a stylet. Its sheath is the nematode's mouth. The stylet is an instrument so sharp and tough that it will pierce the skin of a rootlet. And in the nematode's scale of things, a rootlet's skin is a wall of rawhide as hard as an oak and nearly as thick. No other living thing of the nematode's world can pierce it.

Once the sugar-beet rootlet's skin is pierced, the nematode is in business. Like many other nematodes, she squirms all the way inside. But, unlike many others, she does not like plant nutrients as they flow in the rootlet. And so she calls on her chemical factory and

(Continued on Page 144)

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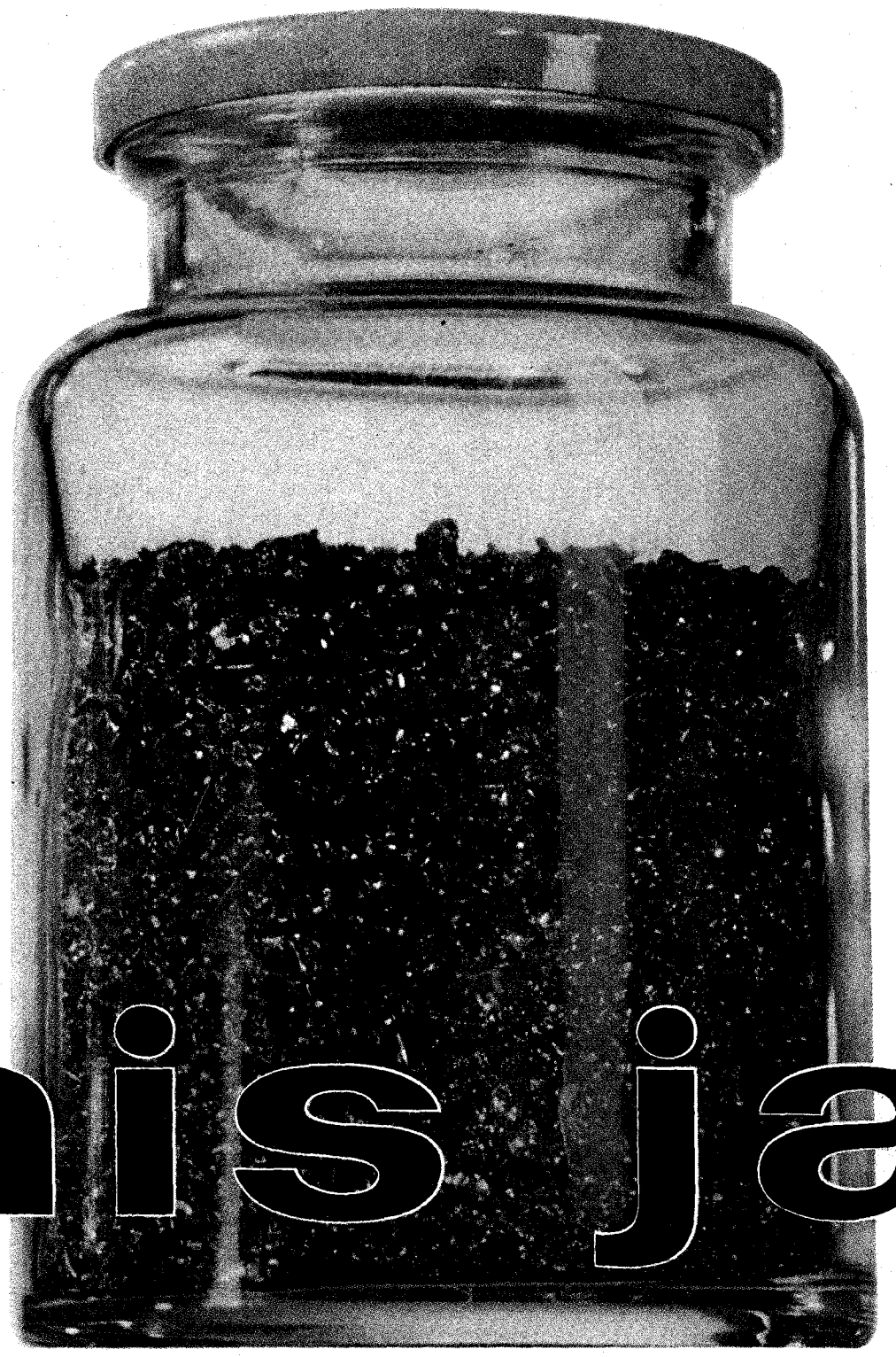

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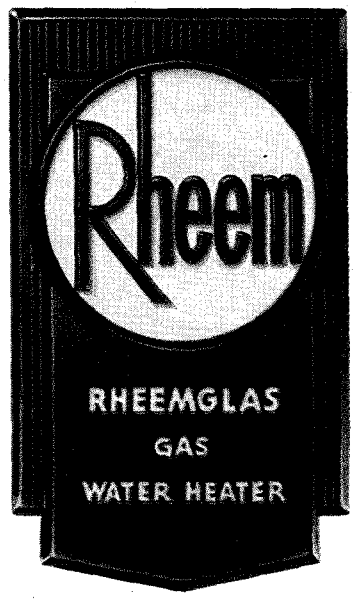

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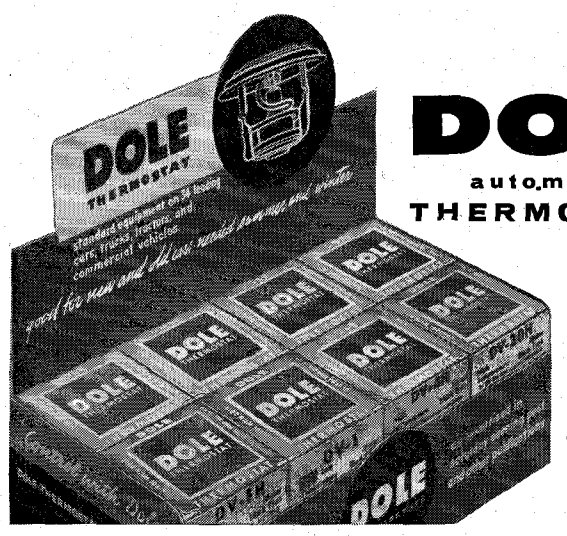

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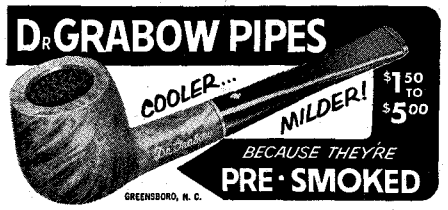

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(Continued from Page 142)

gives the rootlet a shot of her home-brewed chemical. The rootlet obligingly creates what are called giant nectarial cells, her favorite food, and the nematode feasts.

She feasts so heartily that she outgrows her home, and her rear pops out. Then a peculiar thing happens. Her rear continues to swell. It exudes a jellylike mass. She lays eggs in that mass. Just what she has in that mindless mind of hers, no one knows. But she isn't satisfied with laying eggs only in the jelly. She lays eggs inside her own body too. All together, she may lay only 100 or 200, but if she's really in earnest, she will lay upward of 1000. She lays eggs with such determination that soon most of her body is just one big mass of eggs.

By then her body is lemon-shaped and half the size of the head of a pin. Her head is still inside the rootlet. You can see her body with the naked eye, and with a flick of the fingernail you can decapitate her. But if no fingernail comes along, two things take place: The skin turns brown and tough, and mamma nematode dies or perhaps it's the other way around—she dies and the skin turns brown and tough. No one seems to care; least of all the baby nematodes that her body houses in their egg sacs. At that stage, mamma nematode's body is called a cyst. It is the young nematodes' citadel. And about the only way you can kill the little nematodes in it is to place the cyst on an anvil and strike firmly with a hammer.

The nematodes outside the cyst—those in the jelly mass—apparently are the light-headed, irresponsible type. They hatch as promptly as possible and go off into a world which at the time may hold only starvation and death for a growing sugar-beet nematode.

Not so those inside the cyst. They are the let's-not-be-hasty type. They may not have minds, but they certainly know what they want. And what they want is the signal which says now is the time for all good little sugar-beet nematodes to come out and feast. No one but a sugar-beet nematode knows quite what the signal is, but it's as definite as chow call aboard ship. The signal is the presence of food. Leach some water from a sugar-beet rootlet to the vicinity of her cyst, and out she pops, racing to be first in the chow line. After that it's a happy story for her. She stabs her way into the rootlet, injects her chemical and starts contentedly to produce a new crop of nematodes.

What happens to the plant is, curiously, a frantic kind of combat. Plants, too, have a sort of intelligence. When a plant finds that a rootlet is being tapped, it sends out another. That is good news to young nematodes. They leap to the call of food and attack the new rootlet. The plant counters with still another rootlet. The nematodes send out new battalions of young. Soon the plant has a mass of rootlets which looks like a hermit's whiskers—just as many and just as untidy. Such plants have lackluster leaves. Many are stunted. Many more die. The grower may get as little as a 10 per cent crop.

Ever since man first scratched the earth and planted a seed he has been battling and befriending nematodes. Until lately he has been much more of a friend than an enemy. Even today man as a friend could hardly be sneered at by a nematode.

Whenever a nematode seeks new fields to conquer, she puts her trust in man. And man rewards her trust so fully that from a nematode's viewpoint it must be quite touching. He carries her wherever she wants to go, be it a few feet or a few thousand miles. He carries her to a new county or a new country in the small bits of dirt which are found in seed. He carries her in the pots

(Continued on Page 146)

The Perfect Squelch

Oscar, who went from the wrong side of the small-town railroad tracks to big-city success by methods which left people gasping at his lack of ethics, returned to his home town determined to establish himself as a civic and social leader. Unfortunately, his social tactics were no better than his business ethics. Although a pinchpenny at heart, he made a great show of wealth.

Among other things, he joined a church congregation as casually as he bought membership in the local country club and made many references to planning to give the church a "substantial" contribution. When the church needed a new $25,000 pipe organ, Oscar decided it was his moment. He arose, produced a crisp $1000 bill from his wallet, and announced that he would match whatever anyone else contributed toward the organ.

Much to his surprise, a pleasant little woman in a severely plain dress stood up, fished her checkbook out of her handbag and said: "You and I, son, have bought the organ."

Joan Dillingham

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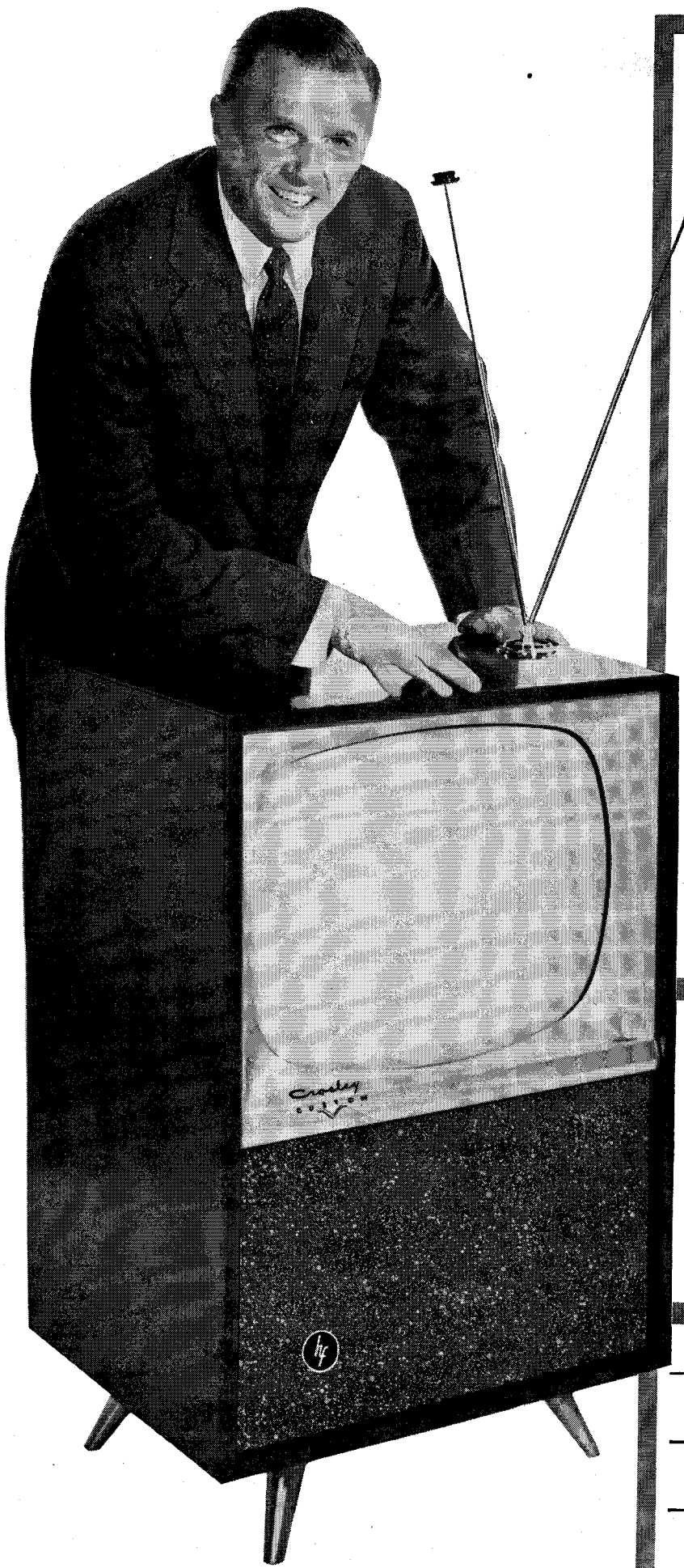

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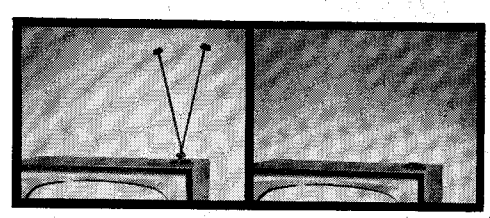

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(Continued from Page 144) of soil in which seedlings travel across countries and continents and oceans. And once she gets into a piece of soil, man carries her about the land in a dozen different ways. The plow that tills the soil spreads the nematodes along the furrows. The farmer's boots do a fair job of spreading them. Even irrigation canals are suspect as carriers.

The progress of nematodes in row crops can be watched. The plants at the focal point of infestation are stunted or dead. Year by year the area of destruction grows. It spreads up and down the furrows and from row to row. Sometimes it takes ten or a dozen years to capture a field. Occasionally there is the appearance of capture in a year or two. But any time nematode infestation appears, it's a safe bet that nematodes have been there for several years—often a dozen or more.

In tree crops and vineyards, nematodes apparently don't show their muscles for twenty or thirty years. Citrus production in California groves didn't start to decline noticeably for more than thirty years after the big plantings of the '90's. It was more than fifty years before it was proved that the state's 25 per cent drop in average per-acre production was chiefly the work of the citrus nematode.

But that is one of the things you can expect of nematodes. The nematode is a worm with patience. It can start with one worm in a field and in a decade or two have 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 to the cubic foot. And a decade or two is nothing to a nematode. It has centuries in which to work and, despite its lack of brains, seems to know its descendants will carry on. It never seems in a hurry to take over a field or an orchard. It is in a hurry only after it has taken over. Then sometimes the speed of destruction is appalling.

That is why such a storm worked up over the invasion of Long Island by the golden nematode of potatoes. That nematode perhaps is feared the most of all. It can destroy 90 per cent of a potato crop. It has fouled so much of Europe's best potato land that most European nations limit the frequency of potato crops on infested land. One planting in four to eight years is the usual limit. Holland, Denmark and Sweden prohibit forever the planting of potatoes on land that has had the golden nematode.

The laws aren't framed that way. They only forbid planting potatoes on infested land. But no one yet has freed land of the golden nematode—nor, so far as I can learn, of any other nematode. Once you've got them, you've got them.

And so when the golden nematode, which works on potatoes much as the sugar-beet nematode works on sugar beets, was found on two potato farms near Hicksville, Long Island, the fat was in the fire. Or, worse, the golden nematode was in the United States. And that was something the nematologists always had dreaded.

They had good reasons. Potatoes are a big crop. They are grown commercially in all forty-eight states on a total of 1,400,000 acres. The farm value of the crop comes close to $800,000,000. With handling, marketing, equipment and chemicals, potatoes are about a $3,000,000,000 industry.

The golden nematode was found in 115 acres of potatoes on two farms near Hicksville in 1941. Five years later it was in 1656 acres on forty-one Long Island farms. In 1954 it was 12,506 acres and 266 farms.

The worm made that kind of progress despite the most expensive and intensive antinematode campaign ever waged. The state of New York and the United States Department of Agriculture spent $5,700,000 in a joint effort, starting in 1944. They are still spending at a $500,000-a-year clip.

They've had laws passed rigidly governing Long Island's $100,000,000 potato industry, requiring handlers and farmers to maintain almost hospital standards of sterilization of potatoes and equipment. They've surveyed twenty-two Eastern states for the golden nematode, making tens of thousands of tests of soils. They've made thousands of inspections of soil products at entry ports and border stations—with a special eye on Mexican imports, for Mexico has the golden nematode. The fight against the golden nematode of potatoes is, thus far, a successful Chinese-wall type of operation—an attempt to hold the enemy off.

The big offensive war on other nematodes is just getting started. The two big weapons are the old stand-by, crop rotation and the new versions of an old technique, soil fumigation. But first a glance at some of the skirmishes. Some are a bit on the weird side. Some are growing in significance.

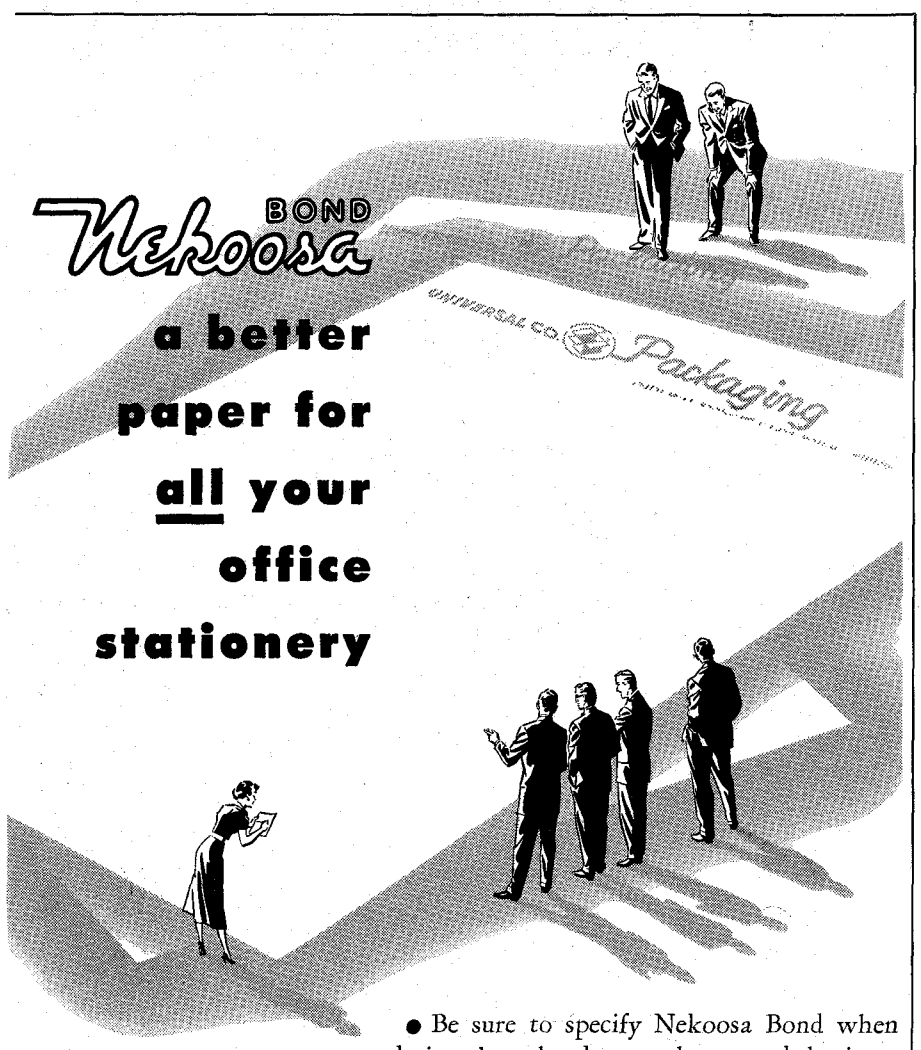
Scientists are encouraging fungi which dine off nematodes. They are watching cannibal nematodes—of which there are many—to determine how they can encourage their cannibalism. They've found that mites devour bulb-and-stem nematodes of flowers. Those all are interesting operations, but none seems to have made much of a dent in the nematode populations.

A more sober look is being given the development of systemic poisons which work on plants somewhat as antibiotics work on humans; the plant is fed chemicals which kill nematodes in the roots without harming the plants.

Then there are the outsmarting tricks. Yes, sir, we've found that sometimes we can outsmart a nematode, and no comments, please. In Kern County, California, which brags about its production of potatoes, the grower simply beats the root-knot nematode to the potato. In normal years he harvests by June tenth. He has learned that by June fifteenth the second generation of nematodes—which does the big damage—is there.

Another trick is the trap crop. Root-knot nematodes, which dote on cotton, also have a fair fondness for alfalfa, a legume. *Crotalaria spectabilis*, a cover crop, is a legume. If you plant *Crotalaria spectabilis* where root-knot nematodes are, the nematodes go for its roots like kids for free ice cream. The catch is this: The nematodes pierce the *Crotalaria* rootlet, inject their chemical and feast. And that's all that happens. They don't grow. And they don't lay eggs. French marigolds have about the same effect in your garden. However, few people want solid gardens of French marigolds, and fewer farmers seem to want crops of *Crotalaria spectabilis*.

Everyone knows how crop rotation works. It works well, except for two things. One is that sometimes the nematode—especially the root-knot species—takes to the substi-



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tute as a cat takes to milk. The other is that rotation often is like substituting copper for gold. The substitute—as in the case of sugar beets—may be a thirty-dollar crop instead of the $300 crop it replaces.

Soil fumigants, while seventy-five years old in principle, are relatively new in the field. Sometimes they work like magic. They have been known to multiply cotton production by ten, sweet potatoes by seventeen, and other garden crops by nearly as much. They have restored to use marginal and abandoned land.

The new soil fumigants began to sell in 1945 after chemical concerns over the years had tested hundreds of substances. There are three leaders. They are dichloropropene-dichloropropane, called DD mixture, and made by Shell Chemical Corporation; and ethylene dibromide, known as EDB, and methyl bromide, both made by Dow Chemical Company. Methyl bromide is a gas, deadly to humans. It is applied to the soil under a plastic cover. It is used mainly for seedbeds and in greenhouses.

DD and EDB are heavy, volatile liquids. They are injected six or eight inches into the soil, days or weeks before planting. Both have had sensational successes in row crops in sandy loams. They are less effective in heavier soils. They have one fault. They not only kill nematodes and other pests in the soil; they also kill roots. They spell murder to an orchard or vineyard.

Shell this spring announced that it will market this year a chemical which will kill nematodes without killing roots of established plants. Stauffer Chemical Company announced one too. Success could be worth untold millions to owners of orchards and vineyards. The use of soil fumigants should mushroom into something big two or three years from now, judging by what happened in North Carolina. Field tobacco was fumigated for the first time there in 1948 on 150 acres. Last year the growers paid about $3,000,000 for their fumigants. They got back in increased production nearly $25,000,000.

Chemical companies won't release figures, but the best guess is that 300,000 to 400,000 acres were fumigated last year at a cost of $9,000,000 to $12,000,000 for chemicals. Those figures are expected to go up about 25 per cent this year. After that, who knows?

"The day is long gone," said one young nematologist, "when the farmer could move to new land when his old wore out, as the Mayans and Khmers did, and as they used to do in this country.

"The trouble is, hardly anyone will believe that nematodes are his trouble. Or he may think he doesn't have troubles—not serious ones."

He cited Walter Johnson and his ninety-three acres of cotton near Bakersfield, California. Johnson was happy, even thrilled, with his cotton. He was making 1.87 bales to the acre—about five and a half times the average in Texas, where he learned to grow cotton. However, in 1951 he let University of California scientists run a test. When they used thirty-three dollars' worth of fumigant to the acre, they got 3.5 bales of cotton. That was $220 worth more of cotton to the acre than Johnson got from his untreated land.

The young nematologist scoffed at the estimate made some years ago by Dr. Benjamin Goodwin Chitwood, authority on nematodes, that the worms take a toll of 10 per cent of all the farmer and gardener grow.

"That was all that could be guessed at at that time," he said. "But we've discovered that you don't find nematodes until you look for them. We used to think they were just a Southern problem. But we find root-rot nematodes in potatoes in Idaho and Wisconsin, and root-knot almost anywhere potatoes are grown. Canadian wheat has lots of nematodes. Millions of acres of cotton have root-knot nematodes, and at least 1,000,000 acres of California lands have them.

"Fumigating sometimes astonishes farmers. You fumigate for nematodes in tobacco and you get rid of black shank. You fumigate for them in cotton and you get rid of fusarium wilt—and even boll-weevil losses are cut by as much as half. You get rid of nematodes, and the plant becomes resistant to a lot of other pests."

Dr. Gotthold Steiner, principal nematologist for the USDA, says, in substance, that soil fumigation is the answer to the nematologist's prayers. But he insists it does not solve the basic problem. He says the big need is for research. California, a big state with big nematode problems, leads in that field. The University of California has the only university department of nematology. It has seven nematologists; the state as a whole has nine of the nation's twenty-four.

There are many unsolved mysteries about nematodes. Why, for instance, can alfalfa be used as a rotation crop to control some nematodes which dearly love alfalfa? Why can some plants sustain mass attacks of nematodes without apparent serious damage? What makes *Crotalaria spectabilis* a trap crop?

Someday the answers to those and hundreds of other questions about nematodes will be found. They will be found by men so intrigued by the questions that they will devote their lives to studying the brainless worm which so long has outsmarted us humans. In any event, one thing has been learned: The better the farmer controls his nematodes, the fatter his bank account grows. THE END

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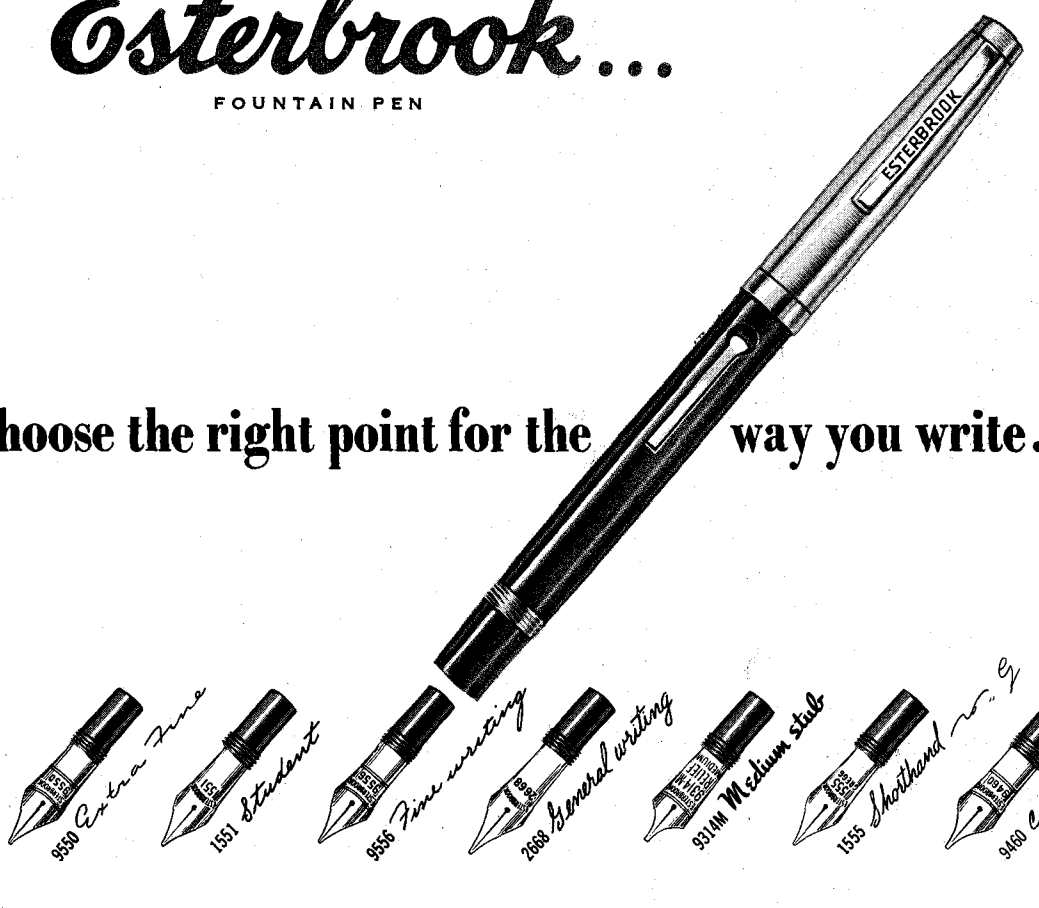

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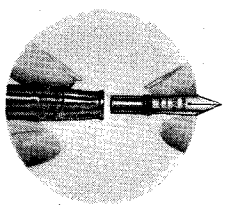
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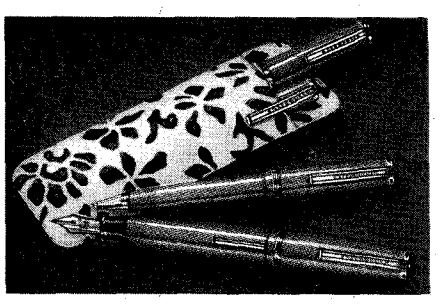
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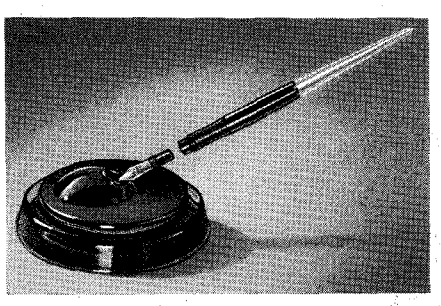
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They Get Caught in Their Own Traps

(Continued from Page 36)

men in the numbers racket. He was a good tipper. He liked night clubs; had owned a piece of one. He was a great hand to write letters and post cards while traveling. He enjoyed Italian food. He had once owned a bulldog and was fond of that breed.

The agents also knew all about his compulsion to be the best in the business. But they didn't know that Nick was out to excel as a fugitive. He had laid down new rules of conduct as earnestly as Ben Franklin listed the thirteen virtues he meant to practice. Nick adopted eight stratagems.

He gave up night life completely, going abroad—except for robbery—only by day. He patronized restaurants of only the utmost propriety. Under Rule 3, in case there was anything characteristic about his choice of living quarters—Willie Sutton, the bank robber, was known to favor a modest rented room—Nick changed every few weeks.

Rule 4 covered addresses. Nick never told his friends where he was living. On the other hand, he never gave a false address. If asked for an address, perhaps by a salesman in a store, he obliged. The street number provided was not Nick's, of course, but it was real.

Rules 5 and 6 reflect the same nice attention to those little things which can have big consequences. Nick took it for granted that the pursuers would learn his favorite brand of beer. In combination with his description, this might help bartenders remember him. Nick therefore changed brands as regularly as a prudent motorist changes motor oil. By the same token, figuring he was known as a cigar smoker, he gave up cigars.

Nick's seventh dodge was to supply himself with a change of identities. He wasn't blessed with the nondescript appearance which can be so helpful. Noticeably below average height, standing a stocky five feet five, he had black hair, a ruddy complexion, blue eyes. A man of that build and coloring can't hope to avoid some notice. There was every chance Nick would be stopped and asked to identify himself.

So Nick hired pickpockets, assigning them to find men as much like himself as possible and steal their wallets, for their cards. The most important was the driver's license, specifying height, weight, color of hair and eyes.

The final rule concerned driving. Nick was resolved never to figure in the common news story headed MINOR TRAFFIC VIOLATION EXPOSES LONG-SOUGHT FUGITIVE. His decision was to drive about five miles over the speed limit, figuring this, rather than compliance with the law, to be the norm.

On this eight-point program for elusion it seemed safe to live in Chicago. That was known to be Nick's favorite town. But the Montos the FBI was after—the nocturnal, high-living, cigar-smoking Montos—would not be there to find.

All in all, it seems likely that no fugitive ever went about the job more astutely. The Montos plan worked very well, month after month. Nor were they lean months. Nick was able to carry out a string of burglaries and robberies, though he avoided jobs which would bear his hallmark.

Most of what the FBI knew proved useless, as Nick hoped. But men are creatures of habit. Nick forgot to change one thing—his choice in "work cars," as he called them.

A Montos operation had to be well and stylishly done. Planning a safecracking, he inspected the premises carefully, often in the guise of a salesman, to study entrances, exits and the amount of business. The knob of the safe was expertly knocked off, the combination knocked out cleanly. If there was tear-gas mechanism, Montos dismantled it by his own method—a superior one.

Nick's zeal to be the best and use the best extended to travel. He had always favored light sedans with hidden talents. As part of the FBI's effort, agents kept an eye on garages frequented by any of Nick's friends. The payoff came suddenly.

On August 23, 1954, agents were checking a garage in the Chicago suburb of Berwyn. Parked outside was a standard-looking Ford sedan. Mechanics were working on the motor. But this Ford didn't have a Ford motor. At once the agents took a great happy liking to that Ford. They stuck close. In a few minutes another car drove out. The agents couldn't get a good look at the two occupants, but fell hopefully in behind. In nearby Westchester, a freight train was blocking the crossing. This let the agents come up close without attracting notice. And now they saw that one of the occupants was Little Nick, who found himself surrounded before he could unlimber the automatic in a cigar box beside him.

The car which had lifted the agents' hopes was precisely what Nick always had favored: a Ford with a Cadillac power plant. After two years and eight months of the most nimble evasion, he stepped into a trap very much of his own making.

A fugitive can roam the United States and there may be nothing about his criminal operations which sets him apart. Therefore, it is a great help to pursuers if he has some bit of characteristic behavior.

Some wanted men are extremely obliging in this respect. A Chicagoan sought on kidnaping charges was intensely fond of roller skating and good enough at it to be conspicuous. Once that was established, the search became far simpler. It seemed likely that he wouldn't stay away from skating rinks. Sure enough, he kept on patronizing them, and even put on exhibitions of skate dancing. In just under a year, he was captured one day after visiting a rink in New Orleans.

Which wasn't the brightest thing to do, of course. Still, even the confidence men, the intellectuals of crime, fall into snares of their own making. FBI agents learned that John Donald Walker, talented at swindling widows, spinsters and divorcées, seemed especially interested in two race horses, Coral Waters and Cut Sugar. In fact, rumor said he owned them.

Walker was wanted for marrying three women without divorcing any, and defrauding them of $67,000. A specialist in changing identities, he might have made himself exceptionally hard to find. But the agents bet that Walker would follow his horses. One August afternoon Coral Waters was running at Cumberland, Maryland. She ran third. Agents stationed themselves at the cashier's window. As expected, Walker came around to collect the purse in person. That arrest eventually cost him fifteen years in prison and a fine of $20,000.

Another eminently successful confidence man, Joseph Levy, is in prison chiefly because agents learned that Levy invariably made large bets. It seemed likely he wouldn't miss the Kentucky Derby. In that riotous crowd he might have been perfectly safe, except that he came around, conveniently, to the fifty-dollar window.

Often the pursuers' problem is twofold: not only to pick up the fugitive's trail but also to identify him. The agents may have next to nothing in the way of photographs, may be chasing a man of the most commonplace appearance. Asking about a man like that is like asking people if they have seen a given robin. Furthermore, he will be difficult to recognize.

Then even a very minor personal peculiarity becomes of great value—a thing as small, perhaps, as a habit of playing tiddlywinks with his change at bars.

Furiously beating the bushes for two bandits who had robbed a Memphis bank, Federal men finally located the tourist court from which they had operated. The proprietor knew the two as "Mr. Alexander" and "Mr. Anderson."

Signing in shortly before the holdup, they paused only long enough to refresh themselves. They had their own whisky, but ordered mixing materials. Forty minutes after the robbery, they returned. "Don't bother cleaning the place," they said genially. "Our wives aren't due in until tonight. Meanwhile we intend to get a little drunk and take a nap." Again they ordered mixing supplies.

With only a pair of obviously fictitious names to work on, the agents trailed the "Alexanders" and the "Andersons" to Miami. On February twelfth, four days after the $43,000 holdup, the two couples strolled into the bar of a Miami Beach hotel. Agents quietly occupied all adjoining tables and then arrested the four.

"Alexander" turned out to be Clyde Milton Johnson, with a long record on the Coast. A few days later a stalwart lass named Billie hit town. She had been Johnson's girl friend; he had ditched her for the new girl. Billie was burned about that, but never one to desert a friend in a jam. Risking her life, she helped Johnson break jail.

Reaching Cincinnati, in the old car Billie had bought, the two began covering their tracks. Billie had a colorful police record in her own right and was the wife of a burglar then in prison. She knew police methods as well as Johnson did, and he knew them as well as any veteran detective. They were excellently qualified to outwit capture.

Billie bleached her hair to honey blond. Johnson dyed his brown hair black and adopted glasses. After Cincinnati, where they ditched the getaway car, they used a different name at every stop. Quiet and mannerly, Johnson struck most people as thoroughly respectable. A man like that leaves little wake.

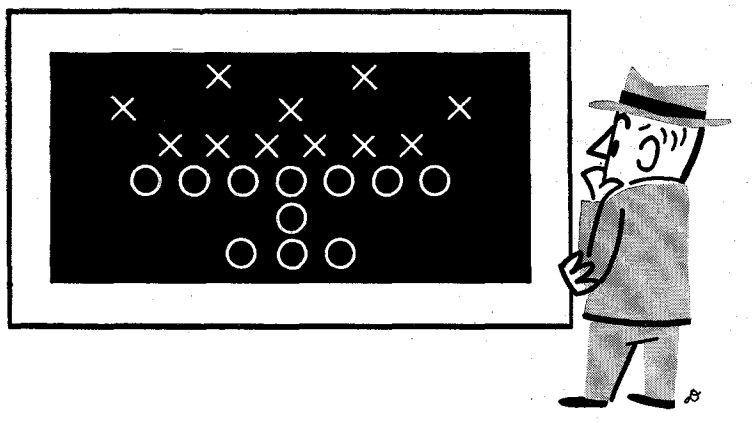
In the weeks following, the FBI heard of a good many holdups done in "an easy-going, casual manner" by a courteous bandit who often said "Thank you." Unless someone was guilty of plagiarism, this was Johnson, though the robberies were hundreds of miles apart. The agents gave chase, of course.

In April it seemed time for Johnson to work the Middle West again. A desk clerk in Indianapolis told agents he had a pair of guests of about the right age and proportions. When shown photographs, however—a brunet Billie, a brown-haired Johnson—he shook his head. "No," he said, "these aren't the people."

The Federal men would have moved along to check other hotels, except that just at that moment a call came down from the room in question. The clerk repeated the order. And the agents' hearts leaped. In a few minutes a black-haired guest came down in the elevator. He didn't look like Johnson, but now the pursuers had reason to hope he was. As they moved toward him, he ran, firing as he fled. They caught him a little later in a doctor's office. An agent's bullet had pierced his body just as he pulled open the door of a commandeered cab, and he was lucky to be alive.

Johnson had helped tag himself out by that order for room service. His favorite drink was an odd one. In a recipe which would seem to shout for gin, he used bourbon. The guest had called down for ice, lemons and Seven Up. That's what the bank bandits had ordered in Memphis, back in February. Johnson's peculiar taste in highballs was about all the agents had, but it was enough. Johnson got forty years and is serving them in Alcatraz.

What crossed up Dolores Menard and her husband, Ray, was Dolores' devotion to her art. Sixteen assorted criminals, fourteen men and (Continued on Page 151)



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Richard Cohen

See Page 151 for answer

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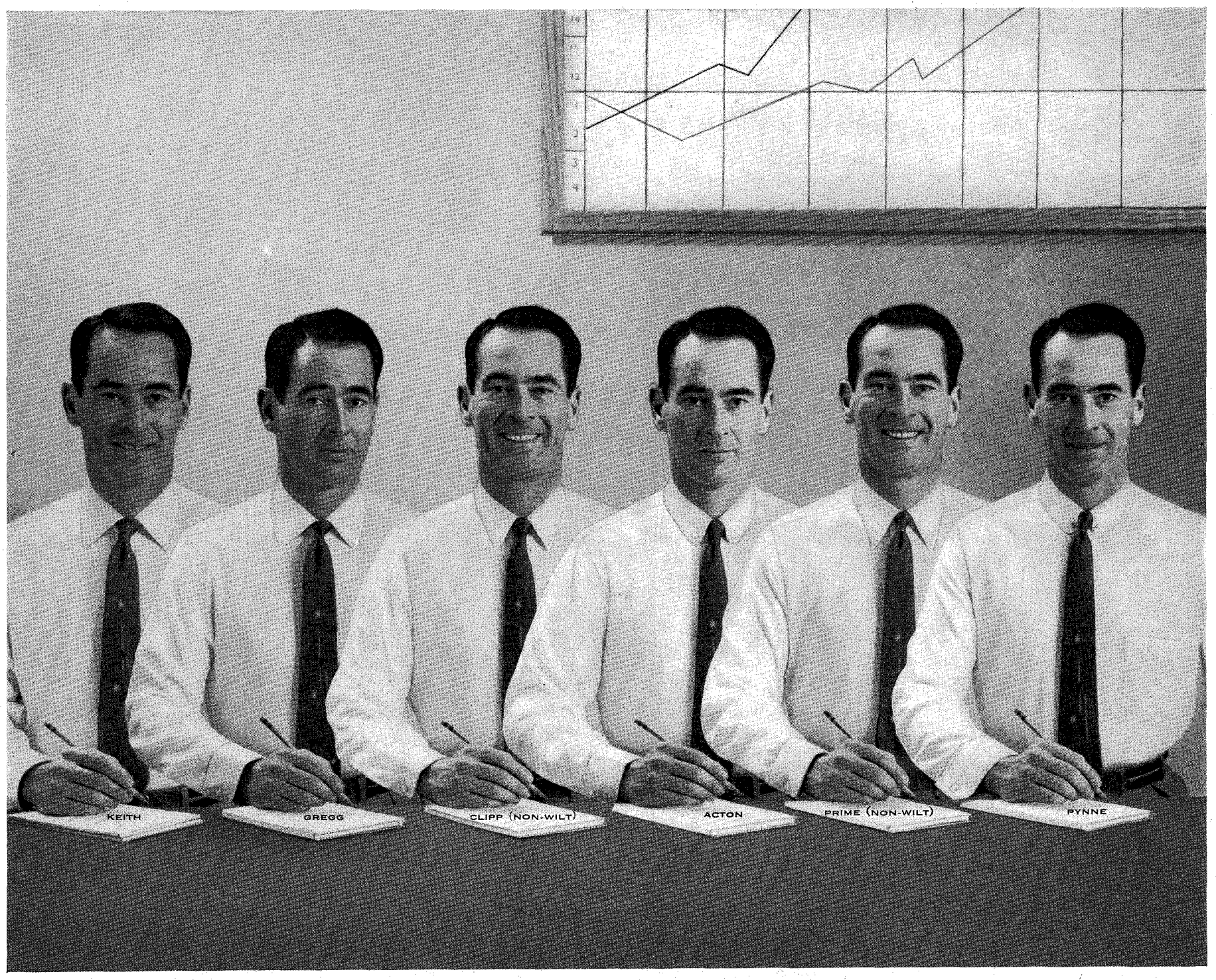

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(Continued from Page 149) two women set up a curious crime co-operative in St. Louis. All projects were approved by the group, and the divvy was even. A private residence was maintained as clubroom, office and toolhouse. Here were kept burglars' tools and weapons, here the Happy Hour Social and Antisocial Club planned its operations.

About thirty jobs, in the initial year, netted $50,000 in cash and perhaps as much in merchandise. Operations doubtless would have been stepped up the second year, but early in 1954, the roof fell in. By May, Dolores and Ray were the only members still at large.

On May ninth, Ray was elected to the FBI's Ten Most Wanted Fugitives list. He and Dolores were not going to be easy to spot. She was a pretty brunette, but pretty brunettes are pleasantly prevalent. Ray was a stock-model young American male. Characteristics? Well, he liked sports and sport clothes, and drank a little beer. Nothing there. A brown-haired young man and a pretty brunette? Any filling-station man sees twenty couples like that any evening.

Seeking something more particular, the agents picked up a business theory of Ray's: that the territory from St. Louis to New Orleans had been neglected by robbers and safecrackers. They also picked up a note on recreation. The Menards often visited night clubs featuring strip-tease dancers. It was Dolores' idea. She had been a stripper herself. Clearly, her art still called.

For all their protective coloration, the Menards were in custody after only about ten weeks. They went to New Orleans, and in spite of being named in a Federal warrant—she had been Ray's lookout—Dolores took a job literally in the spotlight, as a stripper. She may have reasoned that nobody looks at a strip teaser's face.

But she worked too long. Even after photographs of the wanted pair appeared in local papers, Dolores wouldn't disappoint her public. That brought Ray into view; he insisted on escorting his wife to and from work. In time, inevitably, they were recognized. Known as a sharpshooter who had boasted he would never be taken so long as he had a gun, Ray was caught without a gun and had to surrender.

It is often said of small habits that we don't really know we have them. Certainly they aren't overcome even when men are in peril of their lives and alert to avoid recognition. That shows up clearly in a World War II spy case. It was a trivial habit which clinched the capture of Erich Gimpel, though Gimpel was a professional secret agent, expensively trained in guile.

On November 29, 1944, the German submarine No. 1230 landed two spies at Crab Tree Point in Frenchman Bay, Maine. The two were Erich Gimpel, a German, and a turn-coat American named William C. Colepaugh. In spy school at The Hague both had been brought to a high state of physical fitness and taught to use weapons and cameras. Gimpel knew how to handle explosives, had been trained in wrecking bridges and derailing trains, and was an expert radio man. A special code had been worked out. The spies carried invisible ink and the names of American prisoners of war. In innocent letters to the prisoners, they would add, invisibly, secret messages for German intelligence to intercept.

Nothing had been overlooked, or so it seemed. The two carried American birth certificates, draft cards and drivers' licenses. They had pistols, compasses, excellent watches. Planning to stay two years, they had $60,000 in American money for expenses. Gimpel also carried 100 negotiable diamonds. They even had a few kits of American K rations, in case they had to hole up sometime.

But the expedition was jinxed from the start. For nineteen solid days the sub lay on the bottom, inert as an oyster, while the nervous skipper pondered where to land his spies—nineteen days with nothing to do but listen to fishing craft overhead and worry, because another German submarine recently had been destroyed in those waters. Only at night did the submarine surface, cautiously, to charge the batteries.

Gimpel and Colepaugh were to land in a rubber raft, the raft being drawn back by a line. The line broke at the launching and they had to be rowed ashore. For all the preparations, one thing had been forgotten—hats. The spies landed in a heavy snowstorm. Trudging along carrying suitcases—one handle broken—they were almost immediately spotted by an eighteen-year-old boy. He told his father about the two wacky characters who hiked hatless in city-style clothes. His father called the FBI. The hunt was in full cry only nine hours after the landing.

Gimpel himself had selected Colepaugh as a companion, and it seemed a good choice. Colepaugh was a young New Englander who had attended a good engineering college. He should have been extremely useful in espionage concerning ships, planes and rockets. What Gimpel couldn't know was that he had picked a lemon.

Long before, the FBI had "opened a case" on Colepaugh, tabbing him as likely to offer his services to Germany. Gimpel would have done better on his own, and shortly he was on his own. About two weeks after the pair established themselves in a New York apartment, Colepaugh ducked out, and was shortly pouring his heart out to the FBI.

Now the problem was to catch Gimpel—a trained and dangerous enemy, with the money and the papers to travel wherever he thought best. The FBI went into furious action from New York to California.

How could Gimpel be spotted? Colepaugh's information seemed to fall into two

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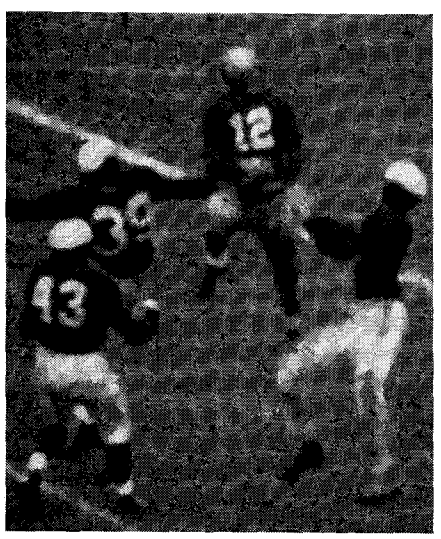
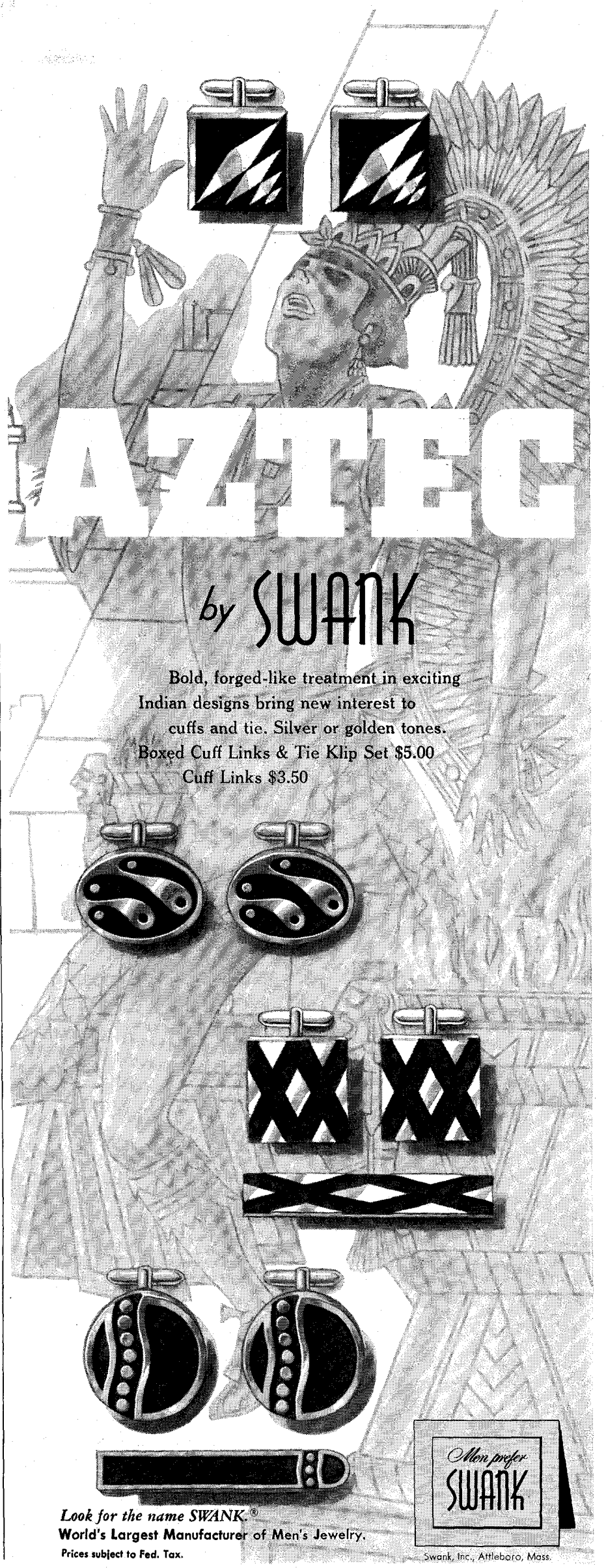
Answer to

Let's Play Quarterback

(Page 149)



The obvious play would be to run the ball. But Quarterback Jug Girard, taking the risk of a Yale interception which might have cost his team the game, threw a long pass. Jim Embach (above) caught it for a touchdown. Final score: Wisconsin 9, Yale 0.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classes; things useful in identifying the secret agent, but only after capture; and things so ordinary as to offer little hope. Gimpel wore a ring with an Inca design; he would take that off. He carried a Latvian coin as a good-luck piece; he would avoid displaying it. He had worked in Peru and liked to read Peruvian newspapers. Now he would avoid them. He liked steaks. He liked showing off his Spanish in restaurants serving Spanish food. He might be wearing clothes recently bought in New York—a regulation dark blue overcoat with a faint herringbone pattern, a gray-blue suit with a chalk stripe. Entirely too standard.

Of all the places being watched, Gimpel seemed least likely to appear at a newsstand at 42nd Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, where he had bought Peruvian papers. Fate had given him special and specific warning on this point. He and Colepaugh had attended a movie which included a crime-does-not-pay short. In it, a fugitive was collared when he tried to buy his home-town newspaper.

Agents were stationed at the stand, useless as it seemed. They watched a great many customers come and go. At nine o'clock on the night of December thirtieth, a man appeared who fitted some of the specifications. The overcoat and suit were generally right, he was about the right size. But there had been many like this. If he would kindly buy a Peruvian paper—but he didn't. He went nowhere near the South American publications. He was looking for a twenty-five-cent book for bedtime reading. It was a sight to make the agents yawn.

The customer found a book to his liking, finally, and walked to the cashier's counter. He paid. An electric shock couldn't have produced quicker action from the watchers. All their weariness gone, the agents moved swiftly to cut him off. There were thousands of men of this build, thousands who dressed like this. But the agents were sure they had found their spy.

For this customer had done something the agents hadn't seen in all their vigil. He paid by drawing a bill from the outside breast pocket of his suit coat. Colepaugh, when pressed for every smallest detail about Gimpel, had said, "Well, for one thing, he never carries a wallet. No reason for it, just a way he has. Carries spending money in the pocket of his coat where most people carry a handkerchief."

Gimpel had brains, experience, careful training. He had authentic-looking papers, he had money, he had diamonds to use if the money ran out. But he also had one trifling little habit. And that habit brought him life imprisonment.

The Perilous Descent From "The Summit"

(Continued from Page 31)

offering a combination of self-reliance, simplicity and freedom from regulations." But Mr. Fisher then warns of the dangers encountered after a summit is conquered. He explains: "Care is peculiarly necessary on the descent. Fatigue and a feeling of relaxation make for carelessness, and a surprisingly large number of serious accidents . . . have happened on the descents."

Ever since last July the world's statesmen have been engaged in a descent from a summit, which is one of the most perilous processes of global politics as well as of mountain climbing. After both world wars, the victors, including Americans, paid a tremendous price for their carelessness in descending from the intoxicating heights of victories. It has required ten full years for the victors of World War II to complete the enormously costly moves and countermoves which preceded the Summit Conference; and then, when President Eisenhower and Russia's collective rulers finally got together, some disappointed onlookers complained that almost nothing happened. To these observers the Geneva summit looked just like several lesser peaks passed on the way up. The statesmen in Switzerland did not even pretend to make a specific settlement of any of the outstanding disputes which produced the Cold War, and they have since been preoccupied with the slow, cautious, disagreeable business of climbing down from that particular peak.

Nevertheless, the Summit conferees did take one truly sensational step which has been overlooked by many observers because it was not officially spelled out. The American and Soviet governments have since demonstrated, by their actions rather than by their words, that they undertook at Geneva to revive the time-tested principle of the balance of power. This is a startling change in the official position of Soviet Russia as well as the United States. In the past, Russian Bolsheviks have been louder than American idealists in their denunciation of the idea that peace can be kept by a proper balance of power among the world's strongest nations.

The balance-of-power principle became discredited when it failed to prevent the first World War. After that war, Soviet historians and many American historians castigated that principle as the breeder of wars. During the four years I worked in Russia as a reporter in the 1930's, Soviet newspapers almost daily made derogatory references to "balance-of-power politics," and many Americans were doing the same thing. It was argued that the balance of power is, at best, a temporary expedient which can last only so long as it suits the purposes of the major powers concerned; and that it is so unwieldy that small undisciplined nations often have upset the balance and thus precipitated war among the great powers.

One reason why Russians and Americans both have traditionally distrusted the balance-of-power principle is that it is considered a British device, and in the past Russians and Americans have been equally suspicious of British global maneuvers, called imperialism. But British statesmen and historians have insisted that, in a world where ideal solutions are impossible, the balance of power is a necessity. One British authority, Dr. Walter A. Phillips, has written: "This principle is as old as history and was familiar to the ancients both as theorists and as practical statesmen. . . . So long as there is no central authority capable of enforcing the rules of international law, the only sanction behind those rulers, apart from the uncertain force of public opinion, is the capacity of the powers to hold each other in check."

Without publicly admitting it, the Summit Conference accepted that established British principle. President Eisenhower and Moscow's rulers tacitly agreed to work toward a balance between them, since no better solution seems to be in sight. That does not mean that there was any secret agreement at Geneva, as Sen. Joseph McCarthy alleged in a Senate speech. The Republican senators who sharply denied that allegation upon behalf of the President spoke the truth. But for all practical purposes an implied understanding can be just as effective as any secret agreement, and there can no longer be any doubt that a modified version of the balance-of-power mechanism is now being attempted between Russians and Americans.

The most hopeful and significant feature of this arrangement, so far as its initial stages in Europe are concerned, is that it already has existed for several years now, and probably has played a major role in preventing World War III. A full decade of armed maneuvering has been required to achieve the limited balance now in force. Almost nine years ago The Saturday Evening Post anticipated this major accomplishment of the Summit Conference when it published, on October 19, 1946, one of my articles entitled No Peace in Sight. That article pointed out that Americans and Russians had emerged from the war with diametrically opposed conceptions of what the postwar world would be. Americans gambled upon hopes of establishing a single co-operative world order—"one world," as our idealists put it—but the Russians never seriously even pretended to accept that prospect. On the contrary, Moscow assumed that the world must inevitably be divided for generations into communist and noncommunist sectors. The result was a situation which I described in 1946 as follows:

> The American Government has gradually and reluctantly been assuming leadership of an unplanned and undesired coalition which is challenging the Soviet Union. The essence of this challenge is . . . : How much of the world shall be included in the communist sector, and how much can be kept outside? This has been the real issue in every dispute (since the war). . . . Russian military preparations (in 1946) do not mean that World War III is just around the corner. They do not mean that the Russians are getting ready to attack their wartime Allies. (But) they emphatically do mean that the Russians are getting ready to protect—by military means if necessary—the communist sector which they have so carefully created since 1939. . . . The American people will be able to . . . endure the long period of friction which lies ahead if it is frankly conceded that (we face) . . . a period of armed truce while the communist and noncommunist sectors of the world are being delimited.

So what happened to the communist and noncommunist sectors during the nine critical years between 1946 and the Summit Conference? The most astonishing aspect of that period is the remarkably few changes which have occurred in the relative size and strength of the opposed sectors in all parts of the globe except one—the Far East. In fact, outside of the extreme Orient, the communist sector actually has shrunk during the postwar decade. The West carelessly invited Russian expansion by its headlong demobilization in 1945, and then increased the threat of a direct collision among the great powers by its equally hasty remobilization in 1950. But the Kremlin's ambitious rulers nevertheless behaved so cautiously that not one square mile of territory has been added to the Soviet Union all around its vast circumference beyond what already had been staked out at the war's end.

Outside of the Far East, the non-Russian communist sector also has been contained better than most experts believed possible a decade ago. During the first two postwar years I was assigned as a reporter to rush from one danger spot to another in Europe and the Middle East because Moscow was making menacing gestures then toward every country within reach of the Red Army. Few observers were willing to predict with confidence then that any country bordering Russia could withstand the Kremlin's pressure. Yet a surprising number of those countries have contrived, because of their courage, statesmanship and good luck, to remain firmly independent under noncommunist control. These countries include Finland, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan. The status quo which prevailed when the Summit conferees met is more satisfactory, in a number of respects, than that which prevailed in 1946. Even the countries where communists already had seized power then, with the help of the Red Army, have reason today to hope for less heavy-handed Russian domination, thanks partly to the example of independence set by Tito's Yugoslavia, with American and other Western assistance. So it has proved to be true, as I suggested in 1946, that World War III never has been "just around the corner," as some Americans feared. The Russians were held in check by their realization that another world war would hurt them at least as badly as it would the other victors in World War II.

If it has done nothing else, the Summit Conference has helped to clarify for Americans a task upon which we embarked almost a decade ago without clearly understanding just what we were doing. We can now see that we have been moving steadily toward restoration of a balance of power, not only in Europe but throughout the world, to fill the vacuums created by the overthrow of powerful empires in World War II. Americans have hated this business because it is our temperament to hope for some simple or ideal solution of world problems. But at Geneva last summer our representatives finally conceded that, under existing conditions, there is no ideal solution in sight. The only available means for assuring a measure of peace and security is a balance of power, and the Summit Conference revealed how much progress we have made toward that objective in Europe, where we have concentrated our main efforts until now.

But the Far East presents a much more complicated situation, and the relatively stable balance now in force across the Atlantic enables both Americans and Russians to devote more attention to the Pacific region. It is easy to understand why the Russians, as well as the Americans, were content to defer any Summit discussion last summer of a Far Eastern settlement. This has become a political hot potato for the Kremlin as well as for Washington. There is abundant evidence that Russian leaders know, if some Americans do not, that Moscow cannot dictate precise plans in the Far East. Out there the Kremlin is not in a position to reach independently even such an implied understanding with the United States as they have done in Europe. That is true because a third great power, Red China, has risen in the Far East whose formidable rulers can block any conceivable Russian-American arrangement involving the Pacific area which does not suit Peking. The Chinese communists are not yet strong enough to survive without massive assistance from some outside source, but they already are strong enough to provide the balance of power in their own extensive region, and thus to command Russia's continued support on their own terms.

This means that the United States is confronted in the Far East today with almost precisely the same situation which we faced in Europe a decade ago. Once again we are dealing with a group of dynamic rulers flushed by victory, just as Russian rulers were in 1945. During the first five postwar years, when Americans were mainly preoccupied with Europe, Chinese communists were establishing themselves as sole governors in their huge country, with its estimated population of 600,000,000. By 1950

(Continued on Page 154)

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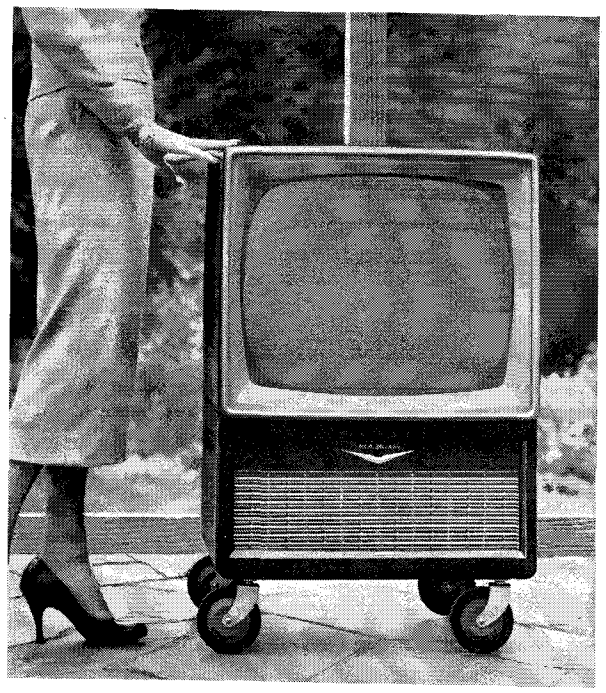

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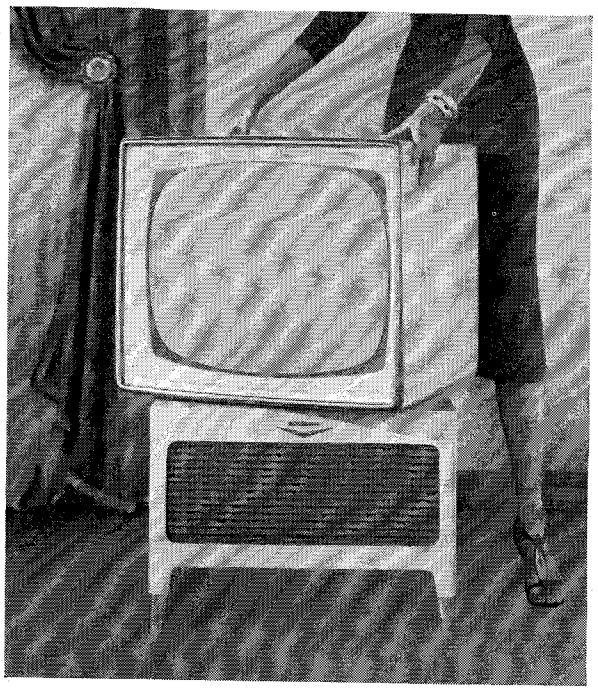

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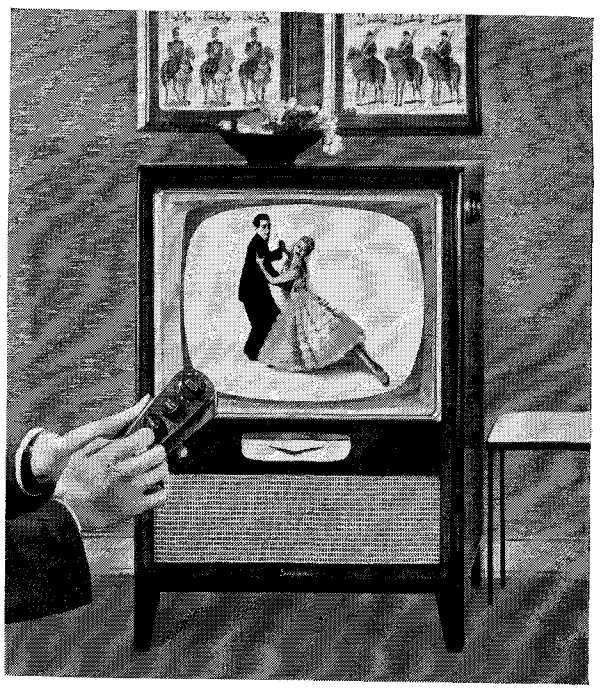

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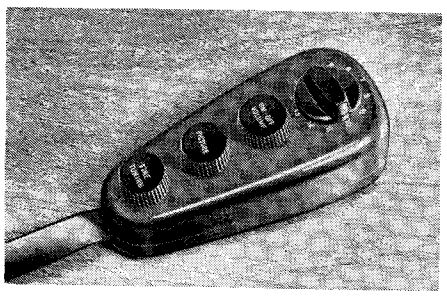

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(Continued from Page 152) the men in Peking felt so sure of their position that they dared to challenge the military and political power of the United States and its Allies in Korea. Overwhelming victory in the Chinese civil war and a standoff in the Korean fighting, which amounted to victory for Red China, produced in Peking the same cocky attitude which victory over the Germans produced in Moscow.

The Chinese, like the Russians, represent a revolutionary movement with expansionist ambitions; and nobody should have been surprised when Red China, like Russia, set out to collect as much real estate as possible while prices were still cheap; and to extend their sphere of influence as rapidly as possible while Americans were busy elsewhere. Red China has thus forced the United States, even more reluctantly and with longer delays than in Europe, to try to build the same kind of coalition to check Red Chinese expansion in the Far East as we built to check Russian expansion on the other side of the Atlantic. Across the Pacific we face once again the prospect of climbing slowly and sometimes dangerously toward another Summit Conference which is still a long way ahead, as President Eisenhower recently pointed out. The greatest accomplishment which anybody can reasonably expect in the Far East within the predictable future is an extension of the balance of power to another region which is vital to the security of the United States and to the peace of the world.

It is easy to be pessimistic about American prospects in the Far East. On the surface, the odds there seem to be more heavily stacked against us than they were in Europe a decade ago. Fortunately, however, we can utilize to advantage in the Pacific area all the lessons we have learned in Europe since 1945, profiting by our blunders as well as our successes. More or less unconsciously, Americans have been learning for the first time how to operate a balance-of-power mechanism, and our experiences ought to make us more sympathetic with previous British efforts to maintain world order amid general distrust.

One thing we have learned is that when two great power blocs confront each other, speechmaking and propaganda on both sides can be heavily discounted. Diplomatic battles depend upon considerable bluffing, and experienced global politicians do not let themselves be diverted by talk. For example, neither Russians nor Red Chinese showed any signs of alarm when Washington spokesmen were talking ominously, not long ago, about "liberating" areas controlled by communists and about "massive retaliation" for unspecified communist moves. Our propagandists frightened some of our Allies and a few of our own people, but they didn't scare our enemies. On the other hand, wise Americans have been equally unconcerned about Red Chinese talk of "liberating" Far Eastern areas which the United States is specifically committed to protect.

The Far Eastern situation can be seen in much better perspective now that both the Soviet and American governments have stopped talking, at least for the time being, in terms of "one world"—whether communist or anticommunist—and are really trying to arrange some kind of balance between them. Across the Pacific the most important question today is the same as it was across the Atlantic a decade ago: "Does either side want World War III?" The same answer of "No" can be given confidently. The Red Chinese stand to lose at least as much as anybody else from all-out war, and it is therefore reasonable to assume that they will make no move which they believe will precipitate all-out war. It is a political axiom that despots become more cautious the longer they remain in power, and Red China's present rulers have had longer experience governing vast territories and populations than many Americans may realize. Although Chinese communists did not conquer the whole of their country until 1949 they have held supreme power in large areas for decades. When I was working in China as a reporter a quarter of a century ago Chinese communists already exercised authority over more people than live today in the United States or Soviet Russia.

What Red Chinese moves are certain to precipitate all-out war with the United States? The American Government has given a positive answer to that question now, which is: Any Red Chinese attack upon areas which the American Government is specifically committed to protect. There are three such areas: Formosa, South Korea and Japan. The American Government has signed binding treaties to protect these areas in case of attack. Since 1949 the Formosa question has produced more propaganda on both sides than any other Far Eastern dispute. One reason for this was that Washington kept changing its mind about what we could and should do concerning Formosa. But in 1954 the American Government finally entered into a binding agreement to defend that important island against Red Chinese attack; and although Peking has since continued to make verbal threats to "liberate" Formosa, such threats can be put in the same category as American talk about liberating communist-controlled areas. As soon as the Red Chinese were told in so many words

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that a direct attack upon Formosa would mean all-out war with the United States, the status of that island ceased to be a real issue, although some politicians in Peking and in Washington kept on talking as if it were. But American policy makers felt that they could safely rule out any further possibility of an attack on Formosa.

Ironically enough, both the American and Red Chinese official positions regarding Formosa have swung full circle since 1949. I have in my files a copy of a 1936 interview with Mao Tse-tung, the top man in Peking today, published in the American-owned China Weekly Review at Shanghai, and obtained by the American journalist, Edgar Snow. In that interview Mao Tse-tung said that Red China hoped to help the Formosan people to recover their independence from Japan, which then governed the island. He did not suggest that Formosa ever would become a part of China, and he continued to talk about an independent Formosa until 1949, when the demoralized armies of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek retreated to the island. Then, and then only, did the Red Chinese begin to talk about Formosa belonging to China.

The American Government, on the other hand, was committed by President Roosevelt to hand over Formosa to China at the 1943 Cairo Conference with Winston Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek. Mr. Roosevelt made this pledge without even pretending to consult the wishes of the Formosan people, whose connections with China had been extremely slight since the seventeenth century. This American "gift" of other people's property turned out to be a lifesaver for Chiang Kai-shek when his beaten armies had no place else to go, but it has since caused continuous embarrassment to the American Government. If our wartime President had not committed us so ostentatiously, it would be easier now for Washington to proclaim Formosan independence, which is what we have actually been committed to protect since 1954.

The Red Chinese really are no more anxious to annex Formosa to China than they were before 1949, but they are concerned that the island shall not be used as a base to perpetuate or revive the Chinese civil war. Chiang Kai-shek's exile government naturally still hopes that Formosa will serve that purpose, which is possible only with American support. A few influential American politicians and military leaders want to back Chiang in a revived civil war; but the Eisenhower Administration, after some hesitation, has taken the position that it would be foolish as well as dangerous to revive the Chinese civil war from Formosa, because we would be backing a very long shot.

Almost exactly the same situation prevails in South Korea since the 1953 truce with Red Chinese. Following that truce, Washington signed a treaty of mutual assistance with Syngman Rhee's South Korean government for support in case of attack. But Syngman Rhee, like Chiang Kai-shek, would like to revive the civil war in Korea with American support. So the South Korean president has been firmly told, just as Chiang Kai-shek was, that the American Government does not consider itself pledged to participate in any Chinese or Korean civil war which is not started by the Reds. Thus an uneasy balance of power has been struck over Formosa and Korea.

Japan is the third Far Eastern region which Americans are specifically pledged to support against attack, and here the issue is much less complicated. Unlike Korea and Formosa, Japan does not threaten to involve us in any civil war, and is so important to the balance of power in the Far East that the entire American strategic and political system in that area would be indefensible without Japan. Nevertheless many Americans today, as in the years before World War II, are inclined to underestimate Japan's importance to us. During one recent week I read dozens of American commentaries upon the Far Eastern situation, and most of them did not even mention Japan. The veteran columnist for Newsweek, Ernest Lindley, after spending one week in Japan, wrote an article entitled, Stop Worrying About Japan. His conclusion was:

> I don't believe the Japanese are so stupid or helpless as to let themselves be drawn into the communist orbit. If they are, there is not much we can do about it. They are our allies, and we will honor the alliance as long as they do. But we should make it crystal clear to them and to the whole world that they are the sole masters of their own destiny.

Ordinarily Mr. Lindley is an astute observer, but, like the rest of us, he sometimes lapses into fantastic nonsense. Of course, the Japanese are not "the sole masters of their own destiny" so long as they are dependent upon the United States to keep their 88,000,000 people alive and eating, and from being overrun by Russia, as they have been since 1945. And the one thing which Americans cannot possibly afford to do is to let Japan "be drawn into the communist orbit" unless we intend to abandon the Far East. The Japanese are the only Asiatic people with the know-how of a modern industrial nation. They are almost 100 per cent literate as compared with about 10 per cent literacy in China. If Red China could use for its own purposes the human and natural resources of Japan there would no longer remain the slightest possibility of an equable balance of power in the Far East. The loss of Japan to the communist orbit would be equivalent to the loss of West Germany, with its mighty industrial potential. Fortunately the present administration knows this, and has done just the reverse of what Mr. Lindley suggested. Our policy makers have made it "crystal clear" to the entire world that we shall never let Japan be drawn into the communist orbit unless and until we are ready to surrender our entire position in the Far East.

Since the 1953 Korean truce, the lines in the Far East have thus been much more clearly drawn. Washington is now justified in ruling out the likelihood of a communist attack upon Japan, Formosa or South Korea. The American Government, for its part, has made it clear that we are not underwriting, and will do everything possible to avoid, the revival of Chinese or Korean civil wars which would inevitably involve every great power in the world. The so-called "offshore islands" a few miles from the Chinese mainland are a part of the latter question. Since 1954, when the United States formally guaranteed Formosa from attack, the offshore islands have lost their defensive importance. But Gen. Chiang Kai-shek naturally has been reluctant to withdraw his troops from these islands because they had become a symbol of his hopes to revive the Chinese civil war.

In other Far Eastern areas, however, the communist and noncommunist sectors have not been so clearly delimited. In Southeast Asia and Indochina particularly, the rival blocs are jockeying for position today as they did in Europe during the earliest postwar years. But Americans are entitled to hope, by the European example, that Far Eastern events will pursue a similar course. The rulers of Red China have proved to be as unscrupulous as the Russians were in taking maximum advantage of other governments' carelessness or weakness. Red China has become the major beneficiary of World War II, just as Soviet Russia was the major beneficiary of World War I. This outcome was not foreseen by American idealists who dreamed in 1917 of "making the world safe for democracy" and in 1941 of persuading the communist wolves to lie down peacefully with the noncommunist lambs, even after the balance of power had been upset all around the world.

Despite our expensive postwar education, some American members of Congress continue to argue that we cannot or should not deal with Red China or Russia because they are not "sincere" or "trustworthy" or "friendly." They ignore the historical record which shows that such adjectives are meaningless when applied to international relations. The only effective governing rod in such matters is mutual self-interest. Of course, no genuine friendship is possible between communist governments and the American Government because hardly a day passes without some American official declaring that we would like nothing better than to knock over every communist government in the world, and communist spokesmen rarely miss a chance to express similar sentiments about us. But neither of the great power blocs expects to achieve such results short of all-out war.

In the Far East, as in Europe, the only settlement in sight short of all-out war is delimitation of communist and noncommunist sectors. How long will that take? How soon can we expect a Far Eastern Summit Conference? That depends upon the skill with which statesmen on both sides play their cards. Recently Red Chinese leaders have demonstrated that they have as much respect for "positions of strength" as the Russians have—and the same determination to take advantage of positions of weakness. So there is still "No Peace in Sight," as I reported from Europe in 1946, in the sense of lack of friction. For some years the Far East will almost certainly remain the world's outstanding danger spot, while communist and noncommunist sectors are being more clearly defined. But it also seems to be true, as I reported nine years ago, that World War III is not just around the corner.

THE END

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Happy Chandler Rides Again

(Continued from Page 21)

Wetherby-Clements organization. The primary result indicates there is even smaller hope to stop him in November than there was in August. It suddenly has dawned on Kentuckians that they may have spawned a Huey Long at last.

Kentuckians long prided themselves on being a cut above the residents of Louisiana, of Mississippi or of Georgia. The state had produced no Long, no Theodore Bilbo, no Gene Talmadge. Many of its people thought they had displayed their superiority by putting Happy Chandler on the shelf. Now, they keep trying to explain to themselves what it is about Happy that wins people to him, even against their better judgment. There are juices in him that appeal strongly to those who watch him and hear him. He makes them forget he is denouncing as iniquitous a measure he himself put upon the statute books. They like his vaudeville show. They like to hear him sing Gold Mine in the Sky today as much as they liked to hear him render Sonny Boy in the best Al Jolson manner twenty years ago.

In his two big victories, Chandler was on the popular side of the same emotional issue—the sales tax. Twenty years ago, as the thirty-seven-year-old champion of the people's cause, he overthrew one Democratic administration by promising to repeal Gov. Ruby Laffoon's sales tax. Last August, although a heavier and less youthful white knight, Chandler overthrew the Wetherby administration by promising to prevent re-enactment of the sales tax he repealed in 1936. His serious-minded opponent, Judge Combs, had never said he was for a sales tax. But he had refused to let Chandler pressure him into saying he would oppose a sales tax if he found the state needed one.

What brought whoops of delight from Chandler's overflowing audiences was his clowning attack upon Senator Clements and Governor Wetherby. He called them "Clementine and Wetherbine." He seldom mentioned Judge Combs except as "that little fellow Clementine and Wetherbine are running against me."

He never bothered to deny a documented charge made by Henry Ward, a member of the Wetherby administration, that distillers paid Chandler $32,000 for unexplained services while he was senator. He merely labeled Ward a "weasel-faced, hatchet-faced little man."

For his star performance, he stole a page from the book of North Carolina's demagogue, former Sen. Robert R. Reynolds. Reynolds, who was Chandler's close friend in the Senate, had defeated Cameron Morrison in a primary by charging that, while in Washington, Morrison ate caviar. "And do you know what caviar is?" Reynolds would cry. "It's fish eggs from Red Russia!"

Chandler lambasted Wetherby not with fish eggs, but with a rug. He charged "our little governor" spent $20,000 of the state's money for an office rug. The rug cost little more than $1000. But Happy's audiences loved it when he invited them, in the finest tradition of deep-South wool-hat-rousers, to attend his inauguration and wipe their feet on the Wetherby rug.

As a man who never forgets to pay off his grudges, Happy owed Wetherby a special debt. On that bleak March day in 1951, when the major-league owners had gathered in Miami to give Commissioner Happy the heave-ho, Chandler begged Wetherby to toss him a drowning man's straw. A few days before the baseball meeting, Sen. Virgil Chapman, another of Chandler's long-time enemies, had been killed in an automobile collision. By telephone, Chandler pleaded with Wetherby to give him the vacancy. He didn't really want it, he said. But he told Wetherby if the club owners knew he could be senator, they might refrain from dumping him. Wetherby refused. The owners went ahead with their program for throwing Chandler out the window.

Revenge against Alben Barkley was also sweet. It had been the Veep's intention to stay out of the Chandler-Combs contest, just as he had kept aloof from most primary battles for forty years. Like too many others, Barkley had assumed Kentucky Democrats would snicker Chandler out of the race. In the final days of the campaign, when he discovered in horror that Chandler was near victory, Barkley acted. In two last-ditch speeches he read Happy out of the Democratic Party and he stated it as a personal issue whether his friends would vote for Judge Combs or for Chandler. He acted too late.

Happy's revenge against Senator Clements is unusually tasty because he can savor it at length. During the nine months between the November election and the 1956 senatorial primary, Chandler, if he is governor, can make the deputy majority leader pay for two decades of opposition to Happy. If Chandler goes to Frankfort, Clements will have to spend much time in Kentucky mending fences. His absences would be necessary although Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, recovering from a heart attack, might not be able to carry the full burden of his post.

The revenge against Mark F. Ethridge, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, covered two counts. In a manner reminiscent of old-time personal journalism, the Courier-Journal lashed Chandler almost daily during the governorship primary. But Happy's real grudge against Ethridge stemmed from 1942. That year, the Courier-Journal called national attention to the swimming pool a wartime subcontractor built for free in Happy's back yard. The pool was not an effective issue in the senatorial race in 1942, and it scarcely rated a mention in the recent campaign. But during the era of wartime scarcity the pool became the theme of cartoons and gibes throughout the country—not the sort of publicity treasured by a man with presidential aspirations. Chandler often complained that the nation's press would have paid no attention to the pool if the Courier-Journal hadn't made so much of it. That is why he listed Ethridge among the trio he blames for keeping him out of the vice presidency in 1944.

The second, former mayor Wilson W. Wyatt, was head of the party in Louisville when the Democratic state convention instructed its delegates for Barkley. The third, former Gov. Keen Johnson, was national committeeman in 1944 and a strong Barkley supporter. Wyatt, who became housing expediter under Truman, was one of Adlai Stevenson's closest advisers in 1952. If Chandler is governor next year, Stevenson's friends will have to fight Happy or deal with him if they want any Kentucky delegates.

When Chandler complained, through tears, that he wanted to get to the White House early, he was following the young-man-in-a-hurry pattern he set long ago. He was state senator at thirty-two, lieutenant governor at thirty-three, governor at thirty-seven, United States senator at forty-one and baseball commissioner at forty-seven. His last chance at the presidency while "young" is next year. He will be fifty-eight at election time.

Chandler's frantic determination "to amount to something" flows from a boyhood of poverty in a broken home on the

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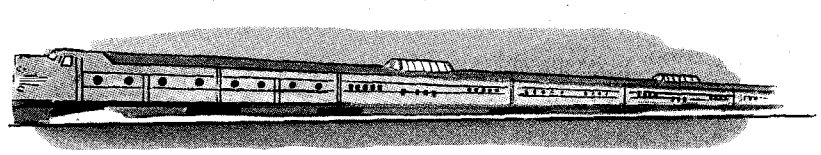

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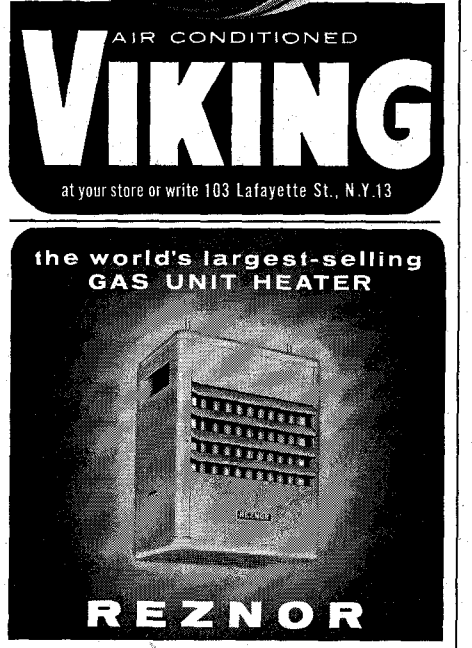
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wrong side of the tracks in the little Western Kentucky town of Corydon. When he showed up at Transylvania, a small Disciples of Christ Church college in Lexington, he had a red sweater, a five-dollar bill and a smile. He parlayed those possessions into the leading campus character in Bluegrass Central Kentucky, an area dotted with small colleges. If he didn't play football as well as his contemporary, Bo McMillin, at nearby Centre, he could sing better than the famous quarterback. His smile won him the nickname that has lasted him throughout his life.

He got his A.B. from Transylvania in 1921, his law degree from the University of Kentucky. He opened law practice in 1924 at Versailles, which is still his home. There he met and married Mildred Watkins, who was teaching in Margaret Hall, an Episcopal school for girls. Reaction from his early, unhappy home life has made Chandler an unusually indulgent husband, father and grandfather. He and Mrs. Chandler have two sons and a daughter, all grown. But Happy's affection for them is no greater than his love for Mrs. Chandler's daughter by a previous marriage. Happy adopted the girl and speaks of her as affectionately as he does of his own.

The first stirrings of presidential aspirations became evident in 1937, after Chandler had been in the Kentucky Executive Mansion two years. By what seemed a fortunate coincidence, Senator Barkley's term was expiring two years before the 1940 presidential election. If Chandler could boot the majority leader out of the Senate, he would capture the attention of the country's political leaders. He would attract notice as the man who defeated Roosevelt's "Dear Alben."

So formidable did Chandler appear that the New Dealers made every effort to dissuade him from the Senate race. Roosevelt argued with him in the White House. He told Happy he was young enough to wait. But Chandler had his eyes beyond the Senate, on the 1940 convention. Roosevelt and Barkley had to accept the challenge. On his largely futile purge trip of 1938, Roosevelt spoke twice in Kentucky for Barkley. The irrepressible Chandler exercised his prerogative as governor to ride with the President and to sit on the platform while Roosevelt urged Barkley's renomination. That Barkley-Chandler campaign was not matched again in Kentucky until the recent Chandler pitched battle with the Clements-Wetherby organization. The WPA fought fiercely for Barkley. The State Highway Commission strove mightily on behalf of Chandler. Barkley won by more than 60,000.

The year that followed was one of Happy's darkest. There would be no Senate seat open until the term of M. M. Logan expired in 1942. Chandler would go out of the governor's office in December, 1939, with no prospect of political employment. Then, with little more than two months left of his term, the Fates, which take such good care of Happy, intervened. Senator Logan died.

Chandler promptly resigned. Lt. Gov. Keen Johnson, who already had won the gubernatorial nomination, succeeded to the governor's chair, and promptly appointed Happy to the Senate, on October 9, 1939. There were people unkind enough to criticize the maneuver. They said it would have been more becoming had Chandler appointed someone to Logan's seat, then made the race for the unexpired term in November, 1940. Happy paid no public attention then to such criticism. In the recent campaign, he said the reason he didn't delay his trip to the Senate was that he wanted to help Johnson by turning the governor's seat over to him a month before the election.

Happy didn't enjoy the Senate. It was dull to be only one among ninety-six, with virtually none of the special attention he reveled in while governor. Instead of living in an executive mansion, he had a room in the Mayflower Hotel. Instead of riding in a state-owned car behind a uniformed policeman, he had to patronize taxicabs. It was bitter to stand in Barkley's political shadow.

He said, "I'll always be a very junior senator as long as Barkley is here." Worst of all, he had to toady to Barkley until he could be sure of election in 1940. Senators who wanted to confer with the majority leader often complained they couldn't get into Barkley's office without tripping over Chandler.

But the toadying paid off. Barkley discouraged others who wanted to run in 1940 for the two years left of the Logan term. Chandler was an easy victor. Then Happy changed. Instead of courting Barkley, he engaged in a steady campaign of sniping. He helped promote the term "Bumbling Barkley." He sneered at the senior Kentuckian's often-unappreciated loyalty to the White House.

In 1942, it seemed unlikely that Chandler would have serious opposition for a six-year term. But on the last day for filing, an old ally and more recent enemy, John Young Brown, entered the race against him. Brown and Chandler once were the Damon and Pythias of the Kentucky legislature. Happy presided over the Senate as lieutenant governor. Brown was speaker of the House. They made a compact. Happy would run for governor in 1935. From that office, he would help Brown become senator in 1936. But Chandler, whose record for paying grudge debts is so good, refused to help Brown when his turn came. Brown paid Chandler off with interest in 1942. He pitched his primary campaign on the issue of the swimming pool built by contractor Ben Collings in Chandler's back yard at Versailles.

The pool became part of our national political folklore. The teamsters union volunteered to jerk war-scarce scrap material from it. The Truman committee of the Senate investigated it and rendered what Brown denounced as a whitewash report. The War Production Board, after Chandler had survived the primary, administered a slap on the wrist to the contractor who gave Happy the pool. Before the issue was decided, Chandler was on his knees to Barkley, pleading for help against Brown. He convinced Barkley here was a chance to make a friend of Chandler. In spite of his reluctance to participate in primaries, Barkley delivered a speech for Happy, although Barkley's own loyalties were to Brown.

When Chandler was safely in office for six years, he resumed his sharpshooting at Barkley, and he also took after Franklin Roosevelt. He became the Senate's most voluble advocate of switching our main effort from the European front to the Pacific. So vociferously did he press his campaign that Prime Minister Winston Churchill, upon addressing a joint session of Congress, felt compelled to make a detailed reply to Happy.

Chandler's experting on the military front won him national attention, some of it favorable. By the spring of 1944, he felt he had wiped out the bad impression created by the swimming pool. He knew as early as anyone that the big city bosses had warned President Roosevelt that Henry Wallace had to go. By his own testimony, he sought vainly to enlist Roosevelt's support for the Wallace place.

Rebuffed by Roosevelt, Chandler decided to seek the vice-presidential nomination on his own—the way he had won political office in Kentucky. Once more, Barkley stood in his path. In spite of Happy's frantic wire-pulling and his threats of political reprisals, the state convention instructed its Chicago delegates to support Barkley for the vice-presidential nomination. Still Chandler would not give up. When it became evident that Wallace would be dropped, I wrote, as the Courier-Journal's Washington correspondent, that Barkley had (Continued on Page 158)

"Well, 'one man's meat. . . .'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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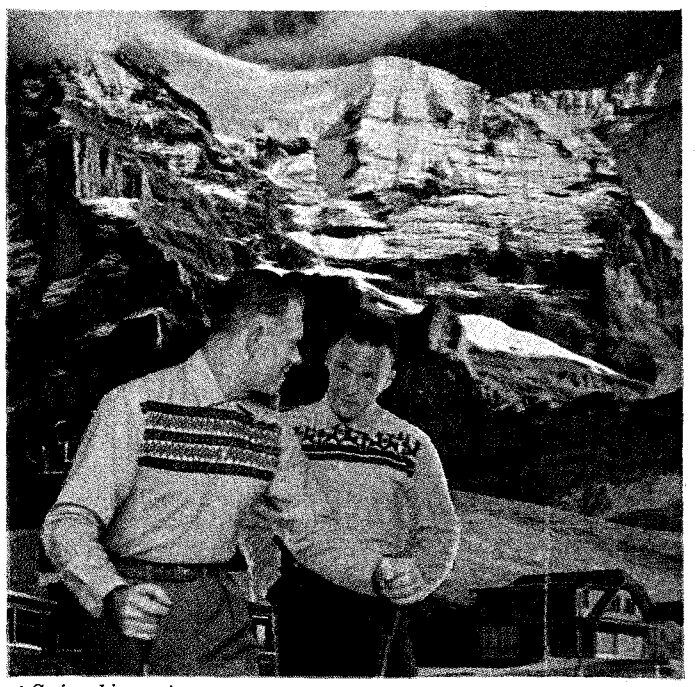
in the ruins of ancient Rome . . .



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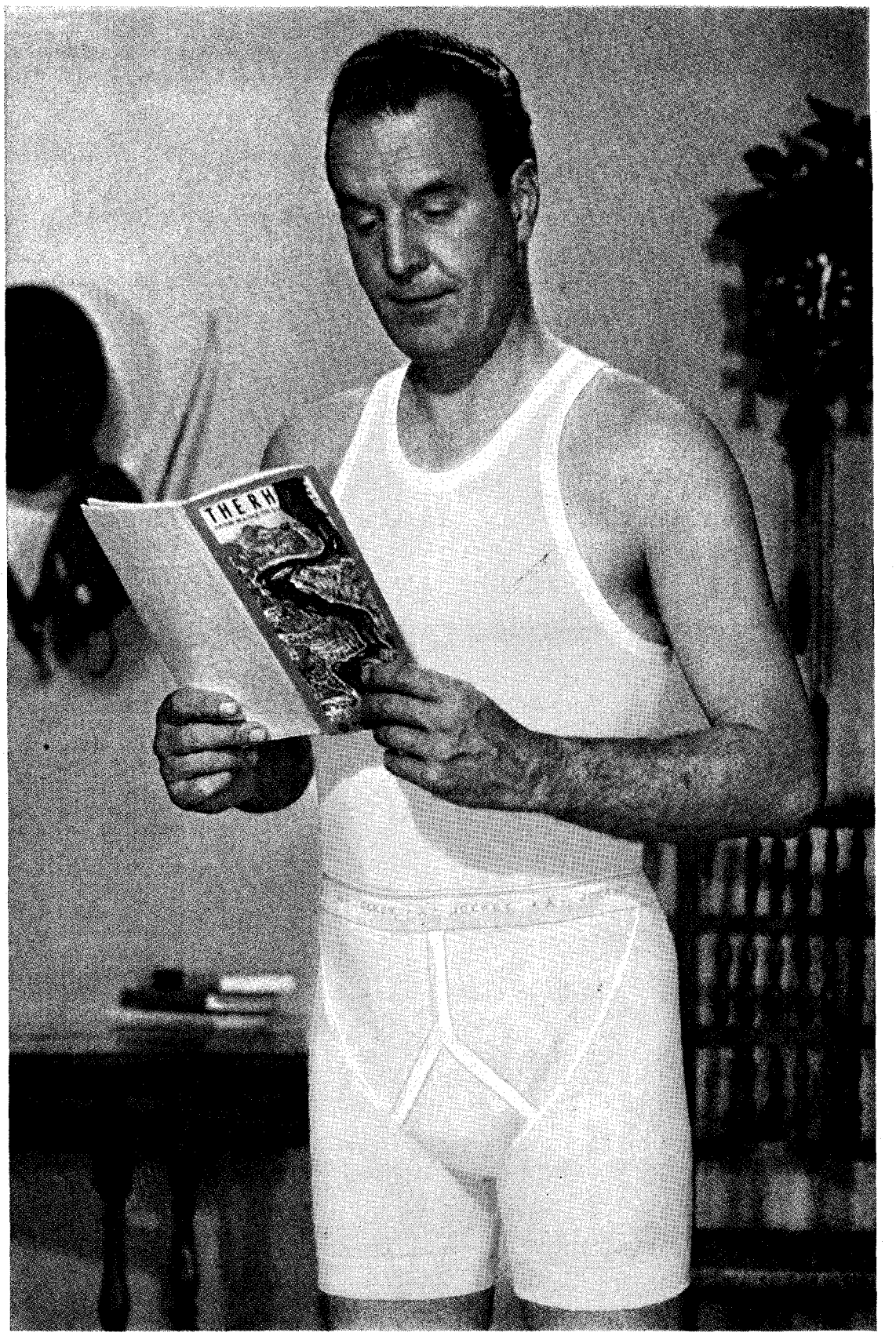

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(Continued from Page 156) an excellent chance to get the No. 2 spot on the Democratic ticket.

That story brought the only request Chandler ever made that I interview him. He told me he was far more likely than Barkley to be the Kentuckian who got the vice-presidential nomination. He recited a long list of Democratic politicians, from coast to coast, who were, he said, pledged to his support. For all his political experience, Chandler had yet to learn that when a politician put his arm about him, hugged him and said, "Happy, you're my boy," the politician didn't mean he was going to deliver delegates.

His confident mood followed him to the Chicago convention in July, 1944. The day before the sessions started, I found him in the Blackstone's lobby, fairly bubbling with good news.

"I'm going to get it," he said. "Ed Kelly is having placards painted now, saying 'Chandler for Vice President.' He's going to have his boys carry them through the convention hall. I've got a date with Kelly in a half hour to work out the plans. You meet me here in two hours and I'll tell you all about it." Happy was prompt for our second meeting in the lobby. But he was thoroughly deflated.

"It's no go," he said. "Kelly is still for me, but he said Roosevelt wants Jimmy Byrnes. Of course, Kelly has to go along with Roosevelt, and if Roosevelt wants Byrnes, that's all there is to it. I thought the President might keep his hands off. If he had, I'd have got Wallace's place."

The late Mayor Edward J. Kelly, of Chicago, wound up that week, with other big-city bosses, in Harry Truman's corner.

After the 1944 disappointment, the Senate grew even less attractive to Happy. In the spring of 1945, the major-league baseball-club owners were in the market for a successor to Kenesaw Mountain Landis as commissioner. Chandler's name was on a long list of likely prospects. He had been a college athlete and coach and was a devoted sports follower. But no one has explained satisfactorily why the owners settled on Chandler. One tale is that Larry MacPhail, of the New York Yankees, as bouncy, backslapping an extrovert as Happy, high-pressured the other owners into electing Chandler at a meeting at which they had no intention of electing anybody.

Equally obscure are the specific reasons why the owners, after six years, turned him out of office although they had given him one raise from $50,000 to $65,000. For the pleasure of dropping Happy, the owners were only too glad to pay off his contract which had more than a year to run.

Fred Saigh,* of the St. Louis Cardinals, led the attack. Chandler fought him to the last. In keeping with his dogma that the office never seeks the man, Happy toured the nation, calling in vain upon baseball fans to rise and protect him from his employers. Saigh got little satisfaction from his victory. Soon after he cut off Happy's head, Saigh was convicted of income-tax evasion and given fifteen months in Federal prison. Chandler never boasted that he put the finger on Saigh. But whenever anyone suggested he had supplied the information which did Saigh in, Happy was pleased to give a knowing wink and to refrain from refusing credit.

While Happy was struggling with the club owners, he was building in Kentucky a political deficit which seemed insurmountable. Many Democrats resented the fact that his resignation from the Senate, with three years still to serve, had enabled a Republican governor to appoint a Republican senator. Before he left the Senate, Happy had been willing to take much of the credit for the election of Republican S. S. Willis as governor in 1943. The Democratic primary that year had not gone to suit him. With a Republican governor credited to him, with a Republican seat warmer in the Senate as a result of his resignation, Happy openly fought the man nominated by the Democrats in 1946 to fill the two years left of his term. Facing Republican John Sherman Cooper was Happy's enemy, John Brown. Chandler declared, "No friend of mine can vote for John Brown." Cooper won.

Two years later came Chandler's big bolt. It caused him deep anguish to see Barkley get the 1948 vice-presidential nomination. With his own political career apparently washed up, Commissioner Chandler openly fought the Democratic ticket. When the States Rights Party nominee, Gov. J. Strom Thurmond, campaigned in Kentucky, he was entertained at the Chandler home. The editor of Chandler's Versailles paper was head of the Dixiecrat movement in Kentucky. Happy told friends he was glad Thurmond and Fielding Wright were running, so he wouldn't have to vote for Barkley. By 1955, the unabashed Chandler was denying he went over to the Dixiecrats. He baldly claimed that his hired-man editor supported Thurmond without his approval.

With all those party black marks against Chandler, his enemies failed to take seriously the threat he made as far back as 1951 to run for governor this year. As a result of that error, Kentucky Democrats face alternatives which, to many of them, are equally bitter: elect a Republican governor or give the job to Happy Chandler and send him to Chicago next summer as Kentucky's favorite son. THE END

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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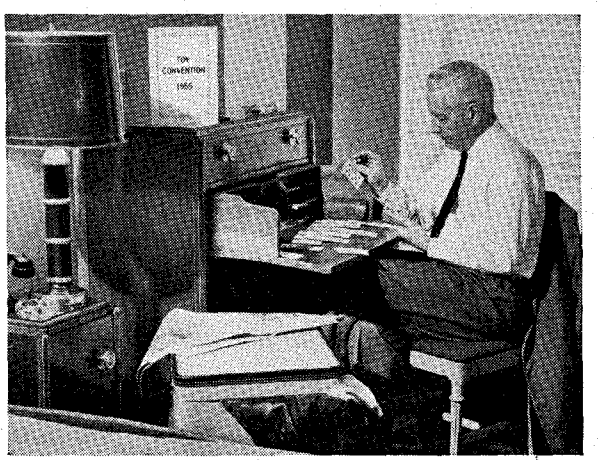

3. Are you losing contact with old friends? YES___ NO___

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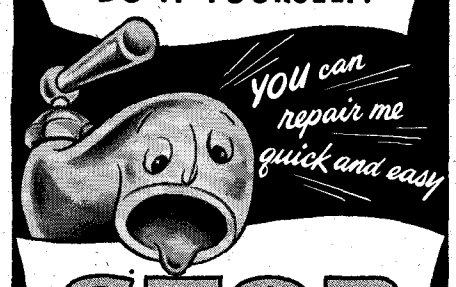

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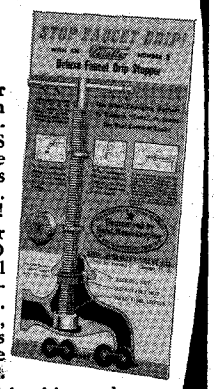

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Hollywood's Booming Baritone

(Continued from Page 22)

dislocates plumbing fixtures and cracks the sides of swimming pools three blocks away."

Keel earns upward of $2000 a week now, singing his songs, kidnaping Esther Williams, wooing Kathryn Grayson and eloping with Jane Powell in pictures which exploit all the sex appeal possible in the juxtaposition of a pretty girl and thunder-voiced hero. He usually wears whiskers—black and wicked in Kiss Me Kate, red and violent in Seven Brides for Seven Brothers—to make him look fierce and romantic.

Earlier this year, in protest against beards and wigs, which he condemns as hot and ticklish, Keel had his hair clipped in a utting, college-boy-type crew-cut.

I called Keel on the telephone one evening and found him pleased because he'd recently gone to Washington to sing at the press photographers' ball and hadn't been recognized.

"Everybody thought I was a G-man," he told me delightedly.

I congratulated him and inquired if there was any other excitement in his life.

"Well, I shot a seventy-four, which is a miracle for me," Howard said. "Otherwise no adventures. I stick around the house and putter. I lead a dull life, dad."

In Hollywood you can easily hear loud and emphatic dissents to that last statement. Keel may give a good homeside impersonation of a sedate junior executive, country-club style. He is a do-it-yourselfer. The first time I met him he was making a shelf in the garage. He's an able hand with a carburetor and a fair amateur with a paintbrush—a portrait of his five-year-old daughter, Kaiya, is rough around the edges, but recognizable. The Keels usually spend Saturday nights looking at 16-millimeter films, with Howard as projectionist. But Keel has outshouted too many forty-piece studio orchestras and tried to smash too many grand pianos with his fists to enjoy a reputation for professional sober-sidedness.

It was Kiss Me Kate, released in 1953, that made him an accredited movie-type swashbuckler. He strode around wearing striped tights, dandled Miss Kathryn Grayson insolently and spanked her. He sang his large songs, wagged his rakehell whiskers and made like a very wicked fellow indeed. He almost lost this part by sulking and hollering.

Keel had been excellent in Annie Get Your Gun, good but miscast as Ravenal in Show Boat, a part that might have been better performed by a tenor. After these he played in a number of pictures in which he sang little or not at all. He grew sullen, let himself get out of condition. When Kiss Me Kate was announced, he considered the part his by rights and demanded it. Jack Cummings, the producer, firmly said no.

Howard stormed Cummings' office for a showdown, and the showdown reverberated through M-G-M halls like bass drums in an armory. Keel shouted. Cummings shouted. Keel demanded. Cummings pronounced Keel overweight, sloppy, out of voice and unfit for swashbuckling. Keel slammed the door, stalked out mumbling, went home, roared at his small wife and hid in the garage. He mourned for several hours before he concluded that you can't lick a producer. He called Cummings on the telephone.

"O.K.," he said. "Let's say you're right. I'm fat. I'm a slob. I'm out of voice. I'm grateful you had the kindness to lay it on me. But I've got to have the part. I'll be a reformed character. I'll even quit smoking. I'll shed beef. So, what's about this swashbuckling? What do you mean, 'swashbuckle'?"

It turns out that Cummings' use of that word doesn't jibe with the dictionary definition. In Hollywood, "swashbuckle" describes a precise dramatic technique. As Cummings puts it, it means "to stride around like a bad young man with nine mistresses."

This exercise in semantics may be no contribution to scholarship, but it enlightened Keel. Howard began to leap, prance, strut and rehearse from seven A.M. to eleven P.M. He took off twenty pounds and stopped smoking permanently. He worked his voice into tune. He wound up a swashbuckler—one of the most vigorous since Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

Unlike some singers—Miss Jane Powell, for instance, who can belt out a high C before breakfast—Howard is a performer who requires extended warm-up periods before he can go under full steam. He feels better if he has his neck vigorously rubbed and his back pounded. He frequently arrives at recording sessions at M-G-M convinced that he is not so good as he ought to be.

Johnny Green, who has coped with musical temperament from Mario Lanza to Lauritz Melchior, tells me that any Keel recording means a long, grisly session. "What should take two hours invariably takes five hours."

In private lessons with Leon Cepparo, the M-G-M coach, Howard moans about his inadequacies and slams the keyboard with his fists.

Lately, says Cepparo, he has been able to get Howard to sing easier, in effortless head tones. Cepparo is one of the experts who believe Keel is destined for grand opera, but he tempers his opinion with criticism. "When he came here from Broadway, he blatted like a calf," he says. "We still work on him to ease him down."

Howard prefers concert work to motion pictures or stage shows, but he still has to buck himself up and get over stage fright when he wants to give a top performance. A few years ago a singing teacher named George Walker tried to make something of Howard. Howard resisted training, fought discipline and finally left Mr. Walker in anger. Walker gave him a piece of departing advice.

"Someday, boy, success will come all at once," he said. "You'll be out there to sing. Now, when that happens, you remind yourself that you are the greatest singer in the world. And spit in that audience's eye!"

Keel finds this rubric is good mental hygiene for him today. It works fine.

In Glasgow last year he forgot the words to Annie Laurie. Keel stood on stage, grinning helplessly, spread his hands deprecatingly and gave up. The audience rose as one Scot and finished the song for him.

In Edinburgh, bobby-soxers in tartans besieged him. They surrounded the theater and threatened to beat down his dressing-room door. Keel soothed them by sticking his head out of a window and singing Oklahoma! to an audience which gathered in an alley. Incidents like this astonish him. Movie-star adulation is a new thing in his life. It is true that he came to Hollywood after three years of success in Oklahoma! and Carousel on Broadway and in London, but he had been baffled, hungry and anonymous so many years before that he still finds it hard to believe that anyone really likes him.

There are phases of his life about which he is angry and reticent. Fan-magazine writers, who expect to be told the most intimate details of movie stars' lives, find Keel stubborn and un-co-operative. He has refused brusquely to let his wife and children be photographed. "If I have to use them for publicity, to hell with it," he says.

Keel was born in the coal-mining town of Gillespie, Illinois, population 4000, thirty-four years ago. His father was a miner in a community where, Howard puts it, "Mules were more valuable than men. When they killed men it didn't cost them anything to replace them."

His father was one of the men killed. Howard was eleven years old. It is impossible to know what happened. Howard will not discuss it. At any rate, Keel, Sr., died tragically, leaving a widow and two small boys in poverty. On the subject of his father, Howard goes only this far: "He would come home, scrub and drive us boys miles to hear any kind of a band concert. He tried to teach me and my brother, Bill, to play valve trombones. I never learned the difference between sharp and flat. I can't read my notes yet."

His mother took in washing, which Howard delivered; and baked bread, which Howard peddled. The boys scrabbled along the railroad tracks for coal. Howard recalls that his family was regarded as socially unacceptable. He made no friends at school. At fifteen he grew to six-foot-three, weighed only 140

(Continued on Page 162)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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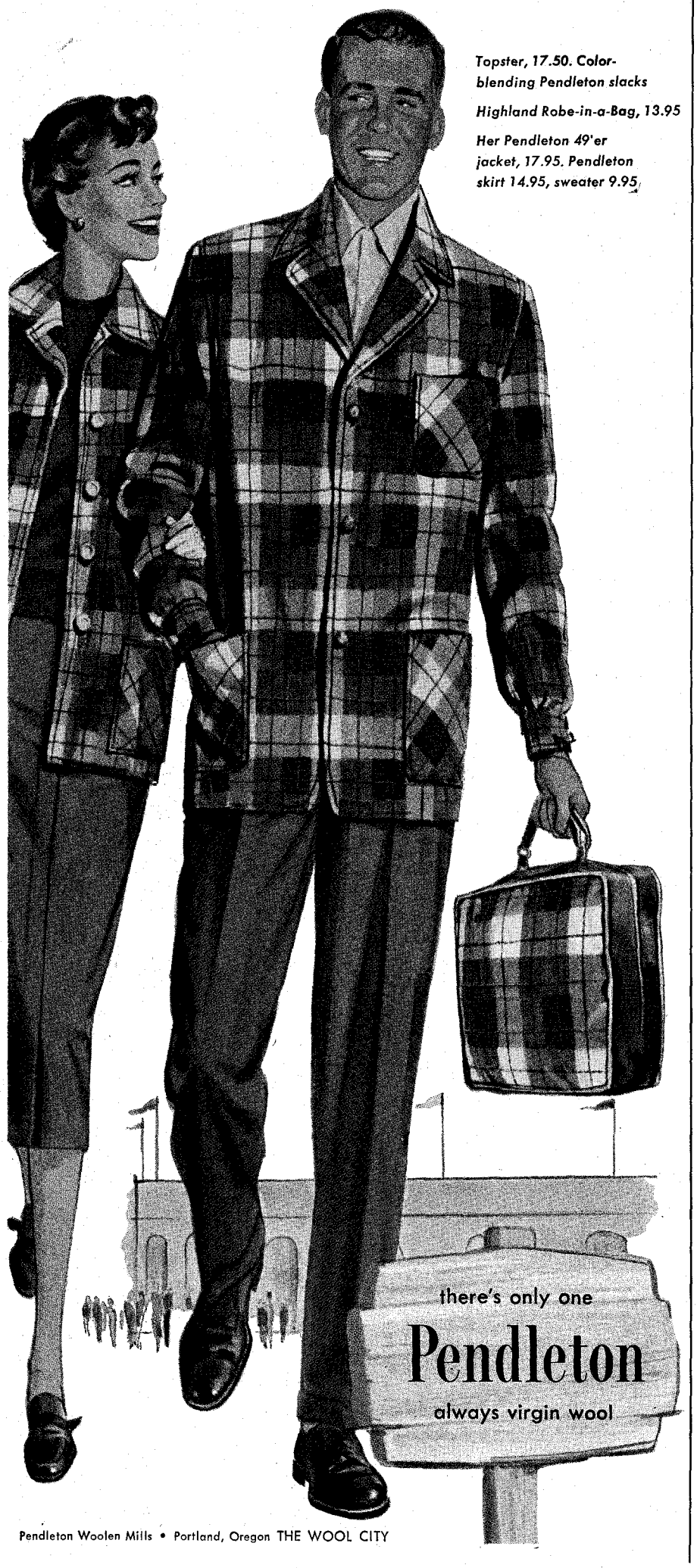

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(Continued from Page 160)

pounds and felt like a freak. His mother became ill, was threatened with tuberculosis, and his brother—six years older—joined the Civilian Conservation Corps.

"I stood in line for handouts at the relief office," Keel relates. "Our regular dinner was rolled oats and gravy. We were damn wretched."

In 1934, Mrs. Keel loaded a few possessions and her awkward son into a tin Lizzie and headed for California. The Lizzie gave out at Fallbrook, near Palomar Mountain. Mrs. Keel became a hotel cook there, and Howard went to high school. When they made their way to Los Angeles, Mrs. Keel cooked at a U.C.L.A. sorority house. Howard parked cars, washed dishes, did odd jobs.

He thought hopefully of education. One day he took a bus to Glendale, a conservative community next door to Los Angeles, and got off near the junior college, where he intended to register. A group of casually dressed boys and girls bore down on him, laughing. Keel stared at them in dismay and fled. "I felt like an oaf," he told me. "I was scared. I ran, and that ended education."

He lost all of his early jobs in exhibitions of bad temper. He waited on table at the White Horse Inn, in Los Angeles, and, when he was asked to work on his night off, resigned by throwing three pitchersfuls of water at the boss. He parked cars near Paramount studio and quit that in disgust.

Up to the age of twenty, Howard never opened his mouth in song. One evening, when he had a few drinks too many, he sang out at "Mom" Ryder's boardinghouse in Los Angeles, where he lived. "You got to take lessons," Mom Ryder urged.

Keel protested, but Mom enrolled him in a Boyle Heights class at twenty-five cents a lesson. He stood in line with ten other boys, mostly tenors, strained his voice and walked out.

Mom Ryder persisted. Keel enrolled under Ralph Blum at Los Angeles High School, rumbled Without a Song in nervous blurts and impressed Mr. Blum.

Howard and Blum got along not at all. "He wanted me to work; he wanted disciplined singing and rehearsals," Keel says. But Blum knew a voice when he heard one. He turned Keel over to ex-singer Hans (Papa) Lehrt and voice coach George Houston, who were putting on operas in English. These gentlemen—with enormous patience, disregarding Howard's complaints—taught him. After months of hard work, Houston and Lehrt pushed Keel on stage in front of a symphony orchestra in Pasadena to sing the bass part in a Handel oratorio. The concert won him a scholarship from Houston, who took him sternly in hand, put up with his moods and disciplined him. Keel studied and vocalized at night and worked by day at Douglas Aircraft, where he was a skinfitter, and, incidentally, "frozen" as a defense worker during the war. A skinfitter is a laborer who puts aluminum sheathing on aircraft. Keel, of course, quit his job several times in anger at himself or at his bosses.

In August, 1944, he won a contest at the Chicago Music Festival. He won, according to the judges, for "a big, natural voice, not for musicianship." His triumph brought no fame. After this he sang in a few unimportant concerts in college towns and performed for women's-club affairs in Los Angeles. He returned to Douglas at forty-five dollars a week.

Keel was skinfitting early in 1945 when two Broadway song writers and producers he'd heard of only vaguely ran into a peculiar difficulty. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, II, were making a fortune from Oklahoma! but running short of baritones to sing Curly, the leading role. Oklahoma! was not only setting an all-time musical-show record in New York but road shows were playing all over America and, at one time, in eight foreign countries.

Curly was a split personality. The part required a big baritone who could make that optimistic weather report, Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin', in the opening scene, and a dancer to replace him in Agnes de Mille's difficult ballet sequences. Rodgers and Hammerstein and their associates, the New York Theater Guild, long ago lost count of the number of young men who sang and danced Curly with various Oklahoma Companies. There must have been at least forty-eight Curlys.

During the Curly shortage, Rodgers and Hammerstein put on another hit show, Carousel, which also used up baritones. The producers swapped singers between Carousel at the Majestic, and Oklahoma! at the St. James, in New York, and their many road companies, but they never had enough big-voiced actors to go around. This explains why Oscar Hammerstein, II listened to an aircraft worker and made a Broadway star of him overnight.

Howard was hammering a fuselage one afternoon when he received a telephone call from an agent. "Get over to the Beverly Hills Hotel and sing for Oscar Hammerstein," the agent commanded. "Five o'clock sharp. Better sing Oklahoma!"

Keel dropped his tools, hurried to his boardinghouse, changed into his suit—he had only one—learned the words to Oklahoma! on a bus, and went to see Hammerstein.

"Scared? No. I was relaxed as hell," he says. "I didn't know just who this Hammerstein was. Some big shot from New York. I didn't worry about singing him his own song. I was knobby-headed and I didn't give much of a damn. I'd sung for people before and nothing ever happened."

Mr. Hammerstein, in recalling this incident, said that what impressed him most was Howard's poise. "A blind man could see that he was a natural actor. So I sent him to New York."

What followed was brutal and exhausting. John Fearnley, a Rodgers and Hammerstein director, took Keel and a stack of phonograph records up to Westchester County and taught him the lead in Carousel in four days.

On the day before Keel's first Broadway orchestra rehearsal, Japan gave up and the armistice was declared. Keel stayed up celebrating until six A.M. and acquired a stunning hangover. He dosed himself with coffee and repentance for four hours, and arrived at the theater at ten o'clock. Keel recalls that he felt like a man who has soaked his head in embalming fluid.

"Which," he says, "is one way to get relaxed. I never sang better."

One night later he replaced John Raitt in the lead of Carousel at the Majestic. Two weeks after that he became a stopgap, or bicycling, Curly, spelling Robert Kennedy in Oklahoma! at the St. James. He alternated between shows for several months, sometimes singing one part at a matinee, the other at night. Eventually he became a permanent Curly and performed in Oklahoma! for three months on Broadway.

Keel left Carousel loudly and unhappily. He was making $250 a week, and he reasoned that for this kind of money a man ought to sing very well indeed. But during an attack of bronchitis he found it difficult to sing over the orchestra. He pleaded with conductor Joseph Liban to tone down the musicians. Instead, Keel claims, Liban played louder. After two nights during which he felt that he was being drowned out, Howard waylaid Liban, found all his voice in bellows of profanity, and was making a start at dismembering the conductor when stagehands interrupted.

Shortly after this musical interlude, Howard moved over to Oklahoma! for

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good. He headed the cast when the show went to London for what turned out to be a three-year run. He was good. The Queen Mother came backstage to meet the American star. Sir Laurence Olivier entertained him. Portrait painters posed him. But after eighteen months of nine performances a week, Keel grew weary of his old friend, Curly, and demanded an extra vacation with pay. When the producers discovered that Keel intended to use the time to make a movie test, they refused to let him off. Howard responded predictably. He quit.

Oscar Hammerstein, II, possibly the one boss at whom Keel has never yelled, tried to soothe him. Keel, however, now considered himself a very big man and was convinced that Hollywood surely needed him. He embarked for California to make a test for Warner Brothers.

"It was a stinker," he says. "I sang badly, that's all. I made another for Hal Wallis. It was a mess. So I went back to London to get work."

There he acted a part that was custom-built for a large, suspicious man who had it in for everybody. He played a psychopathic killer in The Small Voice, produced by Anthony Havelock-Allan, with James Donald and Valerie Hobson. He did the part with such photogenic ill will that The Small Voice is regarded today as a minor classic of psychiatric melodrama.

When he finished the picture, Keel returned to New York under the impression that agents would be enchanted to serve an actor who had starred on stage and screen in London. Agents demanded auditions, which Howard considered degrading. He sulked and sang poorly when he did get tryouts. He turned down two offers of jobs because he thought they wouldn't amount to much. The first was the musical show, Inside U.S.A., which became a hit, and the second was the imperishable South Pacific.

Early in 1950 Keel was broke, jobless and engaged to Helen Anderson, who had danced in the London company. The wedding didn't take place until Howard could send for her in Hollywood. He got to Hollywood because M-G-M, like Rodgers and Hammerstein, suffered a shortage of baritones.

His signing was sudden. Arthur Freed, the producer, needed a big, loud man for Annie Get Your Gun. He looked at Howard's Warner Brothers test, winced, but called up his old friend Hammerstein in New York. Mr. Hammerstein, who is as low-pressure as a cup of tea, merely said, "Why, he's good." That much from Hammerstein is an accolade in show business, and Howard was taken on, untested, at $850 a week. He broke his ankle in the first scene, which is where we came in.

Howard lives in a big house in Beverly Hills, the first he ever owned, with his wife and two small daughters, Kaiya and Kristine, and a new-born son. He reports daily to Leon Cepparo for vocalizing at the studio, practices for at least three hours, and has developed a range that embraces low D and F sharp. He roars around Beverly Hills, Culver City and Hollywood in a red British sports car, which he operates aggressively, under the impression that all other drivers are bent on murdering him. The Keel voice gets a loud workout in any traffic situation.

He swashbuckles in Kismet, his new picture, just completed, and wears whiskers, of course. But the Kismet whiskers are his own, home-grown to escape the tortures of false beards, known in Hollywood as "muffs." Keel's reliance on whiskers long ago became a standard joke at M-G-M. The saying is that he is the only actor in pictures who had to grow a full beard before he came of age—dramatically, that is.

Some of the swashbuckling required of the big man has occasionally done him in. In Jupiter's Darling, Keel was required to ride a tall elephant while singing Hannibal's Victory Song at the top of his lungs. The day was hot. The elephant swayed, rocked and rolled. Keel became violently seasick and disgraced himself.

In Rose Marie, despite an antipathy for horses, Howard played his one prank. He is usually solemn and unconversational on the set, but when Jack Benny came to visit, Keel was smitten with dramatic inspiration. He induced Benny to don a Mountie uniform, climb onto a gentle horse and ride into camera range. Director Mervyn Le Roy took this in stride, dropped Mr. Benny on the cutting-room floor and hoped that Keel would loosen up again and try a prank. But this was his only contribution to nonsense.

His most earnest chore this year was to learn to dance. In Kismet he is called on to prance around with twelve seductive harem beauties, a chore almost any young man might approach with *élan*. Not Keel. He began by working out at the gymnasium daily; then insisted on four hours' practice daily with the famed choreographer, Jack Cole. It turns out sadly that Keel is too vast a fellow to make a dainty dancer. He will go through some motions, but he definitely will not pirouette.

He has blown up in a big way only once so far. With Andre Previn conducting the seventy-piece studio orchestra on Stage 1, Keel bobbled the lyrics of Sands of Time, a long and complicated number, and yelled his anguish for most of an afternoon.

Previn and the orchestra grinned contentedly. "Glad to get that out of his system," Previn said. "Now we'll get a swell performance."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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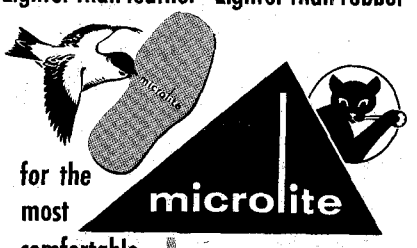

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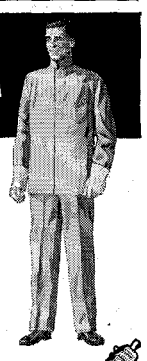

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The Lady's Houseboy

(Continued from Page 34)

stared with stark and somber eyes at the woman who suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Wearing a white laboratory coat, standing tall and tapered, with questioning eyes and sensitive hands, she looked at him with less indignation than stupefaction. Lighting a cigarette with exceeding patience, she leaned against the doorframe, folded her arms and broke into subdued laughter. Uneasily, the houseboy joined in with his own staccato measure.

Suddenly and rather grimly, she sobered. "I call you Rosalia, then?"

"Juanela," he replied softly.

"Juanela, eh?" She picked up the eggplant and balanced it speculatively. "I've contracted day workers from the same domestic agency for five years. I was told to expect Rosalia this time. Who are you?"

"Rosalia's uncle," said Juanela, departing the stool and bringing his fragile structure to attention.

"You've come in her place for the day, is that it?"

"Rosalia does not wish to work, but she does what you call research on jobs for me. I have always been a houseboy, with high references."

"If you have such high references, why does Rosalia have to research your jobs?"

"I do not wish to misuse my references before I have chosen the job which requires me."

Miss Wriston's lofty expression fractured. "Look here, I'm a physicist. I require the most ordinary sort of household help."

"An unusual person always requires superior household help," suggested Juanela.

"That may well be, but I can't afford it."

"In the long run, I am an economy," said Juanela. "I am frugal; I do not fatten the accounts in any fashion; I save premium coupons and do all jobs, including the arrangement of flowers."

Miss Wriston bounced the eggplant to the counter. Juanela winced as if to share its pain. "But why me?" demanded Miss Wriston. "There are people who need this sort of service. You'd be bored to distraction taking care of me. This isn't an interesting job, do you understand? For that matter, I'm not an interesting person."

Juanela nodded agreeably. A wafer of black hair slipped across his forehead; he tossed it back. "It was not a simple decision," he confessed, removing the eggplant carefully from her reach. "I gave much muscle of thought to it. Often my head has ached at night."

"Your head!" echoed Miss Wriston.

"Yes. I made my decision on that line in the application which asks the employer to describe working conditions of the spirit."

"Atmosphere," corrected Miss Wriston.

"I insist always that Rosalia memorize these lines for me."

"How indirect of you!"

"Most employers," continued Juanela, "insist that working conditions of the spirit are always cheerful and harmonious. Such everlasting success in private life is dishonest."

"I trust I was original, at least."

"Yes," said Juanela, in a reverie. "In the little space I speak about, you said conditions were dull as dishwater."

"Ditch water," amended Miss Wriston.

"Yes," said Juanela vaguely. "Dishwater."

"Well, aren't they?" she demanded.

He emerged reluctantly from his abstraction. "I have worked in many kinds of dishwater," he said, placidly skimming a soup on the stove.

"Meaning what?"

"I shall be quite useful," he replied. "And now I will tell you what you require to know about myself."

Miss Wriston stared in a kind of arch fatigue at the small person of Juanela. "I haven't said I agreed to any part of this conspiracy."

"No," he admitted, "but I have spent two weeks in deciding which job needed me most. You have not found me unsatisfactory yet. And it would be very difficult for your conscience."

"I must say I admire the intelligence which can misuse logic creatively."

Juanela discarded his black apron and donned his white. "I am born in the high country of the Philippines. I have a wife and three daughters," he stated.

"I assume you taught them everything they know."

"They are still learning," he said. "I shall arrive at seven in the morning. In the afternoon I occupy four hours to market and amuse myself. At five-thirty I return and prepare dinner. I shift these hours to accommodate myself. For extra duty, I do not charge—I adjust the week accordingly. Dinner is served at seven."

"Don't tell me all this comes with no bad habits?"

Juanela paused in unwrapping a bottle of gin. "My unfortunate habits do not involve anyone else," he said simply. "I enjoy the cockfight as no other sport. It is illegal, but if the law interferes, I am careful

> There's never a dull moment in some people's lives: it's that way all the time.
>
> NANCY LEVIN

to give my third cousin's name, and I budget regularly for the amount of the fine. But there is one other thing. If one day—but very seldom does this happen—I do not appear, you will not expect me for several days."

"Hashish!" said Miss Wriston intuitively. "Only a secret addict of something would apply for a job like this."

"No. But it requires time to gamble well." He glanced at the clock on the wall. "Will you have one or two Martinis before dinner?"

"Look here," said Miss Wriston sternly. "We can't even afford lemon soda around here."

"I have examined the household receipts of my predecessor," said Juanela. "She shopped late and lazily. I shall manage on half that amount, since I deal only in basic materials. Will you have Martinis before or after you change for dinner?"

Miss Wriston cast a tense hand of despair above her head and turned away. "Bring on the basic materials," she said wearily. "You'll cave in as they all do, sooner or later. It's a doomed household. Only don't blame me when you get lonely."

At seven-thirty the following morning, Roxanne Wriston jolted upright in bed and glared into bald sunlight, where the slight figure of Juanela in his black apron was briskly snapping up window shades. At a distance, a cataract of water fell into the bath.

"Great spectrums!" she yawned. "Isn't there a cockfight somewhere at this hour?"

The dry crepe of Juanela's face broke into a smile. He shook some lingerie from a mound of clothing.

"Leave everything right where it is, thank you!" snapped Roxanne.

"It is time for washing out while I make coffee," said Juanela firmly. "Synthetics I know all about."

"There isn't much you couldn't know about, at this rate," said Roxanne. She ran a hand through the limp curtain of her hair. In the midst of a yawn, she paused and inhaled the fruity vapor from the bathroom. "What is it—incense?"

Juanela nodded happily from the doorway. "Yes, arbutus incense for the bath."

"Do you mean I'm supporting your services, this establishment and bath salts as well?"

"There was no cost," he replied with candor. "A five-pound bag of bath incense is the reward for buying forty-eight cans of chicken broth at the supermarket this week."

"I assume you have an irresistible recipe for forty-eight cans of chicken broth."

"Oh, yes, I make everything from chicken broth, according to the number of gentlemen for dinner. You will let me know the number of gentlemen for dinner and when."

"You'd better make everything with chicken broth for one desolate lady. Of gentlemen there are none," she remarked, an ironic tuck to her cheek.

Juanela paused delicately. "No gentlemen?"

"Dishwater—as I said," she affirmed.

"Perhaps one gentleman you like better than many," he suggested.

"Oh, there's a biochemist in the neighboring laboratory who shows up every six weeks when he's baffled in his work. I let him make his own peanut-butter sandwiches. You'll wind up doing the same."

Juanela made a slight gesture of pathos and trailed off to the kitchen.

It can be said of the highly educated that they are at least educable, and Roxanne responded flexibly to the convenience of a manservant. Or rather to the greased bearings of her household. There were, of course, certain snags. As, for example, the morning she scratched her knee curiously on a piece of metal sticking from the hem of her petticoat.

Juanela, for his own part, led a lyrical existence. In the afternoon, oilcloth shopping bag in hand, he browsed the enameled shop fronts below the pueblo community of apartments. His actual purchases he made at the supermarket, where he studied in great detail the neighborhood bulletin board. On Tuesdays, he took a bus to the water front, where he bought fish and played dominoes with an Egyptian. On Thursdays, he took a bus to the wholesale-produce section, where he bought meat and green stuff and played fan-tan with a Chinese grocer. Once a month, he made soap from rendered kitchen fat, dyed it a lusty pink and molded it in muffin tins. In the residential area behind Miss Wriston's apartment he tagged several excellent domestic gardens, from which he was able to cut freely in the fog of dawn on his way to work. With the last of the domestic chrysanthemums, he located the trucking entrance of a florist, where, by arriving in advance and loitering inconspicuously, he was able to pluck off the straggling outside flowers when the driver made deliveries.

In the rocky fen of the park, beyond the accidental encounter of children, he established a rabbit trap in an aperture between two boulders, a spot which he himself reached by wriggling forward on his stomach and drawing forth the trap on a forked stick. This he checked daily on his way to work by casting the beam of a watch-chain flashlight into the aperture. When the ducklings among the Pekings on the park pond came of size, he occasionally led them, with a sparse collation of corn, on a dawn patrol behind a brace of elms. There was no end to the economy of Juanela's shopping bag.

After much persistent suggestion on the part of Juanela, Roxanne eventually invited the

(Continued on Page 167)

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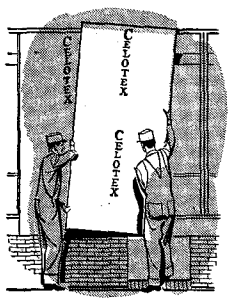

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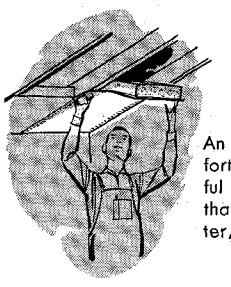

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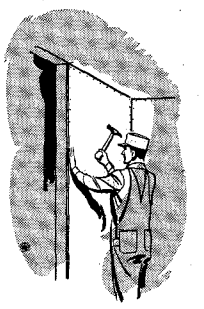

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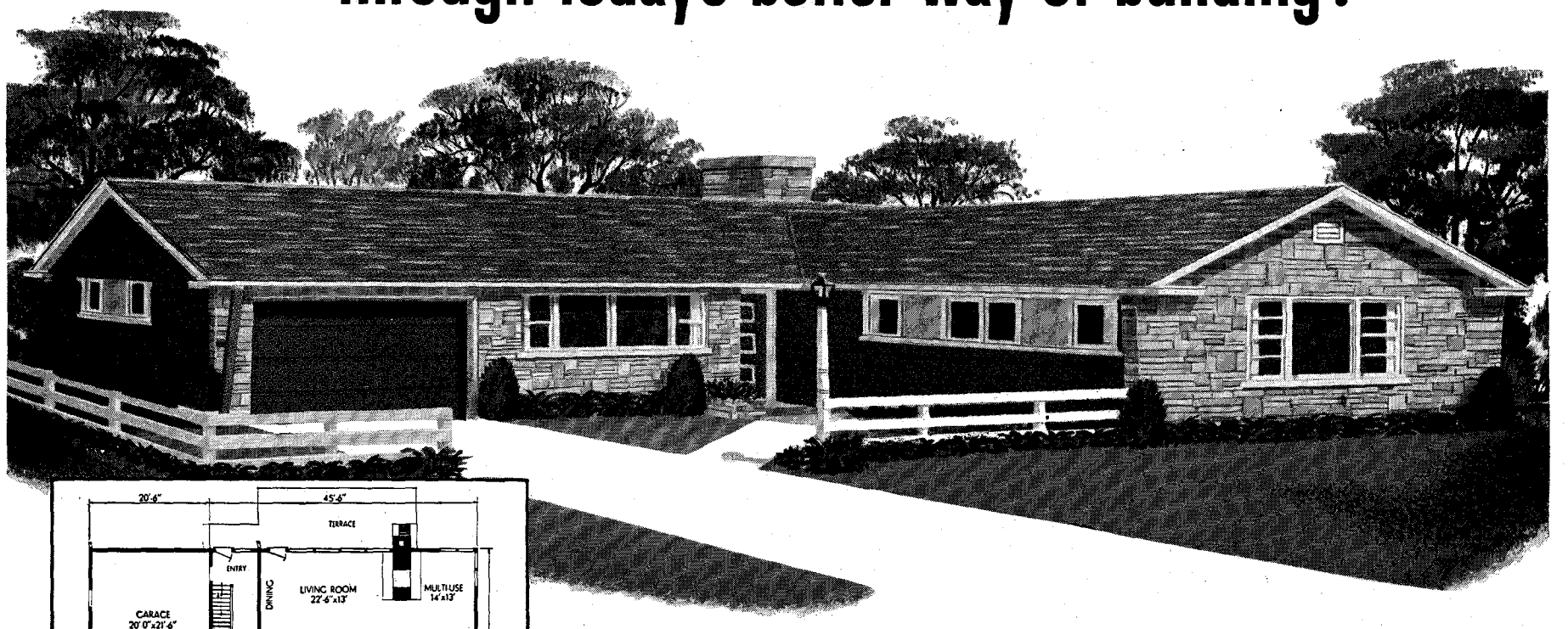

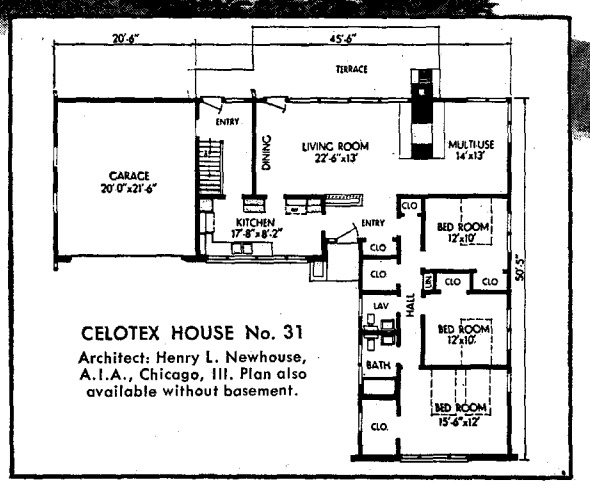

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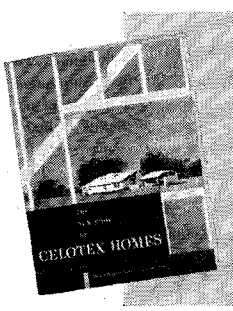

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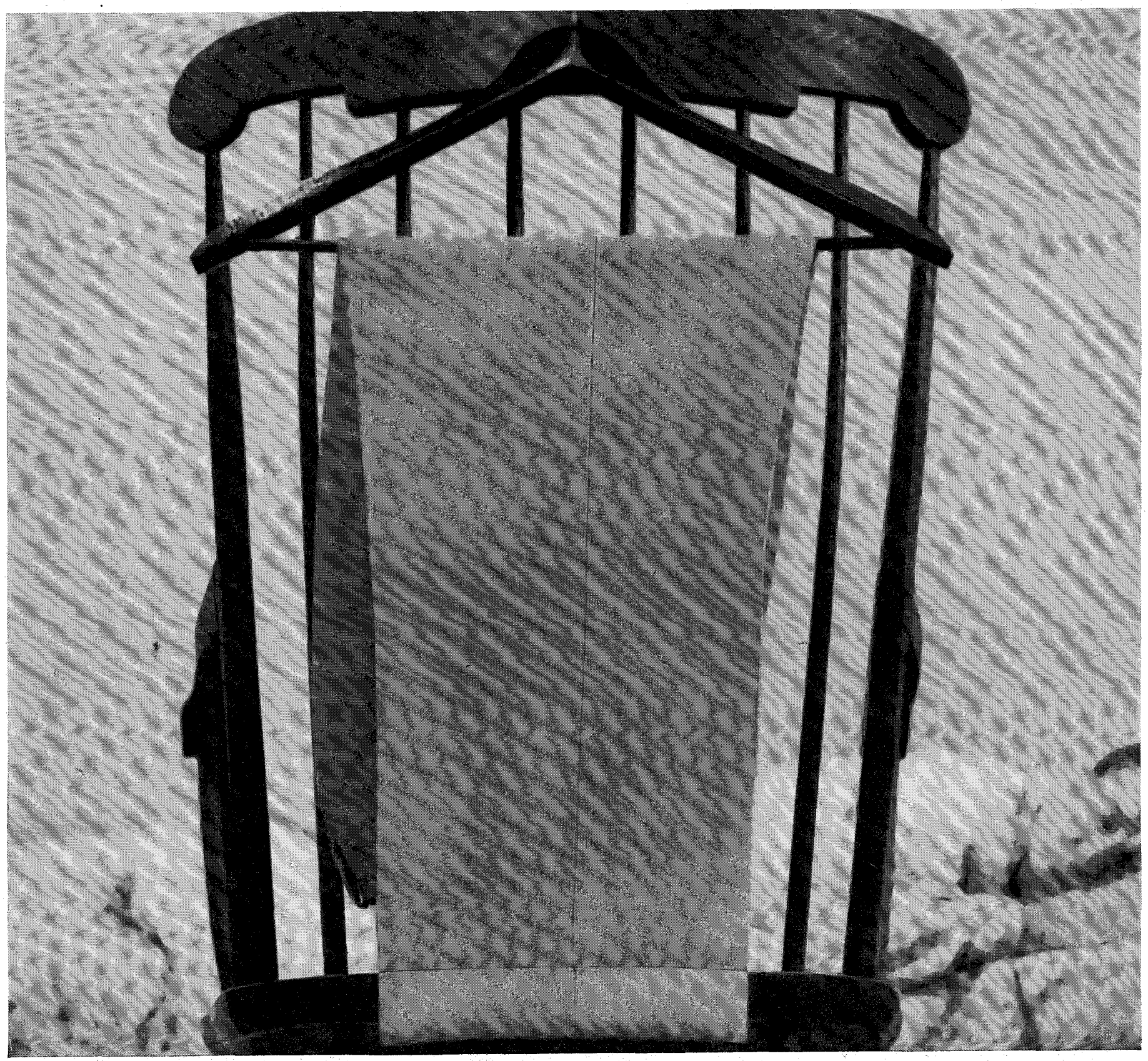

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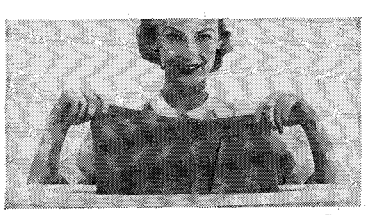

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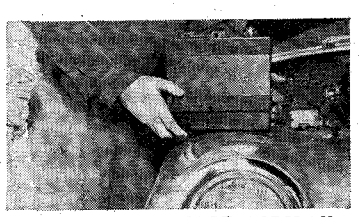

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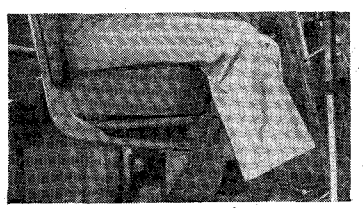

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(Continued from Page 164) biochemist to dinner. He was a pale man with a thin neck, an expression of dead passivity and a gripping sincerity.

The next evening Roxanne returned home in a state of brooding malevolence. Over the dessert of orange compote, she sighed conclusively. "Well, that's that," she said aloud.

"Pardon?" murmured Juanela, pausing in pouring the coffee.

"The last of Stanley," she said conclusively.

"Has he gone on a journey?" inquired Juanela politely.

"He has indeed. A journey with no return. He maintains he got streptococcal food poisoning here last evening."

"It is not possible," replied Juanela calmly.

"Hold on to the trick anyway. We might want to count another odd man out."

"I think he is a slow coach perhaps," said Juanela.

"He's an arrogant scientist with too many gratuitous moral opinions. He can't imagine why I have a lazy houseboy around

●

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when an energetic maid could be maintained for less."

Juanela folded his hands complacently beneath his apron. "Shall we entertain more gentlemen?"

"Oh, get the good life off your mind, Juanela. I frighten men."

"Perhaps some gentlemen do not frighten so easily."

"All men frighten easily when a woman isn't a domestic teapot. And if I were domestic, you wouldn't be so efficient."

"You make very good arrangements of books on shelves," offered Juanela.

"Don't humor me. I think too much. I'm cagey and cynical. And men want to be cookied and kept cozy."

Juanela shrugged disconsolately, gathered in his dishes and moved toward the kitchen.

"And, Juanela ——"

"Yes, Miss Wriston."

"I'm sorry it's such—dull ditch water."

Over his shoulder, Juanela revealed his tarred teeth in a shred of a smile. "I will take care of the dishwater."

Roxanne winced in unfathomable apprehension.

Juanela was in the midst of repotting his window parsley with a mulch of tea leaves the following week when suddenly he put down his bent fork and untied his apron. Buttoning himself into the tight clutch of his jacket, he rolled his shopping bag into his pocket, imbedded the loose strands of his hair in place before the mirror in the foyer; then whipped back to Roxanne's desk, where he covered a sheet of note paper with embellished script.

This accomplished, he set off for the supermarket, where he examined the bulletin board with its wealth of services for hire, its bassinets and canaries. Thoughtfully he trundled a cart containing a box of rice around five corridors, pausing to ponder at length a marine scene on a can of salmon. He returned a misplaced cheese to its proper category in the refrigerator case. Then suddenly, like a bird flown to suet, he darted to the bulletin board in front of the cash registers and pinned up his piece of note paper. Seating himself on the ledge at the front of the store, his shopping bag at his feet, he lifted his gaze nervously now and again and appraised his notice.

Uninterested party wishes to call attention to highly intelligent woman. Outstanding appearance. No housework. If interested, leave number of communication.

By five o'clock, when it was necessary for him to leave to prepare supper, only a few men with shopping lists and carts of baby food had forgathered and left their impudent inscriptions. Juanela returned home in an ineffable sadness. There were moments when his motives went rather shabbily amok, and in such moments he retreated quietly and bled awhile.

The next morning, returning to the supermarket to detach his notice, he observed a typed bit of information posted to the upper left.

FOR SALE: by gentleman with no use for same—one dust ruffle, one set sprigged china. Reasonable. Court Apts. 4A.

Juanela lost no time in presenting himself to the proposition. He rang and was admitted to 4A by a gray-eyed man with half an eyebrow shaved off and a striped towel round his neck.

"I have come to see the ruffle for dust and the twigged china," said Juanela.

"Right this way," he replied, tossing the towel over his shoulder and turning on his heel. In the bedroom, he pointed to the white taffeta skirt on a bed of simulated bamboo. "I'm having it modeled for quicker sale. I took over this apartment, lock, stock and lease from a woman. Women apparently like those confections."

Juanela, shopping bag in hand, walked round the bed and surveyed the flounce. "Do you wish to sell this ruffle because you do not like women?"

A cold, quick gleam possessed the young man. Juanela sensed it without glancing in his direction. "I have no love for this furbelow, but now that you mention it—all women are operators."

"May I see the twigged china?" inquired Juanela with businesslike buoyancy.

"Ah, yes, the twiggy sprigged china," he said, leading the way to the kitchen. "I trust you have a woman in mind."

"Does your woman not like it?" inquired Juanela.

The man reached into the cupboard and brought down a cup drenched with violets. Dangling the cup from a thumb, he leaned on his free hand. "Understand me, I have no objection to women as a lot. But for me, there are no personalized women. They all want to cook for you and butter you up. Me, I like to be sparked by an idea now and again. Do you want to buy this claptrap or don't you? I'll sell the lot for six dollars."

"I shall have to ask Miss Wriston."

"Who the devil is Miss Wriston?"

"I am Miss Wriston's houseboy."

"Interesting. May I inquire as to Miss Wriston's occupation?"

"Miss Wriston is a friend to men," said Juanela enigmatically. He extracted two dollars from his snap purse. "I will leave a deposit and consult Miss Wriston this evening."

"Do that. I'm sure Miss Wriston would be a better friend to man with these items."

"I shall call in the morning to give you her decision."

"By night I am a meteorologist," apologized the young man, with an expression of sweet disdain. "By morning I am myself. I would appreciate it if you would call at six in the morning before I retire for the day."

"Any hour," said Juanela accommodatingly. "And thank you."

The man made a wide bow at the door. "Think nothing of it."

Juanela returned to Miss Wriston's apartment. He put the wood-wind quintet on the record player, and sat on a high stool in the kitchen to think. It was most difficult, making decisions for people who had already decided things so positively for themselves. If such persons could only appear ridiculous to each other at the same time, a less number of such persons might run the risk of dying alone.

As he was about to leave the apartment that evening, shopping bag rolled in his pocket, Juanela paused. Miss Wriston was at the window, watching the electric quiver of the city under darkness.

"A gentleman will be calling tomorrow evening at the supper hour," said Juanela.

"Oh? About what?"

"About my trouble," said Juanela apologetically.

"I thought you were the servant without troubles. Who is this interloper?"

"I believe he is what they call a playboy."

"You believe he is? How did a person in your vocation get involved with a character like that?"

"At a chicken fight," confessed Juanela. "Chicken fights are sometimes held on the farms of the wealthy, where they may be overlooked. It is a very cosmopolitan gathering. (Continued on Page 170

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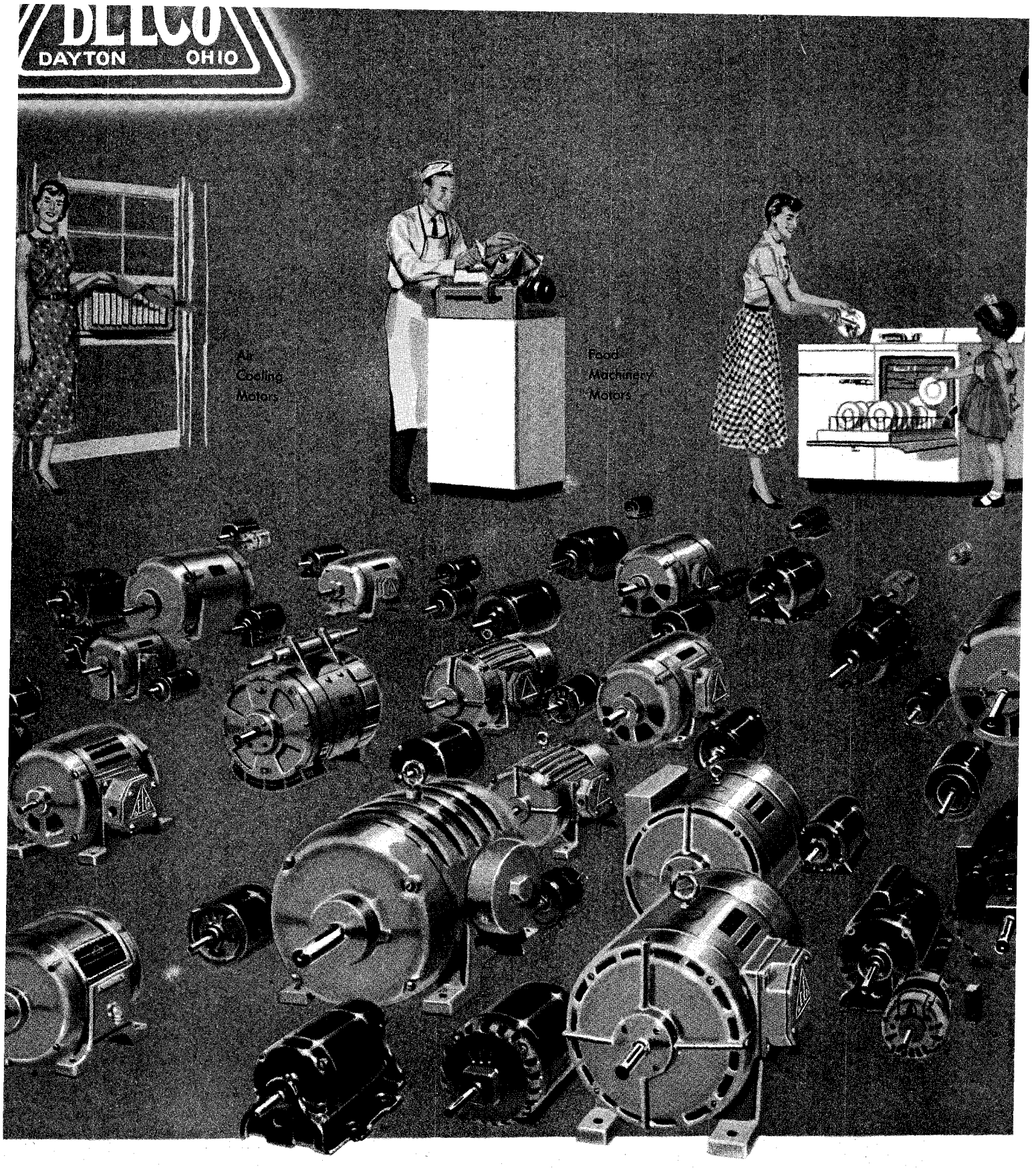

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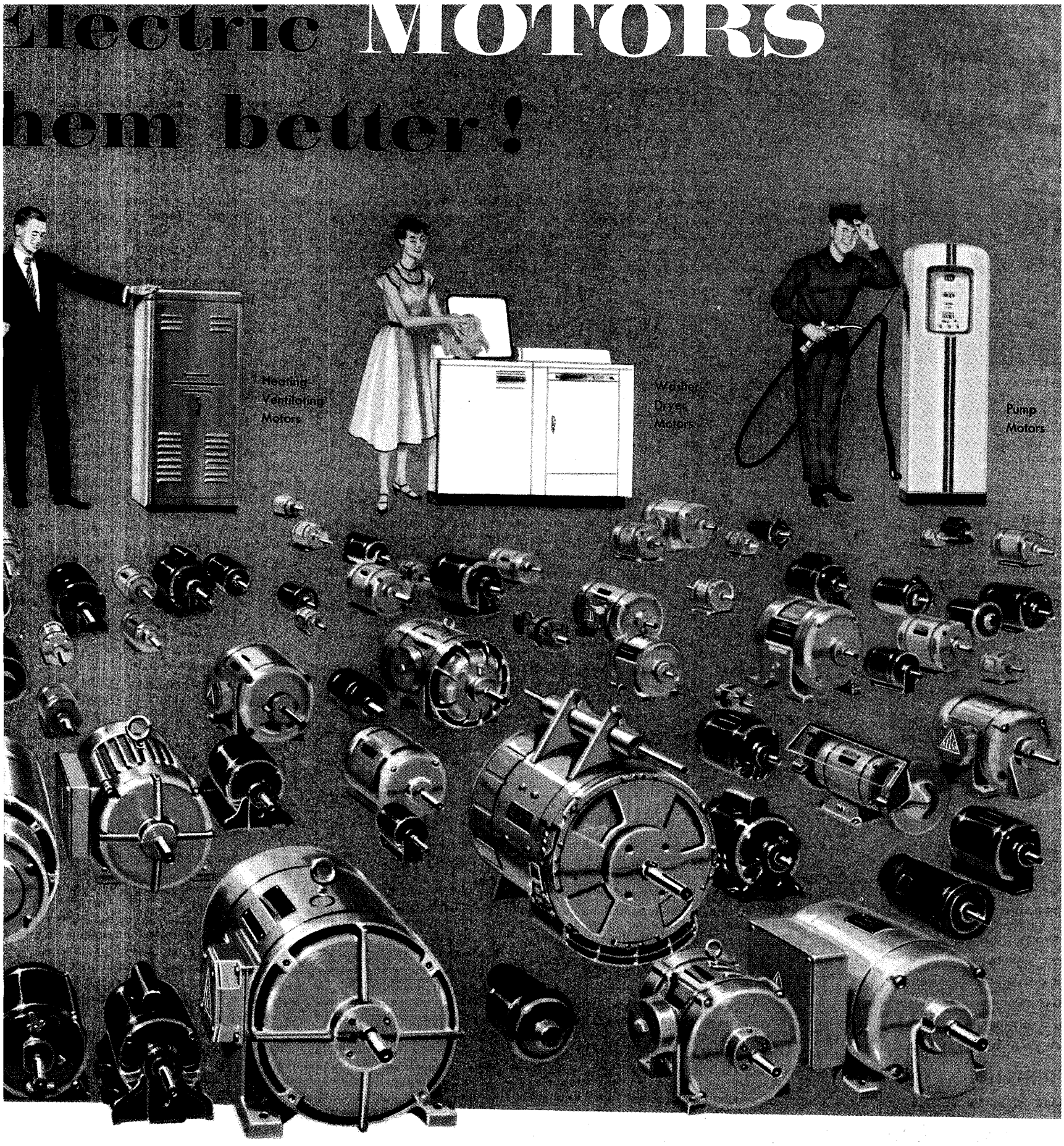

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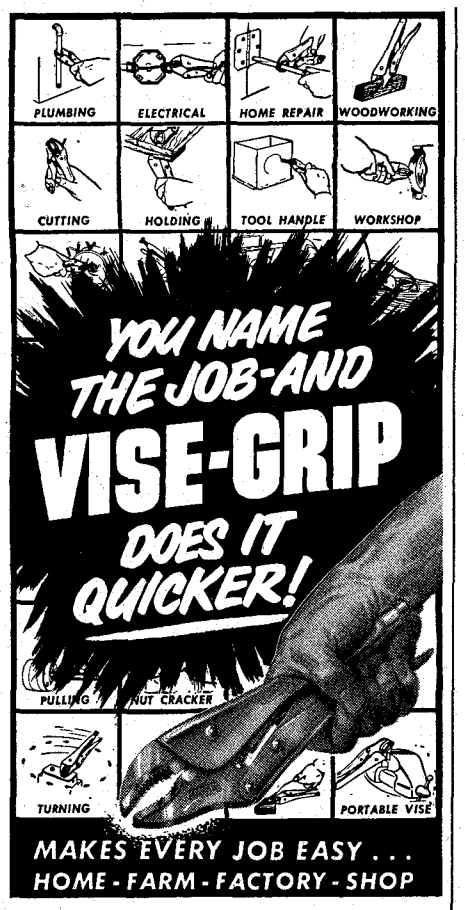

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(Continued from Page 167) Sometimes I forget I am not wealthy. Sometimes the wealthy forget the poor are continually poor. I am politely in debt to this playboy."

"And he is being impolite about it?"

"No," said Juanela. "He wishes not to be repaid in money, but in services. He wishes me to take a leave of absence from this position to train fighting chickens. I have said that I would consult you."

"I appreciate that mightily."

"He said there was no need—he would call on you tomorrow with a few gifts. Women are easier to convince than chickens, says this playboy."

Roxanne wheeled with such vehemence that Juanela fell back as though struck. The slick helmet of his hair shattered in the movement.

"Do tell this dashing hedonist to call if he wishes. It may take me an hour or so to educate him, but I shall leave no doubt as to where your services are required. Let me be the first to describe to him what it means to crawl home exhausted and find domestic order. I may be a new kind of woman to him, but he'll be a different man when I've finished with him. Good night, Juanela. And one other thing ——"

"Yes, Miss Wriston?"

"Next time give your third cousin's name. But there's nothing to say you can't yield to this man's blackmail if you're not content here."

"Oh, I think everything will come out not so bad," said Juanela.

"That's rather intelligent of you. But tell me, how could this person possibly think you were able to train fighting cocks if you can't bet on the right ones?"

Juanela hesitated. "I can cook well, but I cannot tell how your appetite will reply."

In the empty bus headed toward the lower city, Juanela lighted a cigarette while bouncing like a pellet at the rear of the stormy vehicle. It was a strain, pitting one's native intelligence against the acquired ability to reason. The learned were forever throwing explosive watermelons of logic at you. Juanela leaned back and considered himself fortunate to be returning to that chattering box of canaries which was his family.

At six the next morning, his shoes wet from the grass of the park, Juanela presented himself at the Court Apartments. The young man with half an eyebrow opened the door, a bourbon on the rocks in his hand.

"Nightcap," he interpolated, leading the way to the kitchen. "Nothing like it after a hard day." He opened the oven door and cast a pinch of salt on some pork chops. "Always eat a respectable evening meal, I say. Just a minute and I'll put that delectable china in a box for you."

Juanela stood back meekly with his shopping bag. "Miss Wriston says will you deliver her purchases this evening?"

"Oh, that's all right. You take them along and drop the balance in my mailbox sometime when you pass."

"Miss Wriston says she will take care of the balance when you deliver tonight."

The half brow hovered like a blunt ax. "Does this Luna moth know I work for a living? I'm not obligated to deliver this stuff."

Juanela appeared embarrassed by his own position. "Miss Wriston says all men like to drive a bargain in person," he said defensively.

The fellow's hand shot forward and grabbed Juanela's elbow—the black shopping bag fell to the floor and the waxen beak of a white duckling slid forth. "This intrigues me. Tell me more. Does Miss Wriston know the significance of work?"

Juanela drew himself to a frail cylinder of pride. "I think Miss Wriston works very hard for a living."

"It appears she also lives on the fat of the land, or was that duck strangled fresh in the market place? Where's your self-respect, my boy? How did you ever get moored to a job with a flossy character like this? You seem a decent sort."

Juanela bit his lip and contracted the muscle in his left cheek effectively. "Once when I was very young," he embroidered, "I made a juggle with the law—before I was houseboy to Miss Wriston. Miss Wriston saw everything and said no word. She saved me from the trap door. I have a family. It is important I am in circulation. It is important to Miss Wriston also that I am a silent houseboy. We have an understanding."

The young man blinked dazedly. "Great bolts of lightning! Human bondage, no less!" He thrust the remainder of his drink into Juanela's hand. "Here, old man, your need is greater than mine. Would you care to sit down and have a spot of breakfast?"

"No," sighed Juanela. "I must go to prepare another's breakfast. May I implore that you deliver to Miss Wriston about six this evening? It might be very hard for me ——" His voice trailed off wanly.

"Will I what?" maintained his champion vigorously. "I'll give this bit of baggage an original idea or two about parasitism." He picked up Juanela's duck and shopping bag and herded him gently toward the door. "And don't you worry about a job, old man! Don't you worry about a thing except that little family of yours."

Outside Juanela detoured past a residential garden and clipped a few branches of glossy euonymus to accompany what carnations he might deduct from the florist's truck later in the morning. It was a wholesome experience, he concluded, to discover that the most eccentric individuals had such conventional emotions when roused in the heart. It made one feel less of a conspirator in the pursuit of one's personal talent.

And with that, Juanela attacked his day. By noon he had prepared a meal of duckling with turnips and white wine. At four o'clock having whipped the apartment to a high polish, he rolled his shopping bag round his black apron and his white apron and stapled a note to the dress which he laid out on Miss Wriston's bed. The note, inscribed on the pebbled surface of a paper towel, was nonetheless succinct:

Dear Miss Wriston: As it was understood in the beginning, I feel the urge to gamble for perhaps a week. I am a coward and cannot face the playboy, but I am leaving him four dollars on account. I have put forth the lime dress in which you make a very original appearance. In the cupboard for dish towels, there are two soap premiums, good for one set of aluminum skewers at the supermarket. If you wish to re-employ me when all has blown over, you will kindly pin a notice on the bulletin board of the same supermarket. I am grateful for all kind thoughts.

JUANELA.

Juanela departed, reflected for a moment in the corridor; then impulsively re-entered the apartment and wrapped up the woodwind quintet, just in case. For one who played everything by ear, it was sometimes important to keep a record.

The Monkeys Who Go to College (Continued from Page 43)

nursery is little more than a year old, and definite answers cannot come quickly. Doctor Harlow and Dr. William Mason, project associate, believe the reaction of their baby monkeys already casts doubt on psychiatric assumptions.

Young Grindstone was put to work on the problem the third day of his life. He was placed in a special cage equipped with a loud-speaker. At the flick of a switch, a tone of 1000 cycles per second was produced. This is a not unpleasant tone, a little less than two octaves above middle C. Grindstone paid no attention to it.

Then came the mean-trick part. The experimenter switched on the sound for two seconds, and gave the little monkey a mild electrical shock through the floor of the cage—just enough to startle him. From then on, the shock always followed the warning sound. Within three days, the tiny monkey had learned something, which proves that monkeys—and probably human babies—can learn at a very early age. He had learned to associate the sound with the shock. As soon as the sound started, he jumped about in anticipation of the shock. This went on for thirty days, until young Grindstone had developed a full-grown "fear response."

If you did that to a human baby it would be what the psychiatrists call a traumatic experience. It would be about the same as if mamma, day after day, several times a day, yelled at baby and pricked him with a pin. That should make baby a neurotic or psychotic for life. Or should it?

What about little Grindstone? Doctor Harlow and Doctor Mason put Grindstone in one end of a wooden tunnel. At the other end was a duplicate of the feeding arrangement in his home cage. The same fear-inducing, 1000-cycle warning tone was sounded in the tunnel. Grindstone paid no attention to it. He happily ambled down the tunnel to his milk bottle. He did not transfer his fear response from the environment of the shock cage to the new environment of the tunnel. Removed from the tunnel and replaced in the cage, he started jumping about, the instant the note was sounded. Back in the tunnel again, he showed no fear of the sound.

The shock treatment was stopped. When Grindstone was a year old, he was returned to the shock cage. The tone sounded. Grindstone paid no attention to it. The fear response he had learned at an early age, which in theory could plague him all his life, was gone.

"Much work remains to be done," Doctor Harlow says, "but the experiments thus far strongly suggest that a child's earliest emotional experiences are not so important as we once thought. One thing to remember is that a baby has the same mother the first six months of his life as he has the second six months, and on through the years. If she is a bad mother, she probably would damage the child later, at the beginning of the critical period—whenever that is—even if she cannot damage him earlier."

The absence of breast feeding seemed to hurt Doctor Harlow's monkeys not at all, either physically or emotionally, so far as has been observed to date. As long as they get good care and attention from substitute mothers—the humans who look after them—they seem to get along without real (monkey) mother love.

Doctor Harlow's tiny charges quickly learned simple routines, but once they became accustomed to them, they resisted any change. (Continued on Page 172)

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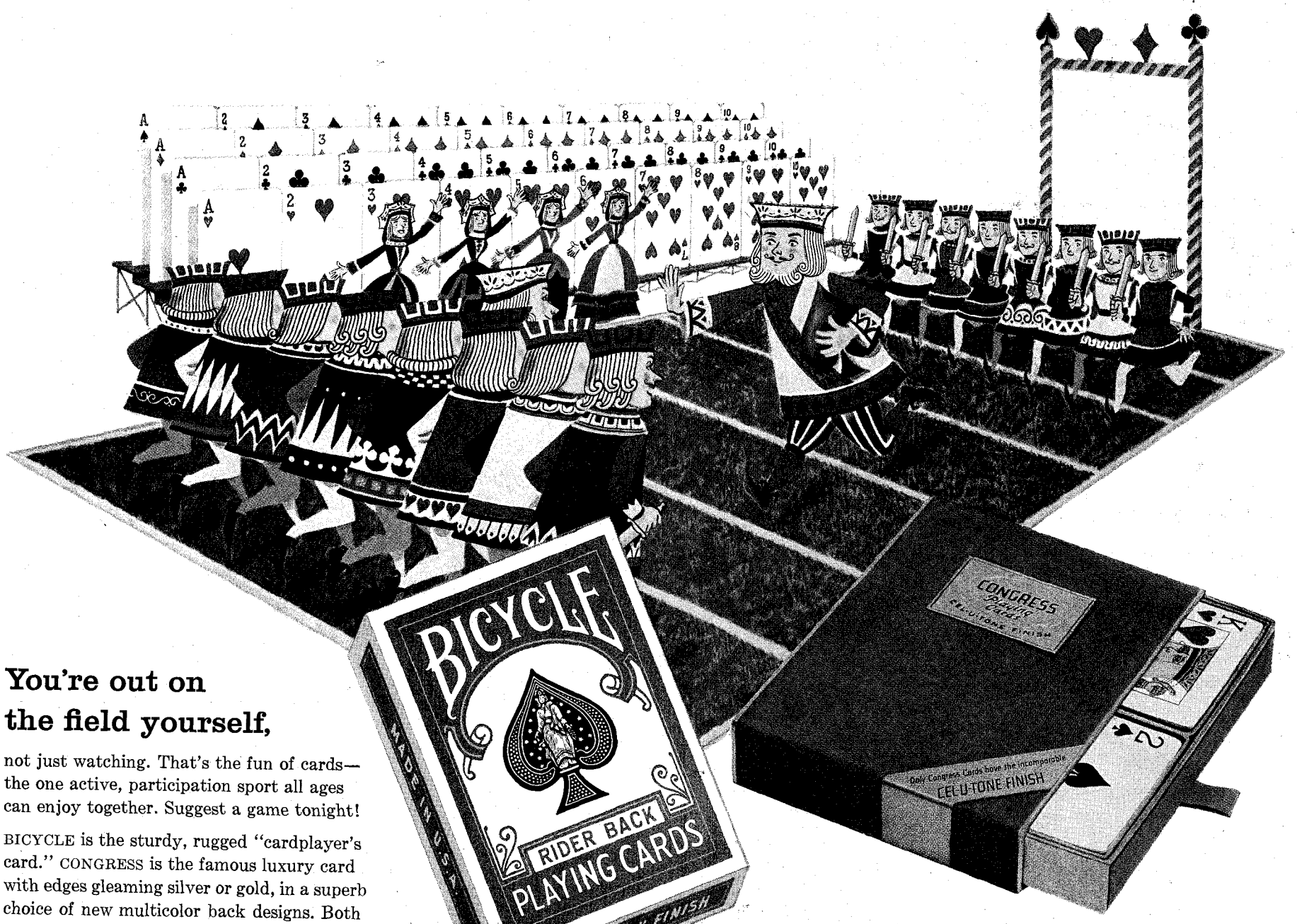

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(Continued from Page 170) This substantiates another belief about human babies—that infants are creatures of habit and dislike changes. Taking a baby on a trip, or rearranging his room, or interfering with his daily routine will not make him happy.

There are so many experiments that can be made with the baby monkeys that Doctor Harlow sees years and years of work ahead. All kinds of tests can be made with bottle-fed versus breast-fed babies, and with scheduled feeding versus demand feeding. And thumb sucking. In the case of the Primate Laboratory, it will be toe sucking. The baby monks suck their thumbs sometimes, but they prefer the big toe. The baby monkeys' environment can be changed and the effect on the infants can be studied on through adulthood. But all this takes lots of time, lots of work and lots of baby monkeys.

Other projects on how older monkeys—and human beings—learn have been in progress at the Primate Laboratory for upwards of a quarter of a century, and by now Doctor Harlow can give some definite answers on many of them.

But why bother with monkeys? Why not just study human babies and human adults directly?

"For one thing," says Doctor Harlow, "you can't keep a human baby or a man in a cage in a laboratory. Besides, you can't completely control a person's environment and you never know what experiences he is bringing to your experiment. Even a small baby is exposed to all kinds of uncontrolled experiences in the home. When we teach our monkeys something, we know their entire learning experience. The experiment is pure. We can study exactly how they learn."

Then why not use dogs or cats or rats? Monkeys cost thirty-five to forty dollars each and sometimes the supply is short. But Doctor Harlow says that dogs and cats and rats—and horses, too—are stupid. Chimpanzees, gorillas and orangutans are smarter than monkeys, and harder to get, but it is a long, long way down the intellectual scale from the monkeys to the next smartest group: raccoons, dogs, cats, pigeons, canaries, crows, starlings, and probably pigs, rats and bears.

Doctor Harlow's experience with adult monkeys leads him to disagree with Freudian psychologists about motives. He does not believe that human or animal behavior can be explained wholly in terms of the basic drives—hunger, thirst and sex. Eating, drinking and love-making satisfy these desires. Then what? Why, you work hard at learning all kinds of things, from baseball scores to astronomy. How come? A textbook might ascribe the learning process to "secondary drives based on hunger." But Doctor Harlow had another theory. In his view, curiosity was a fundamental inborn drive. He believed that curiosity is the basic motive for learning, and he set out to prove his theories by scientific experiment with monkeys.

To start with, Doctor Harlow gave his monkeys complicated lock puzzles to solve. Before the lock would yield, metal pins, bolts, hooks and eyes and hasps had to be manipulated in proper order. No food was given for success. The monkeys had no reason to work on the puzzle except curiosity and the satisfaction of accomplishment. Yet they attacked the problem with gusto and soon solved it. The locks were reset every six minutes. Ten hours later the monkeys were still undoing the locks as fast as they could be reset, and the experimenters got tired and quit.

A later test was more complicated. The monkeys loved it, but Doctor Harlow's associate in the project, Dr. Robert A. Butler, now a research psychologist at Walter Reed Army Hospital, fared worse than the monkeys. Doctor Butler decided to design a machine by which he could measure scientifically just how curious monkeys were. The testing device, now known as a "Butler Box," consisted of a box with two doors in one end. One door was marked by a yellow card, and this one the monkeys could not open. The other door was backed by a blue card; the monkey could push this door open if he wanted to see what was going on outside.

The cards were changed frequently, and with each change the monkey had to choose the blue card to find a door that would open.

In addition, a solid screen dropped behind both doors every sixty seconds, and stayed down for thirty seconds. If the monkey pushed the correct door open immediately after the screen was raised, he could peek out for thirty seconds. Thirty seconds after the screen dropped again, he could reopen the door for another thirty-second look. How long would a monkey persist, just to see what was going on outside his box? How curious was he?

Doctor Butler found out the hard way. Being a young man, he had accepted an invitation to a party that broke up at four A.M. On his way home, he decided to give the new machine a tryout—he'd already lost so much sleep that another hour didn't matter.

In the laboratory he picked up a rhesus monkey, Number 156, put her into the box, turned on the light inside, and set the machinery in motion. When the interior screen rose, Doctor Butler watched to see how long 156 would take to choose the right door and open it. Number 156 succeeded in less than eight seconds. Two hours went by. The monkey still was pushing the door open once a minute to peer at the sleepy psychologist, but she now was averaging more than nine seconds in getting it open. Two more hours went by. It was broad daylight outside, and had been for some time. But Doctor Butler had hope that Old Lady 156 was about to put curiosity to sleep and give up. She was taking twelve seconds now to open the door.

But 156's curiosity kept her awake. Doctor Butler noted with dismay that the door had started to fly open faster again. Six hours after the experiment started, the curious old lady was back to nine seconds. At the end of eight hours she had slowed down again. At the end of ten hours she had speeded up. At the end of twelve hours she had slowed down once more, but was still going.

Doctor Butler was cursing himself for having underestimated the curiosity of monkeys. At the end of fourteen hours, Number 156 was as fast as ever. Doctor Butler was fighting sleep desperately. At sixteen hours the monkey had slowed down again. After nineteen hours, the door was popping (Continued on Page 174)

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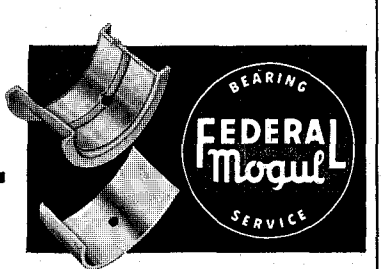

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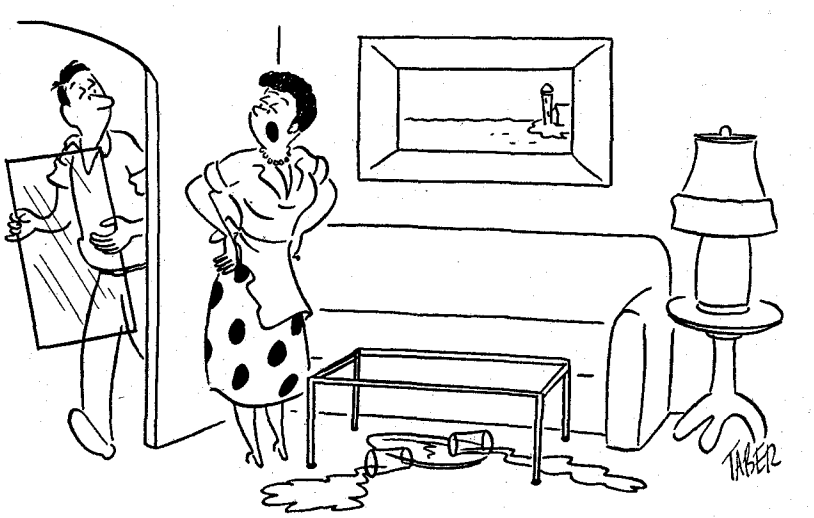

"Now you tell me."

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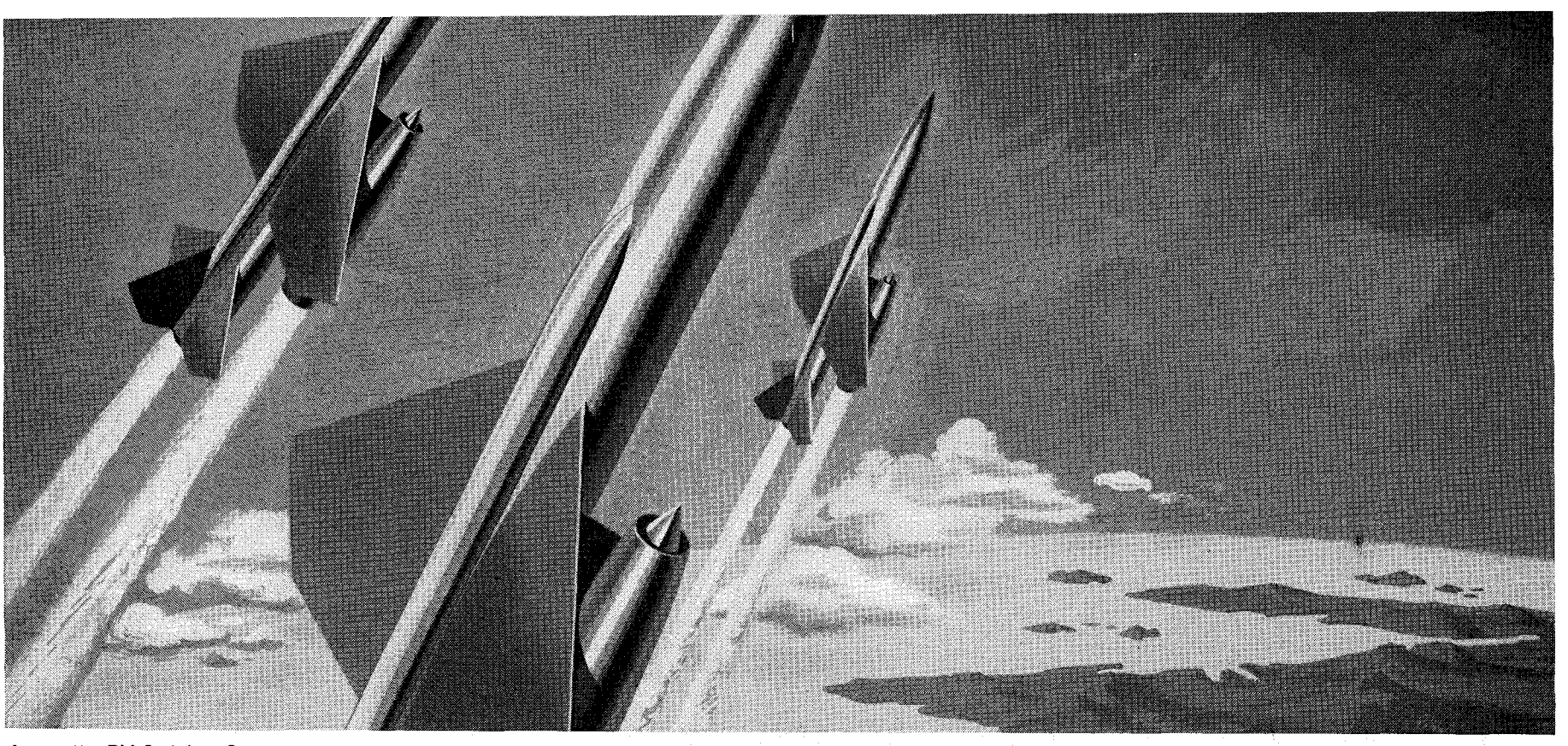

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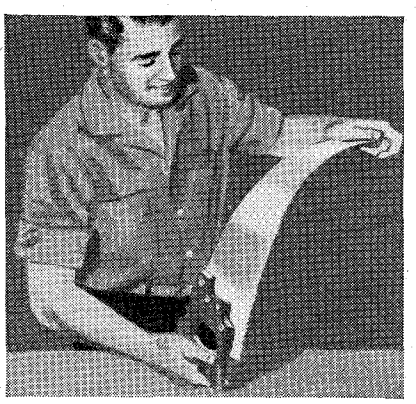

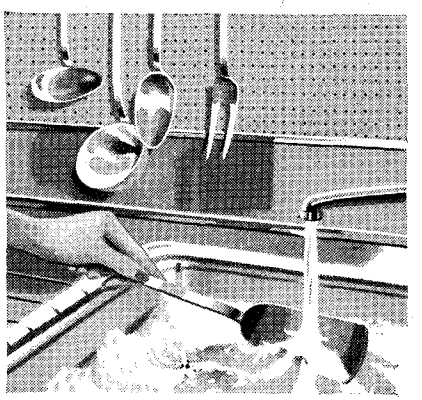

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(Continued from Page 172) open again as fast as at the beginning. Then, just in time to save Doctor Butler from complete collapse, Old 156 gave up. She quit.

Gratefully, the exhausted Doctor Butler put the curious monkey back in her cage, turned out the lights—it was night again—and stumbled home to bed.

What other outside sights, in addition to a sleepy research psychologist, would keep monkeys pushing that door open again and again, for long periods of time, without food, water or sleep? Experiments were made with a number of different objects outside the Butler Box. A dish of favorite food was expected to rate high, but it wasn't nearly so attractive as an electric train. There was one thing that interested monkeys even more than an electric train—another monkey.

Doctor Harlow believes he has proved that curiosity is one of the basic inherited drives that make us do what we do. By comparing the results of curiosity tests with the results of intelligence tests on the same animals, he also finds that the most intelligent animals exhibit the greatest curiosity. Curiosity, then, is a good indication of intelligence.

Acceptance of the findings that curiosity is a stronger drive than the hunger drive might lead to changes in teaching methods. "We may discover," says Doctor Harlow, "why so many of our teaching methods so successfully cripple the wonderful curiosity with which children are born."

Do different races of men have different inborn abilities? It is impossible to make direct comparisons, but Doctor Harlow does find great differences among different species of monkeys. Monkeys are monkeys, but some species are much more intelligent than others. They also differ in kinds of intelligence. Old World monkeys, which include the common rhesus monkey and baboon, are great on solving tough mental problems, but are dubs when it comes to the use of tools. On the other hand, the South American monkeys at the Primate Laboratory get lower marks in intelligence tests, but they are born engineers. This naturally has led the psychologists to tell their engineering friends that it takes no brains to be an engineer.

The best engineer in the history of the Wisconsin Primate Laboratory was Murphy, a redheaded Cebus, or "organ-grinder" monkey, from South America. Male members of the staff loved Murphy because he bit only women and children. Before his untimely death from tuberculosis, he had solved hundreds of engineering problems.

Here was an elementary problem for Murphy. He was chained, and a grape was placed on the ground far beyond his reach. A long bamboo stick, also out of reach, was laid between the grape and Murphy. A smaller stick was put within his reach, but on his other side. After a few attempts to reach the grape and the long bamboo stick, Murphy went for the shorter stick. With that, he rolled the long stick toward him until he could reach it. With the longer stick he maneuvered the grape within reach. And Murphy worked just as hard at such problems on a full belly as on an empty one.

Another South American monkey, Grandma, was clever enough to mystify a night watchman. Grandma was a spider monkey. This thumbless species lives all its life in trees, has long arms and legs, and a remarkable tail. Grandma was kept in a small room with a ceiling light operated by a pull chain. Although she stood waist high and had long arms, she could not get her hands on the chain. But the night watchman saw a light on in the Primate Laboratory when all workers supposedly were home in bed. As he entered the building, the light was turned off. The poor man searched the entire building for prowlers. When he looked back, the mysterious light was on again. Doubting his sanity, he mentioned the matter to no one. For three years he suffered these experiences before he learned that Grandma was pulling the light chain with her far-reaching tail.

Because of Grandma and others like her, no one at the Primate Laboratory recommends monkeys as pets. Grandma was one of the friendliest animals in the laboratory. Paul Settlage, now a professor of anatomy at the university, but then working in the Primate Laboratory, was one of her pals. When she escaped from her room one night while he was working in the building alone, he thought nothing of it and let her roam about at will. Grandma went to the icebox, opened the door and helped herself to an apple. But she did not close the door. Doctor Settlage had to stop his work to do that. Finishing one apple, Grandma again opened the icebox, helped herself to another, and again left the door open. This happened three times before Doctor Settlage lost his patience. The next time Grandma started for the icebox, Doctor Settlage stepped between her and the box and put his hand on the door.

Instantly, the big monkey charged with bared teeth. Doctor Settlage ran for it. Monkey bites probably are the most infectious of any animal's, except man's. Doctor Settlage finally was cornered in an upstairs room. Grandma glared at him with lips rolled back. Finally she turned away, went downstairs and took a fourth apple from the icebox. Four apples were all Grandma wanted. After she finished that one she went up to Doctor Settlage and affectionately wrapped her long arms around his legs. He took her by the hand and led her to her room.

The most intelligent monkey Doctor Harlow has had was a big female from India known as Number 154. Doctor Harlow once lost patience with her when she playfully refused to return to her cage. He tried to drive her in, but she dodged artfully. Finally, in exasperation, Doctor Harlow slapped her across the face. She slapped him right back, and that ended roughhouse tactics at the Primate Laboratory.

Number 154 and scores of other Old World monkeys have learned to solve problems that might baffle humans for a moment. The principal intelligence-testing device is a complicated-looking machine serving a simple purpose. It enables the experimenter to load objects on a tray without being seen by the monkey, and the monkey can select objects without seeing the man. The man observes the monkey through a one-way-vision screen.

There are little food wells in the tray, depressions in which a raisin can be hidden by placing an object over it. The monkey's job is to remove the correct object and get the raisin, without wasting time looking under objects covering empty food wells.

In one of the simplest tests the monkey is given a choice of two objects—say, a triangular block and a cubic block, with the raisin under the triangle. Through trial and error the monkey learns to shove aside the triangle and ignore the cube, even though the blocks are changed between tests. Then the experimenter pulls a switch: the monkey shoves aside the triangle and there's no raisin. The monkey is angry at first, but he quickly readjusts and starts shoving aside the cube instead of the triangle.

The tests get progressively more difficult. Finally the monkey is confronted with his "graduation" problem and learns to solve it. There are nine differently shaped objects on the tray. Some are all or partly red, the rest have blue on them. The monkey is shown an unpainted triangle. The triangle is then removed. The triangle is a signal that there are raisins under all objects having blue on them. An unpainted circle means that the raisins are under the objects with red on them. After the monkey has learned the meaning of these symbols, he remembers the symbol and its meaning, and quickly knocks aside all objects of the correct color, leaving the others undisturbed.

The reward in these problems is food, but the monkey works at the problem for the satisfaction of solving it, not just to fill his belly. The monkeys do just as well if they are fed before the test. Rhesus monkeys often face the tests with cheek pouches stuffed with food they couldn't swallow at mealtime, and they still work hard to find those little raisins on the first try.

These controlled experiments have shed much light on the learning process and the functioning of the brain. To psychologists, perhaps the most important result of Doctor Harlow's work with monkeys is proof that animals—and man—must learn to learn. There is no such thing as "insight" learning. Men are not born with the ability to solve the complex problems they face every day. They learn to solve them. By solving simple problems the hard way, learning by trial and error, men develop mental processes and methods that help in solving other problems. These patterns of reasoning, which Doctor Harlow calls a "learning set," stay with a man and are readily available for solving similar but new problems. The self-made industrial tycoon who thinks quickly, correctly and "instinctively," is not helped by instinct at all. He is unconsciously applying incredibly complex "learning sets" that he has accumulated since birth.

A chart shows how this works with Doctor Harlow's monkeys. On their first set of eight different but similar problems, their solutions were only a little above 50 per cent accurate. Learning was hard. But they were almost 100 per cent accurate by the time they had tried 257 problems. Mind you, the problems were all different. The monkeys had to transfer what they had learned about problem solving from one problem to another problem.

"Educated" monkeys, trained to learn to learn, did better on subsequent problems than "uneducated" smart monkeys. Doctor Harlow believes this explains why educated people show less apparent deterioration with advancing age than uneducated people, and that whatever field you are best in shows the least deterioration with age. Your learning habits make up for normal physical deterioration of the brain.

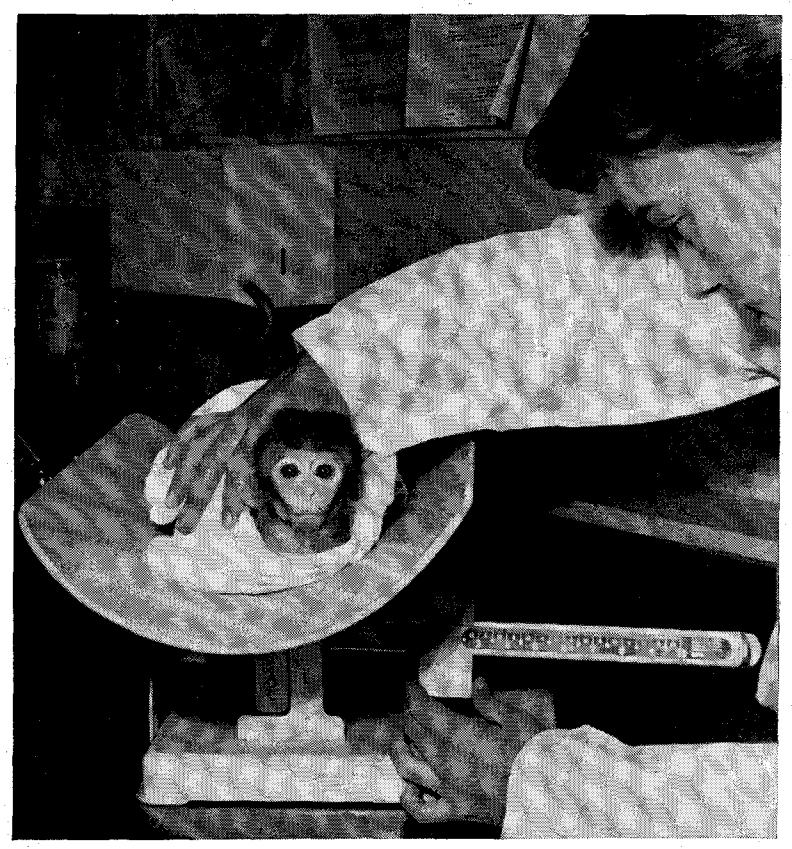
To those of us who are older this year than last, it is also comforting to know that Doctor Harlow's oldest monkeys—they live to about thirty—do as well on their I.Q. tests as the youngsters. Recent studies on man show the same thing, reversing earlier beliefs. And Doctor Harlow's monkeys show that males and females are equally smart.

Doctor Harlow has learned much from the monkeys in his well-equipped laboratories, and he needs his knowledge when he leaves the laboratories to go home. There are two real live children to greet him, one a four-and-a-half-year-old girl, the other a twenty-month-old boy. And how do his theories work out with his own children?

"Well," he says, "when, in the course of human events, psychologists have children, it has been observed and reported that these children always behave in accord with the theoretical position of their parents, no matter how widely the sets of parents differ in their theoretical positions. For purposes of scientific objectivity these children always are referred to in the scientific literature as Johnny Y and Mary X.

"However, I believe my wife has answered the question about our Johnny Y and Mary X better than I could. She was a child psychologist when I married her. She once was managing editor of the publications of the American Psychological Association. She made many, many talks before P.T.A.'s and other parents' groups. She still does occasionally, when she can find time from household duties and caring for the children. But she says her talks to the parents, somehow, are a little different now from what they were before she had children of her own. I regard her comment sympathetically. I knew a lot more about children before I started living with them."

THE END



The monkeys, which cost thirty-five to forty dollars each, get plenty of tender, loving care from laboratory aides at the University of Wisconsin.

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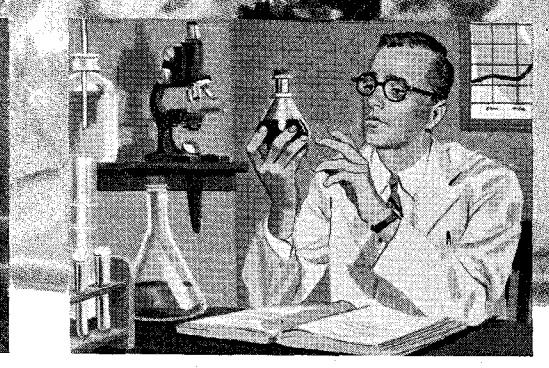

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The Town That Spawns Athletes

(Continued from Page 27)

When you look closely at the material Jim Russell works with in Donora, his record jumps into the believe-it-or-not category. The average Donora High varsity squad consists of about thirty-five players, only seventeen or eighteen of whom are big enough to be tossed into rough games without causing Russell to feel he's a murderer. The high school itself has only 460 students—and half of them, of course, are girls.

Yet Donora plays in the AA scholastic class, highest in Western Pennsylvania. Ordinarily enrollment determines a school's classification. The AA group is for schools that have average enrollments of more than a thousand. Donora High is allowed to compete with them because of a ruling which permits a school—namely, Donora—with too much power for its own enrollment category to play larger institutions.

"We have to have it this way," Russell says. "Who would ever think of taking one of my kids if they knew he came from a Class B school? We have to be up with the best so we'll be noticed."

Football candidates at Donora never have to worry about being lost in the pack. There isn't even a crowd around when Russell starts each season. Every boy who seriously wants to play football is greeted gladly and never cut, unless he is so frail that the coaches are afraid he may get badly hurt.

It's a rare day when a 200-pounder shows up. On the whole, Donora kids are thin and wiry—any beefing up comes later in their careers. But they also report to Russell with a quality football coaches can't buy—incredible patience and willingness to learn.

In Donora they know that things don't come easily. The typical Donora player sticks through the roughest sort of work without a murmur. This attitude and Russell's day-and-night coaching job overcome the shortage of junior monsters and make Donora football teams go.

Arnold Galiffa is a good example. After the dark-haired Army quarterback ruined Navy with his "Galiffa Keep" play in the 1949 game, reporters asked him where he picked up his skill.

"Coach Blaik polished me plenty," he said, "but I learned most of my football at Donora High from Jim Russell, the coach. He taught us almost everything down there."

When Russell got his hands on Galiffa in 1942, all he had to work on was a gangling kid who looked nothing like a football player. "He was too tall and thin to block—he couldn't get low enough to stick a shoulder into anybody," Russell remembers. "So I couldn't make a lineman out of him. To make it worse, he was too slow for our backfield. I put him at end, because his brother, Roman, had played that position well enough to make the Morris Harvey varsity after he left us. But the first time Arnold got into a game for us as an end, he let somebody run right past him for a touchdown.

"I lifted him from the game, put him on the bench and was ready to forget about him. But I had seen Arnold play basketball. He handled the ball well and had a good eye. He could throw a football pretty well too. Right around then, Notre Dame was changing over from the Rockne Box to the T formation. Frank Leahy had Angelo Bertelli and was making the most of him. 'Why not me?' I said to myself. In the summer before the 1943 season, I tossed our single wing out the window and put in the T. I put Galiffa in as quarterback and he made the grade, all right. I had to fit the system to the man in this case, but it was worth it. Around here, you've got to do something to utilize every boy. We don't have enough of them."

Jim Russell nets about $900 a year from his job of turning raw kids into players capable of earning many times that amount on the football field or—thanks to college scholarships—in a business office. Russell's main job at Donora is that of history teacher, as full-time and as full-salaried as a high-school instructor can be in this section. He gets $4000 for that. The football is an extracurricular job for which Russell is paid $1200 a year. Taxes and expenses cut his net gain to $900.

People often wonder why Russell stays at Donora under these circumstances. The superior player product he turns out is well-known throughout the college world. His won-and-lost record is another strong recommendation. And the precedent has been set many times for a high-school coach of Russell's stature to move into a top college post. Paul Brown's move from Massillon High to Ohio State furnished a prime example.

When asked recently if he would consider moving, Russell said, "Why wouldn't I? If the money would be right, I'd take a solid job anyplace. I can certainly use more money."

But the notion among those who know him best is that this is just talk. In 1950,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It sure wouldn't take much for a man to keep me in the style to which I'm accustomed."

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"That's a nasty set of reflexes you've got there, Mr. Bunsen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

North Carolina State University spoke to Russell about a coaching job, and nothing came of it. "Success—it's all according to what you mean by it," Russell said at that time.

His good friend, Stan Musial, says, "He'd never leave Donora. When somebody told me about that North Carolina State business, I smiled. He'd never go down there and probably wouldn't go any other place either. His whole life is with those kids at Donora."

Russell takes his history teaching seriously too. He attacks it with the same intensity he puts into showing his players how to run a trap play off left tackle. On a day when the classroom windows are open, housewives hanging wash two and three blocks away have an opportunity to learn about high tariffs or whatever the topic of the day may be through Russell's full-voiced instruction.

Russell went to Notre Dame himself. He entered in 1925—without a scholarship. He now stands five feet, seven inches, and weighs 170 pounds, but in his high-school days at Charleroi, a town near Donora, he was too small to play. Russell went out for football at Notre Dame, but banged up his right shoulder in his first scrimmage and never played again.

Russell's intense feeling for the game kept him around the team, however. Knute Rockne, then the coach, took a liking to him.

When Russell graduated in 1930 and began law studies in Pittsburgh, Rockne asked him to scout Carnegie Tech. Russell's report was thorough and foreboding—except for one item. "I told him the '55–1' play he had would work," Russell remembers. "He used it once for a touchdown. Notre Dame won, 21–6."

After the game, Rockne told Russell, "You oughta be a coach." Russell quickly informed the Notre Dame mentor that a job at Donora High was open. "Put in for it!" Rockne roared.

"The job was mine a couple of weeks later," Russell recalls. "A letter from Rock did it. Boy, can you imagine the schmooze he must have laid on about me?"

The Donora football situation was rundown when Russell took it over at the start of the 1931 season. The school long had been the area's patsy, and the entire program had to be overhauled.

The first thing Russell improved was the equipment. "And I nearly killed him for that," his wife, Ethel, says. "Here we were in the middle of a depression, and he came home one night all enthused about a deal he had made for football pants. 'Imagine!' he said to me. 'I got pants for the whole team and they only cost two dollars a pair more than the price the school will pay.' I asked him who was going to pay the difference, and he said, 'Me!' That darn near cost him a wife."

Russell turned Donora football upside down with a fast coaching start. In his first three years, he lost only three games. And he began piping players into college quickly too. From Russell's 1933 team, Tony Sala went on to Villanova, where he captained the squad in his final year. Alex Chesney received a scholarship to the University of Detroit, and Steve Accai followed a football trail laid out by Russell to North Carolina State.

It took the brashness of a full-fledged bandit to land Chesney at Detroit. Russell and his assistant coach, John (Moon) Clark, took Chesney along with them to a coaching clinic at Butler University in Indiana.

"We figured one of the college coaches there might be interested in a good tackle like Chesney," Clark says.

When the clinic opened, Russell cornered Gus Dorais, Rockne's old passing partner at Notre Dame, in the Butler gymnasium. Dorais was coaching Detroit University.

The Donora coach pulled out all the stops in describing his player. He had Dorais glassy-eyed as he told everything about the lad that he could remember—and a lot of things that had never happened. He failed, however, to mention that Chesney was a tackle.

Dorais looked at Chesney and beamed. "Just what we need—an end," he said.

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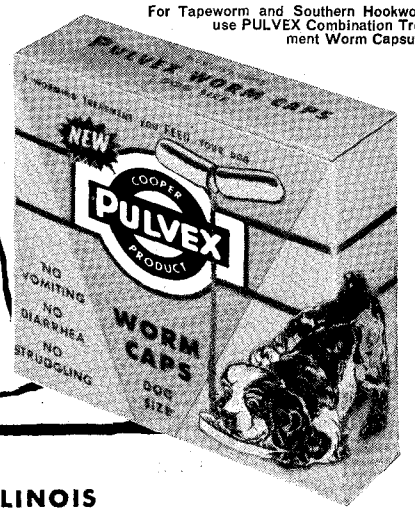

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Russell stammered for a moment, then recovered in fine style. "Sure," he said; "kid's the best end you ever saw."

Dorais wanted to see Chesney catch a few passes. Russell promptly arranged for it, and then went into a corner, feeling quite ill. Chesney had never been a pass receiver in his life. But Russell's pupil, probably believing every word his coach had said, floated across the gym floor and gracefully snatched all the tosses Dorais aimed at him. Chesney, now a coach in the Detroit area, was an end all the way for Dorais' Detroit elevens.

It is considerably easier for a Donora football player to reach college today. The school's tremendous record and the refinements colleges have made in talent scouting have brought this about. Each spring a steady stream of coaches and assistant coaches comes to Donora.

Significantly, the winning schools have their representatives arrive early. Maryland, through no coincidence at all, usually arrives first.

Russell helps set up these visits with a barrage of letter writing. He and Moon Clark average about 100 letters apiece in their selling job for the players. The long-distance phone tolls in the Russell home also amount to a considerable item.

But the work pays off for the boys. Donora players have received scholarships—and won varsity berths—at Columbia, Cornell, West Point, Virginia Military Institute, Notre Dame, Louisiana, Kentucky, Duquesne, North Carolina State, Xavier, Miami of Ohio, Bucknell, Villanova, Vanderbilt, Georgetown, Harvard, Tennessee, Lafayette, Wake Forest, Pittsburgh, Morris Harvey, St. Vincent, Washington and Jefferson, Illinois, Purdue, and Waynesburg.

Russell, who exhorts his players to "be a champ in the classroom as well as on the field," says proudly, "Almost all of our guys get degrees."

Coach Russell no longer has to pay for the pants his players wear, but the Donora coaching facilities still are gaslight stuff compared to those of other national schoolboy powerhouses. At Massillon, for instance, Paul Brown's successor, Chuck Mather, used a television set on the bench, plus a few thousand feet of expertly taken game movies. At most big-time high schools such things as telephone connections from the bench to the press box overlooking the field, where observers watch intently, are run-of-the-mill stuff.

When telephones are rigged up at Donora, they are installed and used by a better-equipped rival. Game movies are just a fond dream, and the only time Russell sees television is in his own living room.

Russell gets along with good old-fashioned, knock-'em-flat blocking and tackling. "Offensive blocking," he roars, "is the heart and soul of football."

A large part of a Donora practice session is devoted to this. Russell runs a compact, fast-moving daily drill of an hour and a half. He stresses group work. Once the season is under way he never holds a full-scale scrimmage.

Calisthenics and running are stressed. Assistant Coach Clark, who is also Donora's track coach, watches intently as players trot onto the field and then begin to run laps around the big field. After that comes a body-hardening set of calisthenics. Players then split up into their various groups—linemen, ends and backs.

When teaching a new move, Russell shows it to the first-stringers only. He drills them until they work it correctly. The first team then shuffles over to a corner of the field and instructs the second team in the new maneuver. And so on down the line. This is Russell's "buddy system."

"If we find a third-string player doesn't know a certain move," Russell says, "then we know that the guy who was supposed to show it to him didn't learn. That way we can find out what's wrong in a hurry. The players know they've got to listen or be in trouble. Too much depends on them. That's why I like this system. The kids learn that football isn't a one-man game."

The blocking phase takes up most of this group work. Russell has his players work on dummies, then line up and work against one another. They practice every block in the football book. The "fun" parts of football—scrimmages, passing, punting—are mere grace notes in a Donora workout.

You see the results of this incessant blocking drill in a game. When Donora is moving the ball, its black-shirted players race downfield at top speed, and then fire themselves at opponents with rhyme and reason. When a play is over, there are few men standing up. All of the Donora boys have learned to throw blocks, and they do it viciously.

Russell's stress on fundamentals doesn't leave much practice for developing a repertoire of fancy plays. He feels that a minimum number of plays—sometimes only ten—will win a game if the blocking is there. So he concentrates on a small number of basic plays, instead of feeding the boys new ones.

Donora's offensive strategy is to grind out steady yardage, rather than to keep shooting for the moon. A Donora team often throws no more than two or three forward passes in a game. Russell's lads batter opponents with an endless barrage of low blocks and break-'em-in-half tackles. This emphasis on sheer pounding makes the Donora record seem all the more astounding, for Russell's squads usually are outweighed and outnumbered by their opponents. Spot substituting keeps the team as fresh as possible.

Bone-rattling Donora blocking, however, generally outweighs all these disadvantages. By the fourth quarter the other team usually is weary and begins to give ground. Over a season Donora is roughest in November, when its blocking is sharpest.

"That gives us all kinds of trouble," Russell says. "Everybody wants to schedule us early in the year. They don't want to play us later on."

On a football field Russell is a roaring carbon copy of Knute Rockne. His battered hat, brim turned down, is a Donora trade-mark. During a game he prowls back and forth, chewing gum violently. Russell shoves substitutes onto the field bodily, shouting as he does it. At half time, he pulls out all the stops with stinging, Rockne-type sermons which often have his players either snarling or crying.

Everything good and bad in high-pressure schoolboy football seems to be wrapped up in the Donora situation. On a Friday night before a game bars and poolrooms are alive with betting activity, complete with a point spread set by local bookmakers.

Tidy profits, which many educators think should never be a factor in high-school football, are certainly present in Donora. With average crowds of 7500 paying a dollar apiece to see the home games, Donora cleared close to $50,000 during the past three years. Obviously, winning teams are a must if Donora is to keep on netting that kind of money.

Russell settles for his own $900 extra each year—and the satisfaction he gets from working with the football kids. He lives in a smartly furnished four-room apartment which is located in a four-story walk-up in the center of town. His daughter, Judy, sixteen, attends Donora High. If her school chums aren't in the house, Moon Clark or a crew of football players usually are.

Mrs. Russell can't remember when it has been any different. "The first turkey dinner I ever cooked was for the football team," she says. Most of the phone calls she answers are requests for information on how the team is shaping up for a game.

When not busy with such chores, Ethel Russell, a former schoolteacher herself, often can be found tutoring some Donora player whose grades don't match his blocking ability.

"Jack Jaso and Carl Pell are my idea of how these kids should be," Mrs. Russell says. "Both went to Ivy League schools—Jaso to Cornell, Pell to Columbia. They made the varsity as linemen—and also won their degrees. That's the way it should be."

Her major tutoring triumph came the day Joe Rojam passed his entrance exam at Washington and Jefferson in 1947. The big obstacle was mathematics. Mrs. Russell set up shop in the kitchen and successfully force-fed her pupil a year and a half of math in three months.

In 1938 Mrs. Russell pitched in to help another Donora athlete—Stanley Musial, then a basketball player. Russell coached this sport, too, at that time, and Musial, his star, came down with a case of near pneumonia.

To insure Stan's health, Jim tucked him onto the Russell living-room couch. For three weeks Ethel Russell nursed the young athlete.

Of all the Donora boys who have made good in sports, Musial is the biggest favorite in his home town. Stan's name and batting average seem to be enshrined in the window of every poolroom. Saloon arguments start easily when somebody insists he is a "close personal friend of Stan's." Just about everybody in town seems to be a friend of Stan's. The mill proudly keeps a six-dollar balance under his name on the credit-union books, a hang-over from Musial's working days there.

Russell himself has a hard time picking his favorite Donora team or athlete. He feels, however, that his 1945 outfit, which football forecaster Dick Dunkle rated the nation's No. 2 schoolboy team, was as good as any.

That club included Dan Towler and Bimbo Cecconi, who became a fine halfback for Pittsburgh. Rudy Andabaker, who made the professional ranks as a guard for the Pittsburgh Steelers, bulwarked the forward wall.

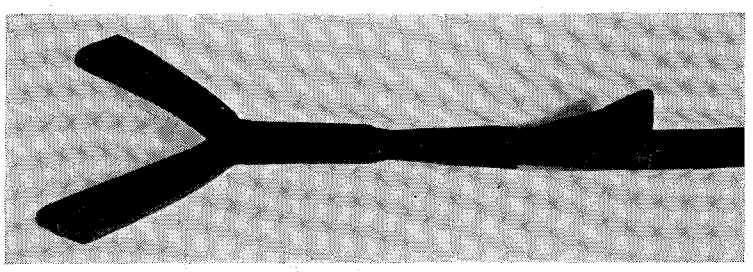
This season Russell expects big things from Donora alumni like Bob Gaydos at Notre Dame; Don Richie, a guard at Georgia; and Don Crafton, a Pittsburgh center. But Russell really doesn't care whether any boy makes All-American. "As long as they're in college and the college likes them, I'm happy," he says.

Boys who have played for Russell know exactly what he means. Gaydos, who worked one summer in the mill at Donora—losing thirty-three pounds—fully appreciates both his presence on the Notre Dame campus and the reasons why he is there. "I've learned to love this school," he says. "Anybody who has a chance to further his education is crazy not to take the opportunity. Coach Russell gave me mine. He showed me how you can do it. You never forget a person who does something for you like that."

Another testimonial to Russell's football teaching comes from Dick White, sophomore guard at the University of Detroit. After his freshman season, he told Russell, "I pulled a roll-off during a scrimmage and the freshman coach said, 'Cut it out.' Why, coach, he didn't even know what a roll-off was!"

A roll-off—a hard-to-master maneuver for evading blocks—is something rarely seen below the college-varsity level. It took White's frosh coach by surprise.

White says, "Boy, I used to hate those practices at Donora when that blocking work was all we did, but it sure pays off now. Why, I found at Detroit that I had been taught more football than anybody on the team." THE END



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

This fork-bladed tool, with blades seven inches long and nine inches apart set on a long wooden staff, often came in handy when these United States were young and growing. The sample above is preserved in the Pennsylvania Farm Museum at Landis Valley, near Lancaster. Can you name it and identify its use?

It is called a	It was used to
TREE LIMB PRUNER	Remove overhanging limbs from blockhouse loopholes in fighting Indians.
PUMPKIN CUTTER	Chop up pumpkins for cattle fodder.
BUFFALO SKINNER	Peel hides from freshly killed buffalo.
ROOT CHOPPER	Cut roots from newly cleared land.

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CORRECT ANSWER:

A pumpkin cutter, used to slice pumpkins into cow fodder.

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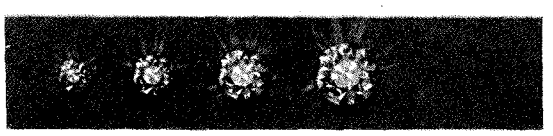

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We Can't Ignore Korea

(Continued from Page 33)

contractors almost certainly would cut the formula and steal the cement they saved. If the building falls down on orphans, that's too bad. Dowd's men guard any bulldozer left standing on a job overnight. If they didn't, thieves would cart most of it away in bits and pieces.

One oily Korean gentleman watched while Americans built an orphanage on the outskirts of Pusan. Only after the buildings were complete and the orphans living in them did he step forward. There had been, he said, a slight mistake—the buildings were on his land. So the children had to get out, and the landowner opened a factory in the buildings.

In another case, an American Army unit erected an orphanage as its private charitable project. The buildings were nearly complete when the unit left Pusan. A few days later they were half torn down, the materials stolen. Similarly, an American hospital in Taegu was turned over to Korean units, which didn't move in for five days. By then, even the toilets had been removed by thieves.

Such is the climate in which Dowd lives and works. Bituminous coal costs thirty-five dollars a ton, delivered in Pusan, because United States Korean-relief legislation specifies that it must be American coal. Japanese coal could be delivered for ten dollars. In any case, a third of all coal earmarked for the Korean National Railroads vanishes before reaching the locomotive fireboxes. The payroll of an American Army unit was stolen, not long ago, while the money bag lay between the two front seats of a jeep, with a driver on one side and an officer on the other, as the vehicle dodged pedestrians in the heart of Pusan.

Some relief projects are stalled because a local politician can't see a way to make money for himself, and so doesn't bother to sign the papers. Others are held up because labor bosses will hire only people of their own religious sect. Passes which will admit patients to the German Red Cross hospital sell for fantastic prices in the Pusan black market, although the buyers usually are found out and expelled.

Detection of this fraud is easy for the doctors, who write the passes in German and refuse to treat an attack of boils when the pass calls for an obstetrics examination. The pass system is necessary. With ten doctors and thirty nurses, plus cooks, clerks and drivers, the Germans man a 250-bed hospital, complete to the last German-made X-ray machine. They keep an average of 280 bed patients, deliver 100 babies a month from mothers with near-fatal obstetrical disorders, perform endless amputations, diagnose dozens of cases of leprosy, and do what they can for rampant tuberculosis and a devil's brew of Oriental diseases. Sixty Korean nurses are in training. About thirty half-trained Korean doctors help their German teachers. The Germans have been in Korea more than a year and expect to stay several years more before turning over their equipment and perhaps some idea of hospital management to the Koreans.

In the meantime, says Prof. Dr. Gunther Huwer, they'll do what they can with the hundreds who gather outside the gates every morning, and with the others who bring letters from Korean officials, each saying that the bearer is terribly ill, without funds and especially worthy.

"These letters," says Doctor Huwer, "we ignore. Almost all are relatives of the officials. So they take their turns like everybody else."

It's understandable that some Korean officials view the German hospital with awe. Not only is it the cleanest place in Korea but the doctors are madmen; they don't take bribes. Huwer is a veteran of twenty years in China, and the administrative officer, Alexander Zimmerman, once commanded a *Wehrmacht* tank battalion. When either of them decides to fry a man orally, he knows he's been fried. Rather than face this Teutonic anger, Korean officials have been known to flee, throwing out promises to stop thievery or improve the sanitary service as they retreat.

All of this is in Pusan, den of thieves, enormous sewer of disease and filth, home of polluted water, police brutality and refugee misery. It takes stamina just to live there, and philosophy helps. Here is one viewpoint, recently expressed by Lt. Col. John Bowes, an Iowa attorney now acting as a civil-affairs officer:

"There are a thousand leaks in the system. Money is wasted, and part of everything that comes here is stolen. But you have to remember that nothing leaves the peninsula. Everything that gets here gets into the Korean economy, even though it's been stolen a couple of times on the way. As long as that is true, we're doing some good." This was philosophy under difficulties; a few hours earlier, Bowes' radio and most of his extra trousers had been stolen from the area commander's residence.

Perhaps Thomas E. Dowd, Jr., with a captain's-eye view of Korea, states the optimists' case even better. Says he, "We have troubles, but we get the bridges strung and the buildings up for hospitals or schools or orphanages. We know we're doing that much good in Korea." He pauses and grins. "But they are an awfully hard people to help."

The lonely old man mentioned earlier is Syngman Rhee, who with some justice sees himself facing a communist enemy on the north, with a hostile Japan at his back, and with his only international friend, the United States, playing footsie under conference tables with communist China and Russia, Rhee could be called the world's loneliest man, without qualification, if Chiang Kai-shek were not in roughly the same political position on Formosa.

> The man who says he is a bachelor by choice may mean that the girl chose the other fellow.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

I went to see the president of the Republic of Korea in the middle of a hot Seoul morning. His palace, once the home of a Japanese governor, sits in a guarded park. Ropes for camouflage nets still hung from the building, as in 1951, but the residence is in good repair, in contrast to the capitol building in downtown Seoul, which remains a burned-out hulk.

There was no special reason for President Rhee to remember me, and after four years he did not. As he entered the plush room used for audiences, his step faltered. His voice was so faint and halting that his words were difficult to understand. His left eye, always weak, was watering and almost closed. His right arm was so palsied that he grasped it with his left hand to keep it from shaking. In the first ten minutes he repeated himself several times, saying over and over the platitudes about Korean-American friendship, the traditional Korean love of freedom and democracy.

President Rhee admits to eighty years. During these minutes, he looked and acted every year of it. But then a curious change occurred. He began to talk of his major objectives, freeing the north from communism, the necessity for a clear decision between opposing worlds. As he talked, his voice grew stronger. He still ignored difficult questions, but he heard them. His left eye opened and his right forearm stopped shaking. The stimulant of his own words was taking effect, and for another hour he talked steadily, without hesitation or repetition. At the end, he did not appear tired.

In that hour, he said, "I cannot rest while three million of my countrymen still are in communist slavery. I have always believed that Korea must be united, and I still believe it, although I and my belief are now an embarrassment to the United States.

"The hwan (Korean currency) must be established at a permanent value in relation to the dollar. The United States should agree. But if it does not, soon, I shall order my economic mission back from Washington and establish the value of the hwan unilaterally. My people will believe me when I tell them what the value is to be, and the black market will disappear."

He did not say how he proposed to establish a value for currency which has no reserves. Nor did he reply to either of two questions, which were: "Would you be willing to have the hwan valuation set by experts of the International Monetary Fund?"

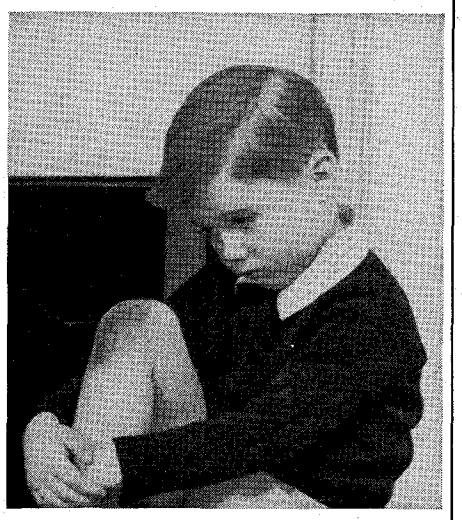
"If a permanent rate were established, would you be willing to have American supervision to insure that no additional Korean currency would be issued?"

He declared that he believed Japanese leaders were deliberately trying to wreck the Korean economy, and that unnamed Americans, "worse than the Japanese," were helping. He said Japan had refused to live up to a pre-Korean-war trade agreement to buy $8,000,000 worth of Korean goods annually; and this failure had caused the Korean debt to Japan to rise to $47,000,000. Settlement of the issue was impossible, he said, because Japan's trade negotiators also insisted on the return of Japanese private property (prewar) in Korea, which would total 85 per cent of the nation's real value. (There is evidence that some such demand was actually made, although it has been denied.)

The president said, finally, that the American aid program for Korea was failing because it had not built industries; instead, it had financed Japanese factories which make consumer goods for Korea. "I have no objections to aid coming from America for Japan," he said, "but I don't want it to be aid intended for Korea. Let us have the factories and we'll make the goods we need ourselves."

A week later, on the eve of Geneva conferences between Chinese communist and American ambassadors, President Rhee announced publicly that he no longer felt bound by the Korea truce and would proceed to occupy all areas south of the thirty-eighth parallel, whether or not they were permitted to his troops by the truce terms. Immediately, Gen. L. L. Lemnitzer, United States commander in the Far East, flew from Japan to Korea and conferred with Rhee on an emergency basis. The Korean army did not move, but the threat was present. If carried out, it could have the same effect as Rhee's release of noncommunist prisoners, without United Nations authority, on the eve of the 1953 armistice. That act stalled the peace for several bloody weeks, and last summer's threat obviously was intended to hamper any American-Chinese agreements in prospect at Geneva. Once more, Rhee was demonstrating his willingness to plunge the United States into war to get what he wanted in North Korea—in fact, that he would do anything he could to start that war.

We have paid a great deal of money to achieve an uneasy position over here. Total foreign aid to Korea since the end of the shooting approximates a billion dollars. The United States has contributed all the money distributed by agencies other than UNKRA (United Nations Korean Relief Administration) plus 60 per cent of what UNKRA has spent. The $700,000,000 spent in 1954 was divided—$420,000,000 for defense and $280,000,000 for economic aid. These figures do not include a billion dollars' worth of military equipment turned over to the ROK army. Figures for this year are approximately the same as last, and those for fiscal 1956 are slightly higher in the economic field. A total of



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$850,000,000 has been spent or allocated for economic aid.

This fantastic aid program got a fitful start in 1951 and has been in full operation for two years. An economist's report says, "Theoretically this program should have put Korea within two years of economic stability, but there is no chance for this . . . stability is just about as far away as it was in 1953 . . . Korean investment and fiscal policies have produced disastrous inflation, stifled initiative, disrupted price relationships and paralyzed the productive process so that massive United States aid is producing little real progress in the nation's economy . . . unless a marked change occurs in the psychological attitude and the legal frame on which the economy rests, further aid or even bigger aid cannot provide the breakthrough to a viable economy in anything short of decades. . . ." There is more to this report, but nothing happier.

The question, "Why?" evokes complicated answers. Consider, for example, Rhee's charge that aid has not been given for capital investments. It's true that factories have not been built in significant numbers. Foundations for one glass plant have been laid, new food and fish markets are open in Seoul, textile spindles have been increased from 172,000 to 336,000—although one third of them are idle for lack of materials or power. One cement factory has been reopened and another is under construction. Materials for some small industries have been imported. A contract has been let for a $20,000,000 urea-fertilizer plant, but the Government has not cleared the ground title. Two thermal-power plants are being built to produce 75,000 kilowatts, and ground has been broken for another small unit. A contract has been let for refacing Huichen dam, which could add another 25,000 kilowatts on a seasonal basis, and a generator, damaged by Korean insistence on cleaning it with emery paper, is under repair in Japan.

Obviously, this is a pitiful line-up of capital investments for the amount of money spent. But the most fantastic aspects are under the surface. The basic plan for industrial development called for United States or UNKRA donations of the dollar costs—that is, imported materials and equipment. Local costs, such as transportation, land purchases and labor, were to be paid in hwan from a "counterpart" fund. Korean currency for this fund would be obtained through sale of foreign-donated consumer goods.

Fertilizer is an example of donated material. Relief agencies last year agreed to import $60,000,000 worth of fertilizer. It was to be sold to farmers. The money they paid was to be put in the counterpart fund, which in turn would be spent for land and labor on capital-investment projects, as well as helping to support the 660,000-man Korean army.

But the Korean Government fixes many prices with little regard to economic realities. To make themselves popular with farmers, legislators set the price of fertilizer so low that it yielded only about thirty-three hwan for every dollar it cost. This was when the black-market price for hwan ranged between 600 and 700 to the dollar, and the United States Army was refusing to buy hwan at the official rate, 180 to 1, to pay its Korean labor.

The result was that fertilizer sales produced only three billion hwan, instead of a reasonable forty billion. The ROK army had been unpaid for a month, so much of this money went into soldiers' pay checks. Literally nothing was left to finance the local costs of capital investments. So Rhee's charge that relief agencies were refusing to make capital investments boils down to this: his own government has made these investments impossible by outright theft, for political purposes, of most of the fertilizer money. To cap this, an American survey among farmers disclosed that most of the dirt-cheap fertilizer had gone to middlemen. Fifty-six per cent of the farmers interviewed said they had paid from five to eleven times the official price.

A research economist can't take much of this without a queasy sensation in the stomach, but there's lots more. A few examples:

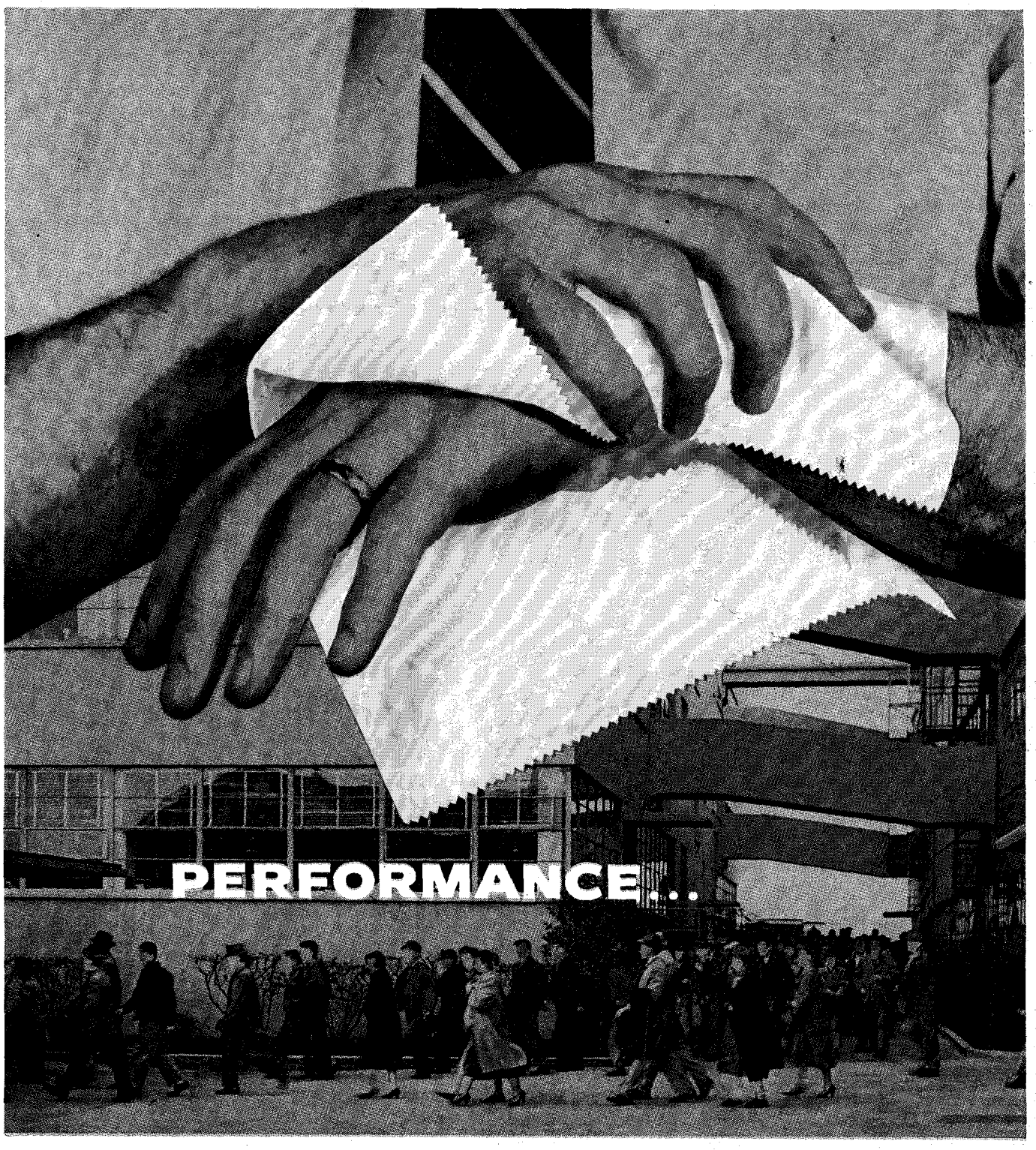
Rail, telegraph and power rates, all government-set, do not yield enough income to keep these utilities operating in the black.

Korean coal is anthracite, valuable to industries and for export. But the government-set price is so low that even government mines can't pay the miners, or make improvements, or expand.

In 1953 and 1954, the government collected $30,000,000 worth of rice through taxation and purchase. This was stored for export, but during the rice-scarcity year of 1953 no real attempt was made to sell it. Later, it was offered to Japan at $298 a ton, when the world price was $225.

Korean rice, which is especially favored by the Japanese, usually commands some premium, but the Koreans refused to discuss applying any of the purchase price to the $47,000,000 Korea owes Japan. This debt was run up during the war years, when Korea bought everything it could get from Japan, although it had neither man power nor goods to provide the $8,000,000 annual exports Japan had agreed to buy.

This rice still has not been sold. Indonesia has stopped importing rice, and the world price has dropped, while weevils and rats worked on the Korean surplus. Now the price of rice is $185, delivered in Japan,



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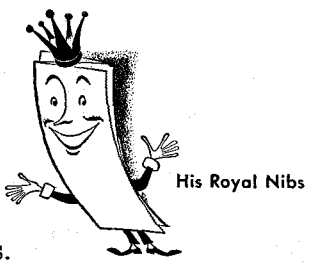
His Royal Nibs

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but Japan has a bumper crop of its own this year, and may not be interested.

More incredible, the inflation spiral in Korea this year started with swift multiplication in the domestic price of rice. In fourteen weeks, a retail measure, one-half *suk*, went from 6000 to 13,000 hwan, although the world price was still falling. The government made no important attempt to stop the spiral by releasing warehoused rice in the open market. Instead, ROK officials proposed to increase the supply of paper money—bills with no backing—by 80 per cent this year. Printing-press money already had been increased 54 per cent last year, and the additional 80 per cent would have meant a 200 per cent increase in the wholesale price index—runaway inflation. Howls from foreign experts finally convinced the ROK treasury to shave down its plan to a 28 per cent increase.

This is not all. The government controls tungsten in such a way that private mines can't operate. It fails to do anything about the business interest rate, which is 15 per cent a month. It tolerates graft and corruption throughout the country. There simply is no end to the list of troubles.

Korea must have exports, but nobody worries much about such matters. One American businessman said, "Our company gave up trying to export anything. We made one contract to sell graphite in Japan. Of six shipments, none was up to the agreed standard. We tried again, this time on two contracts for other minerals; no deliveries were made."

Another said, "Imports aren't easy. Admittedly, there have been some American highbinders involved—people who took orders for steel and failed to deliver when the price went up. The ROK buyers now want an eight per cent performance guarantee, and that makes contracts unattractive abroad. But the worst is when you do make a contract. I had one for some electrical fixtures—light-socket cases with small bolts. When the stuff arrived, the buyer said the bolts were too short. I took the one he showed me and found that it had been filed down about a hundredth of an inch shorter than the prototype. This wouldn't make the slightest difference in such a fixture, but he was all set to demand a penalty."

Other stories follow the pattern. An English company spent thousands in planning on the basis of an order for fishing trawlers. Then President Rhee personally canceled the order. A Canadian telephone company received an order for phones to be installed in the government-owned Bant Hotel here, and sent a technician to do the installing. When he arrived, the hotel manager had decided on a different type of telephone.

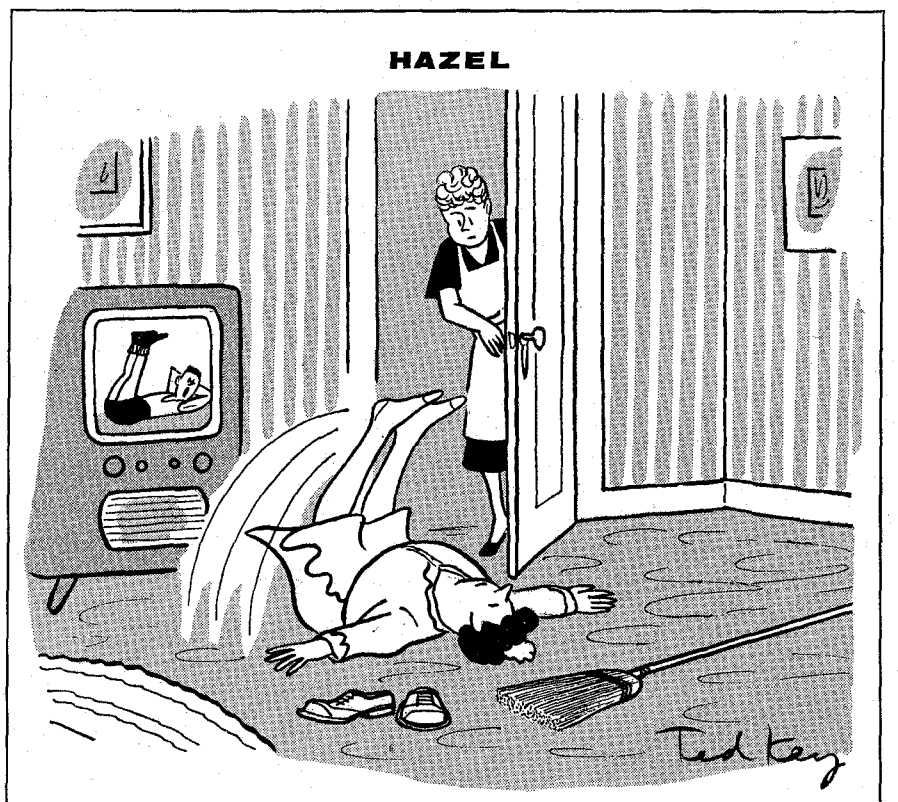
All this is frustrating and wasteful. But more important is its connection with the old man in the hillside palace. President Rhee says the hwan must be tied to the dollar. But no action of his government has helped to make that tie-up possible or to guarantee that support of the hwan would not ruin the American currency. He says Japan is trying to ruin Korea, but ample evidence is available that it has been Rhee and his representatives who have made Japan-Korea trade next to impossible. Rhee charges that the aid program is not building enough factories, but, in fact, Korean policies are almost solely to blame.

An American, better unidentified, has voiced what others think. "President Rhee," he said, "is a sincere, dedicated man; absolutely logical according to his own lights in his determination to unite Korea. He is also the cork in this bottle. The man is an economic ignoramus, attempting policies which any twelve-year-old knows can't possibly succeed. As long as he's driving, there's no real chance for aid to Korea to be effective or for the country to get on its feet."

Another American outlines eight necessities for Korea: the government must get out of business—railroads, coal, banks, shipping and utilities; it must stop pricing commodities; it must export its rice surplus; it must make efficient use of its own foreign exchange; it must set reasonable utility rates; it must obtain a real valuation for its currency; it must somehow obtain a high standard of efficiency and morality in its own offices; and it must reduce the standing army, which now absorbs 57 per cent of the national budget, although many of its costs are paid directly by the United States.

"But," he adds, "nobody can do anything about the army under present circumstances, and nothing will be done about the other things as long as Syngman Rhee is president. He has no intention of resigning, and he might very well live to be a hundred years old."

The third of the trio who illustrate the story of Korea is Lt. Gen. Lee Han Lim, thirty-six years old and in command of 60,000 troops in the 6th Corps of the ROK army. General Lee, a graduate of the Japanese military academy, served with the Japanese in Manchuria and survived various command posts during the 1950–53 fighting. He is now virtually dictator of half a province where his corps holds part of the South Korean defense line. Militarily and politically, he is among the top dozen of Korea's 160 generals.



"... and a three and a four ..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the military side, there are only two important questions about the army in which Lee serves. How well can they fight? Will they fight for the United Nations or only for themselves?

It's easy to be fooled about that first question, because this army is so much better than the regiments which broke again and again during the Korean war. The last action of that war was a Chinese attack which overwhelmed three ROK divisions and drove eight miles before United States forces stopped the rout.

If anything of that sort happened to this army, it would astonish American officers who trained it, and the ROK's themselves. This is a well-equipped, very well-trained organization. Four thousand of its officers have attended American military schools. It has American tanks, artillery and infantry weapons, and adds to the American lessons a savage discipline and a harsh training schedule—twenty-five-mile, double-time hikes under full pack are typical.

This is a good-looking army, in top physical condition and with better equipment than it ever had before. It inducts 600 men a day, and gives them physical checkups, corrective diets and lessons in reading along with combat training. Its shops handle vehicle and ordnance maintenance, and the entire problem of logistics has been taken over from the Americans. Combat soldiers average twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and company officers are not much older.

Of course, it isn't perfect. There's a morale problem among enlisted men who have virtually no recreation and are badly paid. Junior officers see no chance to win reasonable promotion, because most colonels and generals are under forty. The neatest motor pool, upon inspection, turns out to have no spare spark plugs or brake linings. Regiments maintain their own farms to supplement monotonous rations. Because the army is forever short of money, army trucks are rented out to contractors or serve as civilian buses for pay.

Nobody knows how much this sort of thing may have hurt battle efficiency. With two remaining United Nations divisions, the ROK's now face between 700,000 and 1,000,000 Chinese and North Koreans on the communist side of the demilitarized zone. This is roughly a standoff in manpower. It does not now appear that either side would be powerful enough to launch an attack without outside help.

The ROK army is completely dependent on the United States for supplies. Gasoline and ammunition have been strictly rationed by the United Nations command. An ROK artillery battery must turn in an empty shell case to get a new shell, and its stockpile never has been allowed to get big enough to sustain an offensive. Gasoline is doled out to regiments, one day's supply at a time.

Even allowing for the ROK talent for siphoning off a little of everything, it's doubtful that the army has hidden enough gasoline to last more than a couple of days in war. So President Rhee's threat to move into the demilitarized zone, while dangerous, was unrealistic. The army couldn't move against opposition, and its officers hedge when asked whether they would follow a presidential order to make such a suicidal gesture. After long thought, one said, "We would follow the orders of the chief of staff."

This answer points up the other great question: just what does this big army imply politically? Like other commanders, General Lee has a small empire in his own sector. The town of Pochen, leveled by fire, was rebuilt by his soldiers and with materials he obtained. His headquarters is a well-built house high on a mountainside overlooking a rich valley. When he sits on his veranda, he looks out over territory he controls. The roads are military roads, and the farmers stay on their land at the general's pleasure, almost as if he owned it.

Lee and all his fellow generals are young, ambitious and well educated. President Rhee's cutthroat Korean politics have prevented the rise of comparable civilian leaders. What happens if Rhee dies, resigns or issues an order which the army doesn't wish to follow?

Obviously, no general is going to answer this question, but civilians don't have to be so discreet. Says one, "The army will control any new government, directly or indirectly. One out of every four men in the twenty-to-thirty age bracket is in the army now. There aren't any political parties with that power, and no political leader except President Rhee has enough personal following to oppose what the army wants. The next bosses of Korea are sitting up there in corps and division headquarters."

Like other military leaders, General Lee is careful to say nothing about politics. But even as he is refusing to talk about what might happen, he looks out across the valley which he already controls. There is a distant expression on his dark and thoughtful face.

One of the Americans who talked to me shortly after I arrived in Korea painted a grim picture. I asked whether he could see any ray of light in the situation. "If you find any," he replied, "be sure to come back and tell me about it."

Somewhat later I tried to analyze what I had seen and heard. It might be possible to make an optimistic case out of individual viewpoints, such as those of Captain Dowd or Colonel Bowes, whose pants are now in the Korean economy. Schools and hospitals are being built. General Lee and other military leaders, hardly democratic, at least represent a needed pool of political strength. Their army looks as if it could fight, and fight well. And the one great change in Seoul in four years is wonderful: there are no more starved children begging in the streets.

Some relief from national gloom is provided by a little Korean named Walter Jung, once of Hawaii and now sparking the Seoul Chamber of Commerce. Jung wears his hat far back and talks as if he had a bull horn. He says, "I like Korea. The trouble with the States is, you always know what's going to happen. That's dull. But Korea's different, always something unexpected. Now, you've got an air-conditioned hotel room. You'd think that would keep you cool. But that's where you're wrong, because in Korea the air conditioning never works. That's what makes life interesting."

But there are also the questions of rice rotting in warehouses, a bankrupt currency, contracts dependent on graft, widespread disease, poverty and cruelty. There is the figure of one old man, quite willing to ruin the rest of the world, including the United States, to realize his ambition. There are unbuilt factories, millions of wasted dollars, and the men who can't be bothered to do anything for their country so long as they can lend money at fifteen per cent a month.

I never went back to see the American who had invited me to return when I found any really important ray of light.

THE END

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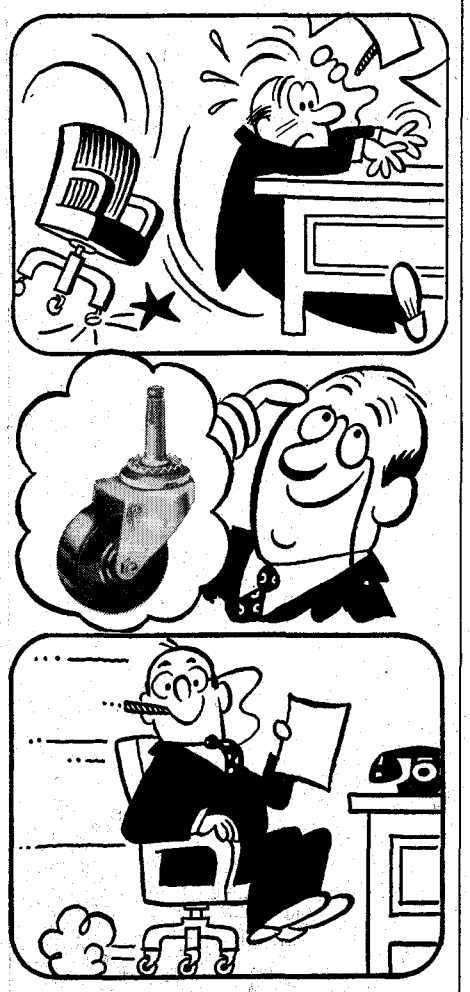

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Keeping Posted

The Lady Has Retired; Well, Maybe

Queer occupation, writing. When Agnes Sligh Turnbull finishes a novel, she's entirely empty of words for all time—"Then I know I will never, never write another." She's in this sad state now, having emptied herself of the distinguished novel currently on page 44, but shall we worry about her being all washed up? No. Recently she has been whaling away at her garden in Maplewood, New Jersey, and dreaming up new food recipes with which to entrance her husband. After just so much of this, she will, as usual, proceed to deplete herself

Agnes Sligh Turnbull.

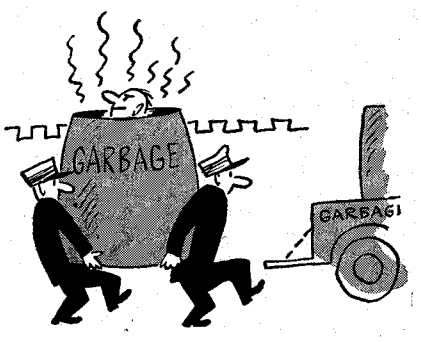
of another novel. As the lady has now retired after eight books and a great many short stories and articles, it begins to look as if writing is getting to be a habit with her.

Of her present novel, Mrs. Turnbull comments, "I not only hope readers will enjoy the story itself, but that its larger implications may in some degree stand for something constructive in our critical times." Then, remarking that she lives near enough to her only daughter so as to see her little granddaughter frequently, she exclaims, "As grandmothers go, wasn't that pretty restrained of me not to mention this consuming interest until the end?"

Good writing, excellent suspense.

Criminals Rush to Aid of Crime Expert

Crime expert Joe Dinneen, page 51, has been having himself a time with Post luck, only he calls it coincidence. The day before his remarkable serial, UNDERWORLD U.S.A., started in the Post, the FBI captured famed or ill-famed Trigger Burke, wanted for murder in New York and for a fantastic jailbreak in Boston. Dinneen, asked if he had rigged Trigger's surrender to publicize his serial, wrote in his Boston Globe column, "He couldn't have picked a more appropriate time if I had asked him—which you may be sure I did not." So—the day before the second chapter of the serial appeared, one John Martin, a specialist in robbery sojourning in Charlestown State



Prison near Boston, rode serenely but odoriferously out of that place inside a garbage barrel. Dinneen then protested to KEEPING POSTED, "Look, to have one of these things before each installment means eight convicts would have to risk their lives. It's too much to ask, and I'll have to beg off now."

Well, the garbage-barrel chap soon was recaptured on—appropriately enough—the windiest corner in Boston, Boylston and Tremont streets. Arrayed in a natty new suit, he was just standing around that busy spot, and Dinneen reflects that evidently the fellow couldn't get into a show window to make himself more conspicuous. Burke and Martin aren't prototypes of Dinneen's characters, but their capture points up something emphasized in his story: convicts patiently spend long periods planning and making an escape—and forget to plan how to stay out. "Of 135 who got out of the Charlestown prison in twenty years, 132 were caught." Let's finish this off with a warning: if you now think you know how Dinneen's story comes out, bet you don't.

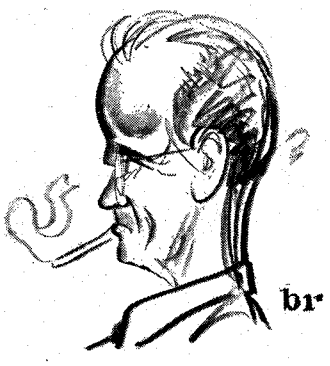
Dinneen wishes to add that he bought some Posts containing his first chapter and handed them out to folks who expect "review" copies of magazines and books, saying sweetly, "With my compliments. And now you're on your own. Can't expect me to buy you all the other chapters, too, can you?" A circulation genius got into the wrong business.

The Man Who Wrote About Monkeys

Before John Lewellen's folks went in for that herd of kittens in the picture, they dwelt for two years with a pet monkey, name of Minnie. Minnie, though beloved, had certain traits that didn't click with human behavior; so, after much melancholy debate, she was bundled off to the psychology department of University of Wisconsin for what Lewellen calls further education. That is a bit unclear, for he seems to prove on page 42 that monkeys teach professors.

It is normal for people to become freelance writers in delightfully abnormal ways; wherefore, here is John Lewellen's biography in a large nutshell: only boy in Indiana not good at basketball; became farmer; married girl whose boss got him job as a reporter; became a standout newspaperman; was hired as staff photographer on major magazine after selling it some articles; switched to staff writer; tried to talk a friend into taking a certain publicity job and, when friend refused, took it himself; switched into writing and producing many well-known radio and TV shows for same firm; did programs on atomic energy and psychiatry for luncheon clubs; wrote multiple books on multiple subjects, including twenty-two juveniles; got mad when his publicity firm moved from Midwest to New York, which town he detests, and became free-lance writer in Glen Ellyn, Illinois, where he takes his wife and two children up in his four-seater airplane. Lewellen concludes that his son, Tommy, ten, acts like a ten-year-old, whereas his daughter, LuAnn, fourteen, thinks she is twenty—which makes them out to be delightfully normal youngsters.

How to Become a Nematologist

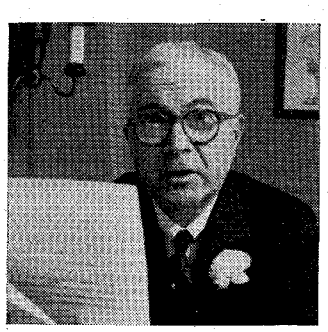


Norris Leap.

Norris Leap, of the Los Angeles Times, was not interested in nematodes, which are worms deplored by farmers. One day James Armstrong, member of California's Agriculture Board, urged Leap to write a nematode piece, and when Leap tried to brush him off, he wouldn't brush. Armstrong kept needling Leap to research, start writing, go on writing, finish, and mail to the Post a nematological thesis. Bull's-eye; page 53. Mrs. Leap—they have three grown children and one ungrown grandchild—owns some land that has figs, apricots, peaches and nematodes, and from now on the last-named better watch their step.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Let's Put Sense in the Accident Laws"



Justice Samuel H. Hofstadter, of New York's Supreme Court, gives you a bold plan to settle highway claims. How? By taking them out of our courts!

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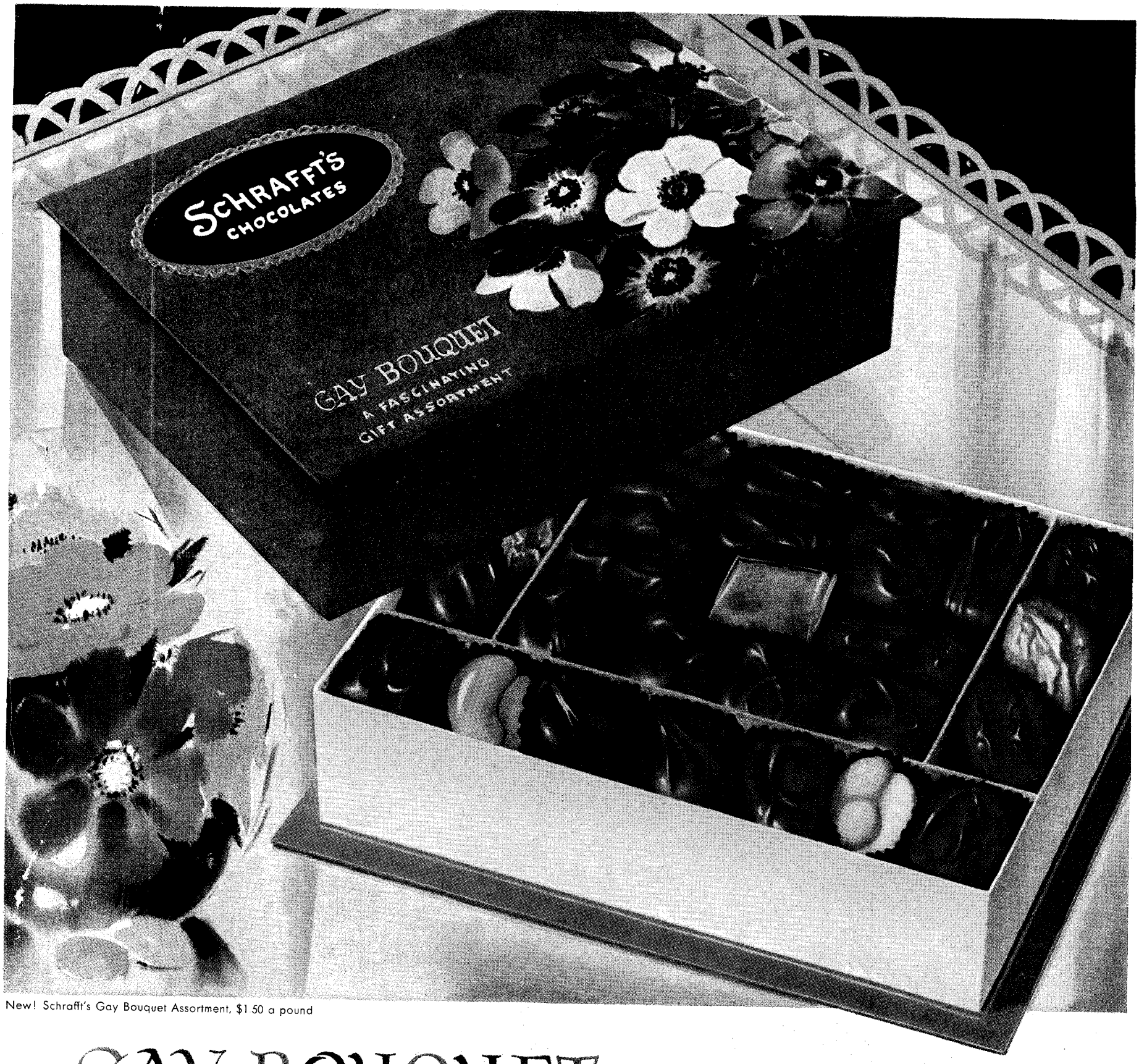

New! Schrafft's Gay Bouquet Assortment, $1.50 a pound

GAY BOUQUET

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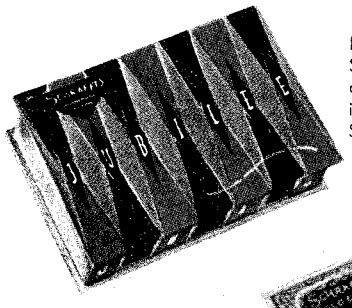

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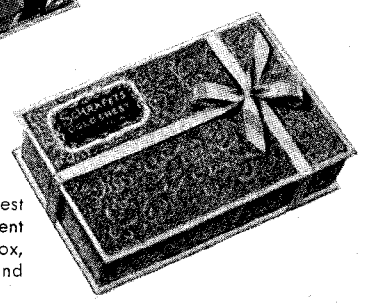

Schrafft's Gold Chest
delicious new assortment
in the famous box,
$2.00 a pound

Here's your glamor-gift in candy! With Schrafft's Gay Bouquet, you give her the newest style in fashion-designed boxes, a new modern-taste assortment . . . and the superlative flavor of Schrafft's own new blend of luxury chocolate. Just in time for Sweetest Day, October 15th.

SCHRAFFT'S®
CHOCOLATES *SINCE 1861*

Gay Bouquet Package Copyrighted by W. F. Schrafft & Sons Corp., Boston

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IT'S A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT: **PLEASURE HELPS YOUR DISPOSITION**

How's your disposition today?

EVER FEEL TOUCHY AS A TIGRESS? It's only natural, when little annoyances irk you. But here's a psychological fact: pleasure helps your disposition. That's why everyday pleasures, like smoking for instance, are important. If you're a smoker, it's so sensible to choose your cigarette for utmost pleasure. What else but Camel!

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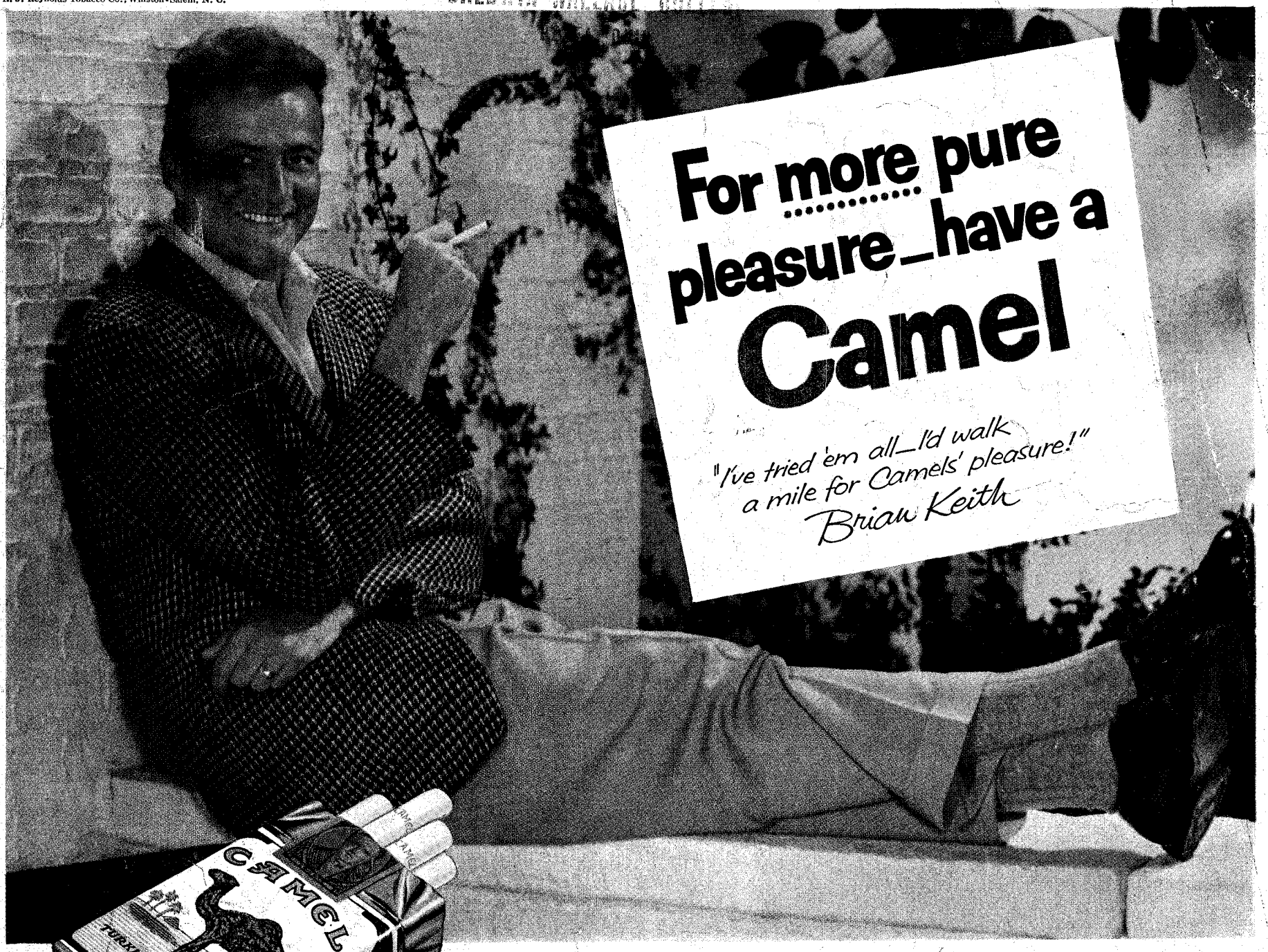
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Hollywood's BRIAN KEITH, sensational star of TV's dynamic new "Crusader", agrees that pleasure helps one's disposition. And Camels give *more pure pleasure*—more flavor, reliable mildness, smoke after smoke. Good reasons for *you* to try Camels. See why today their richer blend agrees with more smokers than any other brand!

No other cigarette is so rich-tasting, yet so mild!

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